

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXVI. — JULY, 1900. — No. DXIII.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE EXECUTIVE.¹

II.

I PROPOSE now² to recount some incidents that followed the conditions which I have attempted to describe in a previous paper.

At this point, I cannot keep out of mind the story of the preacher who divided his discourse into three heads. He declared it to be his intention, under his first head, to speak of some things that he knew all about, and of which his congregation knew nothing; under his second head, he proposed to deal with matters that both he and his hearers fully understood; and under the third head, he promised to discuss topics concerning which neither he nor they had any knowledge. I shall not adopt this division in its entirety. Though I do not see how I can avoid speaking of some things that are within my knowledge, and not thoroughly within yours, and while I shall be quite satisfied to traverse ground equally familiar to both you and me, I must utterly repudiate our preacher's third head, and shall studiously avoid the mention of topics of which all of us are ignorant. There is another matter in relation to which I desire to have an understanding with you. In the recital of events with which I have had to do, I would be glad to speak always in an impersonal way, but I will not agree to be constantly casting about for turns of expression for that purpose. If, there-

fore, in speaking of things done by me, and things done to me, I use the pronouns "I" and "me," I hope I may indulge in that easier form of statement without being accused of egotism.

Immediately after the change of administration in 1885, the pressure began for the ousting of Republican office-holders, and the substitution of Democrats in their places. While I claim to have earned a position which entitles me to resent the accusation that I either openly or covertly favor swift official decapitation for partisan purposes, I have no sympathy with the intolerant people who, without the least appreciation of the meaning of party work and service, superciliously affect to despise all those who apply for office as they would those guilty of a flagrant misdemeanor. It will indeed be a happy day when the ascendancy of party principles, and the attainment of wholesome administration, will be universally regarded as sufficient rewards of individual and legitimate party service. Much has already been accomplished in the direction of closing the door of partisanship as an entrance to public employment; and though this branch of effort might well be still further extended, it certainly should be supplemented by earnest and persuasive attempts to correct among our people long-cherished notions concerning the ends that should be sought through political activity, and by efforts to uproot

¹ Copyright, 1900, by GROVER CLEVELAND.

² This address was delivered at Princeton University, April 10, 1900.

pernicious and office-rewarding political methods. I am not sure that any satisfactory progress can be made toward these results, until our good men with unanimity cease regarding politics as necessarily debasing, and by active participation shall displace the selfish and unworthy who, when uninterrupted, control party operations. In the meantime, why should we indiscriminately hate those who seek office? They may not have entirely emancipated themselves from the belief that the offices should pass with party victory; but even if this is charged against them, it can surely be said that in all other respects they are in many instances as honest, as capable, and as intelligent as any of us. There may be reasons and considerations which properly defeat their aspirations, but their applications are not always disgraceful. I have an idea that sometimes the greatest difference between them and those who needlessly abuse them and gloat over their discomfiture consists in the fact that the office-seekers desire office, and their critics, being more profitably employed, do not. I feel constrained to say this much by way of defending, or at least excusing, many belonging to a numerous contingent of citizens, who, after the 4th of March, 1885, made large drafts upon my time, vitality, and patience, and I feel bound to say that in view of their frequent disappointments, and the difficulty they found in appreciating the validity of the reasons given for refusing their applications, they accepted the situation with as much good nature and contentment as could possibly have been anticipated. It must be remembered that they and their party associates had been banished from Federal office-holding for twenty-four years.

I have no disposition to evade the fact that suspensions of officials holding presidential commissions began promptly, and were quite vigorously continued; but I confidently claim that every suspension made was with honest intent, and I be-

lieve in accordance with the requirements of good administration and consistent with prior Executive pledges. Some of these officials held by tenures unlimited as to their duration. Among these were certain internal revenue officers who, it seemed to me, in analogy with others doing similar work but having a limited tenure, ought to consider a like limited period of incumbency their proper term of office; and there were also consular officials and others attached to the foreign service who, I believe it was then generally understood, should be politically in accord with the administration. By far the greater number of suspensions, however, were made on account of gross and indecent partisan conduct on the part of the incumbents. The preceding presidential campaign, it will be recalled, was exceedingly bitter, and governmental officials then in place were apparently so confident of the continued supremacy of their party that some of them made no pretense of decent behavior. In numerous instances the post offices were made headquarters for local party committees and organizations and the centres of partisan scheming. Party literature favorable to the postmasters' party, that never passed through the mails, was distributed through the post offices as an item of party service, and matter of a political character, passing regularly through the mails and addressed to patrons belonging to the opposite party, was withheld; disgusting and irritating placards were prominently displayed in many post offices, and the attention of Democratic inquirers for mail matter tauntingly directed to them by the postmaster; and in various ways postmasters and other officials annoyed and vexed those holding opposite political opinions, who, in common with all having business at public offices, were entitled to considerate and obliging treatment. In some quarters official incumbents neglected public duty to do political work, and in Southern States they frequently were not

only inordinately active in questionable political work, but sought to do party service by secret and sinister manipulation of colored voters, and by other practices inviting avoidable and dangerous collisions between the white and colored population.

I mention these things in order that what I shall say later may be better understood. I by no means attempt to describe all the wrongdoing which formed the basis of many of the suspensions of officials that followed the inauguration of the new administration. I merely mention some of the accusations which I recall as having been frequently made, as illustrating in a general way certain phases of pernicious partisanship that seemed to me to deserve prompt and effective treatment. Some suspensions, however, were made on proof of downright official malfeasance, as distinguished from personal transgression or partisan misconduct. Complaints against office-holders based on the latter charges were usually made to the Executive and to the heads of departments by means of letters, ordinarily personal and confidential, and also often by means of verbal communications. Whatever papers, letters, or documents were received on the subject, either by the President or by any head of department, were, for convenience of reference, placed together on department files. These complaints were carefully examined; many were cast aside as frivolous or lacking support, and others, deemed of sufficient gravity and adequately established, resulted in the suspension of the accused officials.

Suspensions instead of immediate removals were resorted to, because under the law then existing it appeared to be the only way that during a recess of the Senate an offending official could be ousted from his office, and his successor installed pending his confirmation at the Senate's next session. Though, as we have already seen, the law permitted suspensions by the President "in his

discretion," I considered myself restrained by the pledges I had made from availing myself of the discretion thus granted without reasons, and felt bound to make suspensions of officials having a definite term to serve only for adequate cause.

It will be observed further on that no resistance was then made to the laws pertaining to Executive removals and suspensions, on the ground of their unconstitutionality; but I have never believed that either the law of 1867 or the law of 1869, when construed as permitting interference with the freedom of the President in making removals, would survive a judicial test of its constitutionality.

Within thirty days after the Senate met in December, 1885, the nominations of the persons who had been designated to succeed officials suspended during the vacation were sent to that body for confirmation, pursuant to existing statutes.

It was charged against me by the leader of the majority in the Senate that these nominations of every kind and description, representing the suspensions made within ten months succeeding the 4th of March, 1885, numbered six hundred and forty-three. I have not verified this statement, but I shall assume that it is correct. The list presented contained among the suspended officials two hundred and seventy-eight postmasters, twenty-eight district attorneys, and twenty-four marshals, and among those who held offices with no specified term there were sixty-one internal revenue officers and sixty-five consuls and other persons attached to the foreign service.

It was stated on the floor of the Senate, after that body had been in session for three months, that of the nominations thus submitted there had been fifteen confirmations and two rejections.

Quite early in the session frequent requests in writing began to issue from the different committees of the Senate to which these nominations were referred,

to the heads of the several departments having supervision of the offices to which the nominations related, asking for the reasons for the suspension of officers whose places it was proposed to fill by means of the nominations submitted, and for all papers on file in their departments which showed the reasons for such suspensions. These requests foreshadowed what the senatorial construction of the law of 1869 might be, and indicated that the Senate, notwithstanding constitutional limitations, and even in the face of the repeal of the statutory provision giving it the right to pass upon suspensions by the President, was still inclined to insist, directly or indirectly, upon that right. These requests, as I have said, emanated from committees of the Senate, and were addressed to the heads of departments. On this footing I had not the opportunity to discuss the questions growing out of the requests with the Senate itself, or to make known directly to that body the position on this subject which I felt bound to assert. Therefore the replies made by the different heads of departments stated that by direction of the President they declined furnishing the reasons and papers so requested, on the ground that public interest would not be thereby promoted, or on the ground that such reasons and papers related to a purely executive act. Whatever language was used in these replies, they conveyed the information that the President had directed a denial of the requests made, because in his opinion the Senate could have no proper concern with the information sought to be obtained.

It may not be amiss to mention here that while this was the position assumed by the Executive in relation to suspensions, any information in the executive departments touching the propriety of the confirmation of persons nominated for office, all the information of any description in the possession of the Executive or in any of the departments, which would aid in the discharge of that duty,

was cheerfully and promptly furnished when requested.

In considering the requests made for the transmission of the reasons for suspensions, and the papers relating thereto, I could not avoid the conviction that a compliance with such requests would be to that extent a failure to protect and defend the Constitution, as well as a wrong to the great office I held in trust for the people, and which I was bound to transmit unimpaired to my successors; nor could I be unmindful of a tendency in some quarters to encroach upon executive functions, or of the eagerness with which executive concession would be seized upon as establishing precedent.

The nominations sent to the Senate remained neglected in the committees to which they had been referred; the requests of the committees for reasons and papers touching suspensions were still refused, and it became daily more apparent that a sharp contest was impending. In this condition of affairs it was plainly intimated by members of the majority in the Senate that if all charges against suspended officials were abandoned and their suspensions based entirely upon the ground that the spoils belonged to the victors, confirmations would follow. This, of course, from my standpoint, would have been untruthful and dishonest; but the suggestion indicated that in the minds of some Senators, at least, there was a determination to gain a partisan advantage by discrediting the President, who, for the time, represented the party they opposed. This manifestly could be thoroughly done by inducing him to turn his back upon the pledges he had made, and to admit, for the sake of peace, that his action arose solely from a desire to put his party friends in place; and such a scheme promised to be more easy and expeditious than an attempt to force access to the reasons and papers underlying suspensions, and if successful to make public a predetermined impeachment of executive action thereon.

Up to this stage of the controversy, not one of the many requests made for the reasons for suspensions or for the papers relating to them had been sent from the Senate as a body ; nor had any of them been addressed to the President. It may seem not only strange that, in the existing circumstances, the Senate should have so long kept in the background, but more strange that the Executive, constituting a coördinate branch of the Government, and having such exclusive concern in the pending differences, should have been so completely ignored. I cannot think it uncharitable to suggest in explanation that as long as these requests and refusals were confined to Senate committees and heads of departments, a public communication stating the position of the President in the controversy would probably be avoided ; and that, as was subsequently made more apparent, there was an intent, in addressing requests to the heads of departments, to lay a foundation for the contention that the Senate or its committees had a right to control these heads of departments as against the President in matters relating to executive duty.

On the 17th of July, 1885, during the recess of the Senate, one George M. Duskin was suspended from the office of District Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, and John D. Burnett was designated as his successor. The latter at once took possession of the office, and entered upon the discharge of its duties ; and on the 14th of December, 1885, the nomination of Burnett was sent to the Senate for confirmation. This nomination, pursuant to the rules and customs of the Senate, was referred to its Committee on the Judiciary. On the 26th of December, that committee then having the nomination under consideration, one of its members addressed a communication to the Attorney General of the United States, requesting him, "on behalf of the Committee on the Ju-

diciary of the Senate and by its direction," to send to such member of the committee all papers and information in the possession of the Department of Justice touching the nomination of Burnett ; "also all papers and information touching the suspension and proposed removal from office of George M. Duskin." On the 11th of January, 1886, the Attorney General responded to this request in these terms : "The Attorney General states that he sends herewith all papers, etc., touching the nomination referred to ; and in reference to the papers touching the suspension of Duskin from office, he has as yet received no direction from the President in relation to their transmission."

At this point it seems to have been decided for the first time that the Senate itself should enter upon the scene as interrogator. It was not determined, however, to invite the President to answer this new interrogator, either for the protection and defense of his high office or in self-vindication. It appears to have been also determined at this time to give another form to the effort the Senate was to undertake anew, to secure the "papers and information touching the suspension and proposed removal from office of George M. Duskin." In pursuance of this plan the following resolution was on the 25th of January, 1886, adopted by the Senate in executive session : —

"Resolved, That the Attorney General of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed to transmit to the Senate copies of all documents and papers that have been filed in the Department of Justice since the 1st day of January, A. D. 1885, in relation to the conduct of the office of District Attorney of the United States for the Southern District of Alabama."

The language of this resolution is more adroit than ingenuous. While appearing reasonable and fair upon its face, and presenting no indication that it in any way related to a case of suspension, it

quickly assumes its real complexion when examined in the light of its surroundings. The requests previously made on behalf of Senate committees have ripened into a "demand" by the Senate itself. Herein is found support for the suggestion I have made, that from the beginning there might have been an intent on the part of the Senate to claim that the heads of departments who are members of the President's Cabinet, and his trusted associates and advisers, owed greater obedience to the Senate than to their Executive chief in affairs which he and they regarded as exclusively within Executive functions. As to the real meaning and purpose of the resolution, a glance at its accompanying conditions and the incidents preceding it makes manifest the insufficiency of its disguise. This resolution was adopted by the Senate in executive session, where the entire senatorial business done is the consideration of treaties and the confirmation of nominations for office. At the time of its adoption Duskin had been suspended for more than six months, his successor had for that length of time been in actual possession of the office, and this successor's nomination was then before the executive session of the Senate for confirmation. The demand was for copies of documents and papers in relation to the conduct of the office filed since January 1, 1885, thus covering a period of incumbency almost equally divided between the suspended officer and the person nominated to succeed him. The documents and papers demanded could not have been of any possible use to the Senate in executive session, except as they had a bearing either upon the suspension of the one or the nomination of the other. But as we have already seen, the Attorney General had previously sent to a committee of the Senate all the papers he had in his custody in any way relating to the nomination and the fitness of the nominee, — whether such papers had reference to the conduct of the office or

otherwise. Excluding, therefore, such documents and papers embraced in the demand as related to the pending nomination, and which had already been transmitted, it was plain that there was nothing left with the Attorney General that could be desired by the Senate in its executive session except what had reference to the conduct of the previous incumbent and his suspension. It is important to recall in this connection the fact that this subtle demand of the Senate for papers relating "to the conduct of the office" followed closely upon a failure to obtain "all papers and information" touching said suspension, in response to a plain and blunt request specifying precisely what was desired.

I have referred to these matters because it seems to me they indicate the animus and intent which characterized the first stages of a discussion that involved the right and functions of the Executive branch of the Government. It was perfectly apparent that the issue was between the President and the Senate, and that the question constituting that issue was whether or not the Executive branch of the Government was invested with the right and power to suspend officials without the interference of the Senate or any accountability to that body for the reasons of its action. It must have been fully understood that if it was desired to deal with this issue directly and fairly, disembarassed by any finesse for position, it could have been easily done, if only one of the many requests for reasons for suspensions, which were sent by committees of the Senate to heads of departments, had been sent by the Senate itself to the President.

Within three days after the passage by the Senate, in executive session, of the resolution directing the Attorney General to transmit to that body the documents and papers on file relating to the management and conduct of the office from which Mr. Duskin had been

removed, and to which Mr. Burnett had been nominated, the Attorney General replied thereto as follows : —

“In response to the said resolution, the President of the United States directs me to say that the papers that were in this department relating to the fitness of John D. Burnett, recently nominated to said office, having already been sent to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and the papers and documents which are mentioned in the said resolution and still remaining in the custody of this department, having exclusive reference to the suspension by the President of George M. Duskin, the late incumbent of the office of District Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama, it is not considered that the public interests will be promoted by a compliance with said resolution and the transmission of the papers and documents therein mentioned to the Senate in executive session.”

This response of the Attorney General was referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary. Early in February, 1886, a majority of the committee made a report to the Senate, in which it seems to have been claimed that all papers — whatever may be their personal, private, or confidential character — if placed on file, or, in other words, if deposited in the office of a head of a department, became thereupon official papers, and that the Senate had therefore a right to their transmittal when they had reference to the conduct of a suspended official, and when that body had under advisement the confirmation of his proposed successor. Much stress was laid upon the professions made by the President of his adherence to Civil Service reform methods, and it was broadly hinted that, in the face of six hundred and forty-three suspensions from office, these professions could hardly be sincere. Instances were cited in which papers and information had been demanded and furnished in previous

administrations, and these were claimed to be precedents in favor of the position assumed by the majority of the committee. Almost at the outset of the report it was declared : —

“The important question, then, is whether it is within the constitutional competence of either House of Congress to have access to the official papers and documents in the various public offices of the United States, created by laws enacted by themselves.”

In conclusion, the majority recommended the adoption by the Senate of the following resolutions : —

“Resolved, That the Senate hereby expresses its condemnation of the refusal of the Attorney General, under whatever influence, to send to the Senate copies of papers called for by its resolution of the 25th of January and set forth in the report of the Committee on the Judiciary, as in violation of his official duty and subversive of the fundamental principles of the Government, and of a good administration thereof.

“Resolved, That it is under these circumstances the duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals of officers, the documents and papers in reference to the supposed official or personal misconduct of whom are withheld by the Executive or any head of a department when deemed necessary by the Senate and called for in considering the matter.

“Resolved, That the provision of section 1754 of the Revised Statutes, declaring that persons honorably discharged from the military or naval service by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty shall be preferred for appointment to civil offices provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of such offices, ought to be faithfully and fully put in execution, and that to remove or to propose to remove any such soldier whose faithfulness, com-

petency, and character are above reproach, and to give place to another who has not rendered such service, is a violation of the spirit of the law and of the practical gratitude the people and the Government of the United States owe to the defenders of constitutional liberty and the integrity of the Government."

The first of these resolutions contains charges which, if true, should clearly furnish grounds for the impeachment of the Attorney General, — if not the President under whose "influence" he concededly refused to submit the papers demanded by the Senate. A public officer whose acts are "in violation of his official duty and subversive of the fundamental principles of the Government, and of a good administration thereof," can scarcely add anything to his predicament of guilt.

The second resolution has the merit of honesty in confessing that the intent and object of the demand upon the Attorney General was to secure the demanded papers and documents for the purpose of passing upon the President's reasons for suspension. Beyond this, the declaration it contains, that it was the "duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals of officers" when the papers and documents relating to their "supposed official or personal misconduct" were withheld, certainly obliged the Senate, if the resolution should be adopted, and if the Senate's good faith in the controversy should be assumed, to reject or ignore all nominations made to succeed suspended officers unless that body was furnished the documents and papers upon which the suspension was based, and thus given an opportunity to review and reverse or confirm the President's executive act, resting, by the very terms of existing law, "in his discretion."

The third resolution is grandly phrased, and its sentiment is patriotic, noble, and inspiring. Inasmuch, however, as the removal of veteran soldiers

from office did not seem to assume any considerable prominence in the arraignment of the administration, the object of the resolution is slightly obscure, unless, as was not unusual in those days, the cause of the old soldier was impressed into the service of the controversy for purposes of general utility.

A minority report was subsequently submitted, signed by all the Democratic members of the committee, in which the allegations of the majority report were sharply controverted. It was therein positively asserted that no instance could be found in the practice of the Government whose similarity in all essential features entitled it to citation as an authoritative precedent; and that neither the Constitution nor the existing law afforded any justification for the demand of the Senate.

These two reports, of course, furnished abundant points of controversy. About the time of their submission, moreover, another document was addressed to the Senate, which, whatever else may be said of it, seems to have contributed considerably to the spirit and animation of the discussion that ensued. This was a message from the President, in which his position concerning the matter in dispute was defined. In this communication complete and absolute responsibility for all suspensions was confessed; and the fact that the President had been afforded no opportunity to speak for himself was stated in the following terms:

"Though these suspensions are my executive acts based upon considerations addressed to me alone, and for which I am wholly responsible, I have had no invitation from the Senate to state the position which I have felt constrained to assume in relation to the same, or to interpret for myself my acts and motives in the premises. In this condition of affairs I have forborne addressing the Senate upon the subject, lest I might be accused of thrusting myself unbidden upon the attention of that body."

This statement was accompanied by the expression of a hope that the misapprehension of the Executive position, indicated in the majority report just presented and published, might excuse his then submitting a communication. He commented upon the statement in the report that "the important question, then, is whether it is within the constitutional competence of either House of Congress to have access to the official papers and documents in the various public offices of the United States, created by laws enacted by themselves," by suggesting that though public officials of the United States might be created by laws enacted by the two Houses of Congress, this fact did not necessarily subject their offices to congressional control, but, on the contrary, that "these instrumentalities were created for the benefit of the people, and to answer the general purposes of government under the Constitution and the laws; and that they are unencumbered by any lien in favor of either branch of Congress growing out of their construction, and unembarrassed by any obligation to the Senate as the price of their creation." While not conceding that the Senate had in any case the right to review Executive action in suspending officials, the President disclaimed any intention to withhold official papers and documents when requested; and as to such papers and documents, he expressed his willingness, because they were official, to continue as he had theretofore done in all cases, to lay them before the Senate without inquiry as to the use to be made of them, and relying upon the Senate for their legitimate utilization. The proposition was expressly denied, however, that papers and documents inherently private or confidential, addressed to the President or a head of department, having reference to an act so entirely executive in its nature as the suspension of an official, and which was by the Constitution as well as by existing law placed within the discretion of

the President, were changed in their nature and instantly became official when placed for convenience or for other reasons in the custody of a public department. The contention of the President was thus stated: "There is no mysterious power of transmutation in departmental custody, nor is there magic in the undefined and sacred solemnity of departmental files. If the presence of these papers in the public office is a stumbling-block in the way of the performance of senatorial duty, it can be easily removed."

The Senate's purposes were characterized in the message as follows: "The requests and demands which by the score have for nearly three months been presented to the different departments of the Government, whatever may be their form, have but one complexion. They assume the right of the Senate to sit in judgment upon the exercise of any exclusive discretion and Executive function, for which I am solely responsible to the people from whom I have so lately received the sacred trust of office. My oath to support and defend the Constitution, my duty to the people who have chosen me to execute the powers of their great office and not relinquish them, and my duty to the chief magistracy which I must preserve unimpaired in all its dignity and vigor, compel me to refuse compliance with these demands."

This was immediately followed by this unqualified avowal of the power of the Senate in the matter of confirmation:

"To the end that the service may be improved, the Senate is invited to the fullest scrutiny of the persons submitted to them for public office, in recognition of the constitutional power of that body to advise and consent to their appointment. I shall continue, as I have thus far done, to furnish, at the request of the confirming body, all the information I possess touching the fitness of the nominees placed before them for their ac-

tion, both when they are proposed to fill vacancies and to take the place of suspended officials. Upon a refusal to confirm, I shall not assume the right to ask the reasons for the action of the Senate nor question its determination. I cannot think that anything more is required to secure worthy incumbents in public office than a careful and independent discharge of our respective duties within their well-defined limits."

As it was hardly concealed that by no means the least important senatorial purpose in the pending controversy was to discredit the Civil Service reform pledges and professions of the Executive, in concluding the message this issue was thus distinctly invited : —

"Every pledge which I have made by which I have placed a limitation upon my exercise of executive power has been faithfully redeemed. Of course the pretense is not put forth that no mistakes have been committed ; but not a suspension has been made except it appeared to my satisfaction that the public welfare would be promoted thereby. Many applications for suspension have been denied, and an adherence to the rule laid down to govern my action as to such suspensions has caused much irritation and impatience on the part of those who have insisted upon more changes in the offices.

"The pledges I have made were made to the people, and to them I am responsible for the manner in which they have been redeemed. I am not responsible to the Senate, and I am unwilling to submit my actions and official conduct to them for judgment.

"There are no grounds for an allegation that the fear of being found false to my professions influences me in declining to submit to the demands of the Senate. I have not constantly refused to suspend officials and thus incurred the displeasure of political friends, and yet willfully broken faith with the people, for the sake of being false to them.

"Neither the discontent of party friends nor the allurements, constantly offered, of confirmation of appointees conditioned upon the avowal that suspensions have been made on party grounds alone, nor the threat proposed in the resolutions now before the Senate that no confirmation will be made unless the demands of that body be complied with, are sufficient to discourage or deter me from following in the way which I am convinced leads to better government for the people."

The temper and disposition of the Senate may be correctly judged, I think, from the remarks made upon the presentation of this message by the chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary and the acknowledged leader of the majority. On a formal motion that the message be printed and lie upon the table, he moved as an amendment that it be referred to the committee of which he was chairman, and said : "I merely wish to remark in moving to refer this document to the Committee on the Judiciary, that it very vividly brought to my mind the communications of King Charles I. to the Parliament, telling them what, in conducting their affairs, they ought to do and ought not to do ; and I think I am safe in saying that it is the first time in the history of the Republican United States, that any President of the United States has undertaken to interfere with the deliberations of either House of Congress on questions pending before them, otherwise than by messages on the state of the Union which the Constitution commands him to make from time to time. This message is devoted simply to a question for the Senate itself, in regard to itself, that it has under consideration. That is its singularity. I think it will strike reflecting people in this country as somewhat extraordinary, — if in this day of reform anything at all can be thought extraordinary."

King Charles I. fared badly at the hands of the Parliament ; but it was

most reassuring to know that, after all said and done, the Senate of the United States was not a bloodthirsty body ; and that the chairman of its Committee on the Judiciary was one of the most courteous and amiable of men, at heart, when outside of the Senate.

The debate upon the questions presented by the report and resolutions recommended by the majority of the committee, and by the minority report and the presidential message, occupied almost exclusively the sessions of the Senate for over two weeks. More than twenty-five Senators participated, and the discussion covered such a wide range of argument that all considerations relevant to the subject, and some not clearly related to it, seem to have been presented. At the close of the debate, the resolution condemning the Attorney General for withholding the papers and documents which the Senate had demanded was passed by thirty-two votes in the affirmative, and twenty-five in the negative ; the next resolution, declaring it to be the duty of the Senate to refuse its advice and consent to proposed removals of officers when papers and documents in reference to their alleged misconduct were withheld, was adopted by a majority of only a single vote ; and the proclamation contained in the third resolution, setting forth the obligations of the Government and its people to the veterans of the civil war, was unanimously approved, except for one dissenting voice.

The controversy thus closed arose from the professed anxiety of the majority in the Senate to guard the interests of an official who was suspended from office in July, 1885, and who was still claimed to be in a condition of suspension. In point of fact, however, that official's term of office expired by limitation on the 20th of December, 1885, — before the demand for papers and documents relating to his conduct in office was made, before the resolutions and reports of the Committee on the Judiciary were presented,

and before the commencement of the long discussion in defense of the right of a suspended incumbent. This situation escaped notice in Executive quarters, because the appointee to succeed the suspended officer having been actually installed and in the discharge of the duties of the position for more than six months, and his nomination having been sent to the Senate very soon after the beginning of its session, the situation or duration of the former incumbent's term was not kept in mind. The expiration of his term was, however, distinctly alleged in the Senate on the second day of the discussion, and by the first speaker in opposition to the majority report. There was, therefore, no question of suspension or removal remaining in the case, but still the discussion continued ; and shortly after the resolutions of the committee were passed, the same person who superseded the suspended officer was again nominated to succeed him by reason of the expiration of his term ; and this nomination was confirmed.

At last, after stormy weather, Dusk, the suspended, and Burnett, his successor, were at rest. The earnest contention that beat about their names ceased, and no shout of triumph disturbed the supervening quiet.

I have attempted this evening, after fourteen years of absolute calm, to recount the prominent details of the strife ; and I hope that I may assume that your interest in the subject is still sufficient to justify me in a further brief reference to some features of the dispute and certain incidents that followed it, which may aid to a better appreciation of its true character and motive.

Of the elaborate speeches made in support of the resolutions and the committee's majority report, seven dealt more or less prominently with the President's Civil Service reform professions and his pledges against the removal of officials on purely partisan grounds. It seems to have been assumed that these pledges

had been violated. At any rate, without any evidence worthy of the name, charges of such violation ranged all the way from genteel insinuation to savage accusation. Senators who would have stoutly refused to vote for the spoils system broadly intimated or openly declared that if suspensions had been made confessedly on partisan grounds they would have interposed no opposition. The majority seem to have especially admired and applauded the antics of one of their number, who, in intervals of lurid and indiscriminate vituperation, gleefully mingled ridicule for Civil Service reform with praise of the forbidding genius of partisan spoils. In view of these deliverances and as bearing upon their relevancy, as well as indicating their purpose, let me again suggest that the issue involved in the discussion as selected by the majority of the Committee on the Judiciary, and distinctly declared in their report, was whether, as a matter of right, or, as the report expresses it, as within "constitutional competence," either House of Congress should "have access to the official papers and documents in the various public offices of the United States, created by laws enacted by themselves." It will be readily seen that if the question was one of senatorial right, the President's Civil Service reform pledges had no honest or legitimate place in the discussion.

The debate and the adoption of the resolutions reported by the committee caused no surrender of the Executive position. Nevertheless, confirmations of those nominated in place of suspended officers soon began, and I cannot recall any further embarrassment or difficulty on that score. I ought to add, however, that in many cases, at least, these confirmations were accompanied by reports from the committee to which they had been referred, stating that the late incumbent had been suspended for "political reasons," or on account of "offensive partisanship," or for a like reason, differently expressed,

and that nothing was alleged against them affecting their personal character. In some instances these reports indicate that the committee had been allowed to examine the charges made, and the papers relating to them. If the terms I have given as having been used by the committee in designating causes for suspension mean that the persons suspended were guilty of offensive partisanship or political offenses, as distinguished from personal offenses and moral or official delinquencies, I am satisfied with the statement. And here it occurs to me to suggest that if offenses and moral or official delinquencies, not partisan in their nature, had existed, they would have been subjects for official inspection and report, and such reports, being official documents, would have been submitted to the committee or to the Senate, according to custom, and would have told their own story, and excluded committee comment. Thus the studied and carefully repeated statement of the committee in these cases of suspension, that no charge was made against the person suspended affecting his personal character (if that means a charge of wrongdoing not partisan), was superfluous, unless intended to convey the impression that the suspended officer was entirely innocent of any conduct meriting dismissal. It is a circumstance worth remembering when referring to these reports, that they belong to the executive business of the Senate, and are, therefore, among the secrets of that body. Those I have mentioned, nevertheless, were by special order made public, and published in the proceedings of the Senate in open session. This extraordinary, if not unprecedented, action, following long after the conclusion of the dispute, easily interprets its own intent, and removes all covering from a design to accomplish partisan advantage. The declaration of the resolutions that it was the duty of the Senate "to refuse its advice and consent to the proposed removal of officers" when the papers and docu-

ments relating to their supposed misconduct were withheld, was abandoned, and the irrevocable removal of such officers by confirmation of their successors was entered upon, with or without the much desired papers and documents, and was supplemented by the publication of committee reports, from which the secrecy of the executive session had been removed, to the end that, pursuant to a fixed determination, senatorial interpretation might be publicly given to the President's action in making suspensions.

I desire to call attention to one other incident connected with the occurrences already narrated. On the 14th of December, 1885, — prior to the first request or demand upon any executive department relating to suspensions, and of course before any controversy upon the subject arose, — a bill was introduced in the Senate by one of the most distinguished and able members of the majority in that body, and also a member of its Committee on the Judiciary, for the total and complete repeal of the law of 1869, which, it will be remembered, furnished the basis for the contention we have considered. This repealing bill was referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where it slumbered until the 21st of June, 1886, — nearly three months after the close of the contention, — when it was returned to the Senate with a favorable report, the chairman of the committee alone dissenting. When the bill was presented for discussion, the Senator who introduced it explained its object as follows: —

“This bill repeals what is left of what is called the Tenure of Office act, passed under the administration of Andrew Johnson, and as a part of the contest with that President. It leaves the law as it was from the beginning of the Government until that time, and it repeals the provision which authorizes the suspension of civil officers and requires the submission of that suspension to the Senate.” On a later day, in discussing

the bill, he said, after referring to the early date of its introduction: “It did not seem to me to be quite becoming to ask the Senate to deal with this general question, while the question which arose between the President and the Senate as to the interpretation and administration of the existing law was pending. I thought as a party man that I had hardly the right to interfere with the matter which was under the special charge of my honorable friend from Vermont, by challenging a debate upon the general subject from a different point of view. This question has subsided and is past, and it seems to me now proper to ask the Senate to vote upon the question whether it will return to the ancient policy of the Government, to the rule of public conduct which existed from 1789 until 1867, and which has practically existed, notwithstanding the condition of the statute book, since the accession to power of General Grant on the 4th of March, 1869.”

The personnel of the committee which reported favorably upon this repealing bill had not been changed since all the members of it politically affiliating with the majority in the Senate joined in recommending the accusatory report and resolutions, which, when adopted, caused the question between the President and the Senate, in the language of the introducer of the repealing bill, to “subside.”

This repealing act passed the Senate on the 17th of December, 1886, by thirty affirmative votes against twenty-two in the negative. A short time afterwards it passed in the House of Representatives by a majority of one hundred and five.

Thus was an unpleasant controversy happily followed by an expurgation of the last vestige of statutory sanction to an encroachment upon constitutional executive prerogatives, and thus was a time-honored interpretation of the Constitution restored to us. The President, freed from the Senate's claim of tute-

lage, became again the independent agent of the people, representing a co-ordinate branch of their Government, charged with responsibilities which, under his oath, he ought not to avoid or share, and invested with powers, not to

be surrendered, but to be used, under the guidance of patriotic intentions, a clear conscience, and an unfaltering faith in the Divine Ruler of the universe, who fails not when sincere and lofty human endeavor humbly seeks his aid.

Grover Cleveland.

SOME PREJUDICES ABOUT LIFE ASSURANCE.

IN writing on the subject of life assurance, it is hardly profitable to repeat those facts that are familiar to all the world, but rather to point out certain fallacies which threaten to harm a beneficent institution, and which have taken possession in some cases of the minds of the general public, and in others of the minds of those who direct the business.

It is astonishing to observe how prejudices will take hold of public belief, and how next to impossible it is to root them out. Bishop Berkeley, whose common sense was no less notable than his learning, says: "It may not be amiss to inculcate that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning." And an old poet of the eighteenth century says: "Remember, when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong." It is most important, then, to encourage clear thinking on a subject like the management of life assurance, — an institution which to-day commands such enormous contributions from the public, and which is a tremendous agency for good, if properly conducted.

The first fallacy to be noticed is, that a large "new business" transacted annually by a life assurance company, taken by itself, and without regard to other considerations, is necessarily a criterion of prosperity. There was a time, before

competition had become so disturbing a factor, when a large new business furnished in some respects such a criterion; for it cannot be disputed that — given a company regulating its affairs on the basis of reasonable expense, profitable returns on investments judiciously made, low mortality secured by caution in selecting risks, the accumulation of a large surplus for absolute safety and ultimate profit, abstention from offering "privileges" that cost money and eat into security, the maintenance of adequate premium rates, the avoidance of excessive dividends, and other essential ingredients of permanence and thrift — the larger the new business the greater is the substantial success; for if the big business is not secured by throwing safety and profit overboard, there is a wider subdivision of expenses and a greater certainty of fair averages in death losses, and interest rates, and protection against spasmodic damage. Properly transacted, such large new business enhances prestige, and shows uninstructed people where to go. But times have changed, and companies in some instances have begun to compete by offering "inducements" to assure, by making the annual premiums too low, by calculating on obtaining higher interest on investments than will probably be earned, by dividing surplus too closely and too soon, by offering too much to those who retire from the company, by making it too easy for the policy holder to mortgage his policy, — thus

handicapping the indemnity to his family; and in many other ways they are knocking out the props of safety and permanence.

The ambition to do the largest instead of the best business seems to be at the bottom of this tendency. The ambition to excel is not reprehensible. It is a strange sort of mind that does not make a man eager to be at the top. The viciousness of the trend is introduced, when, to attain that end, sacrifice of some good principle in what should be a scientifically conducted business is made. It is done, as Sir Richard Steele, of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, said, because "the business is to keep up the amazement." And it is worth noticing that when he said this, he was writing on *Quack Advertisements*. Bishop Berkeley says in the same treatise from which I have already quoted:—

"For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbor as himself, to honor his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care?" If we could only square our management to such opinions, how greatly for the interest of our policy holders it would be! And it is not a hopeless case, either. There are those engaged in the business who are making the attempt, and there is great force in a good example, especially as adherence to the principles referred to is by no means incompatible with a large new business, as is being demonstrated to-day. But I have heard a prominent and enlightened officer of a life assurance company give as a reason for not making the minimum interest rate of three per cent the assumption in his company's calculations, that the competition of com-

panies assuming a higher rate of interest was too strong, because where a higher rate of interest is assumed, a lower rate of premium may be charged.

Instead of selecting a company on account of its low charges and its profit-draining "privileges," it would be far more sensible (if choice is to depend on one or two disconnected facts) for a man to select the company charging the highest premiums and granting the least privileges outside of the death indemnity, other things being equal. It is better for a mutual company, and therefore for its members who constitute the company, that they should pay too high rather than too low premiums. Too low premiums will certainly cramp the management, lessen the profit, and may even result in failure; while too high premiums facilitate business and increase profit, and the excess ultimately returns with interest to the policy holders. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that life assurance is a long contract, and what might be harmless for the period of a year or two might become of moment in a lifetime. Take, for example, the difference of rates in compound interest:

\$1000 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent amounts in five years to	\$1187.69
\$1000 at 3 per cent amounts in five years to	\$1159.27

Difference \$28.42

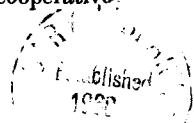
The difference, \$28.42, is not a very important matter. But

\$1000 at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent amounts in a lifetime of sixty-five years to . .	\$9356.70
\$1000 at 3 per cent amounts in a lifetime of sixty-five years to . .	\$6829.98

Difference \$2526.72

And the difference, \$2526.72, caused by a change of one half of one per cent in the annual rate, becomes serious.

The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of life companies which have disregarded the basic principles referred to. The multitude of defunct coöperative



companies, dependent on assessments for their existence, are among them. These had their day, and thousands of people were persuaded that it was just as well to ignore mathematical axioms, laws of mortality, and the experience of a century, and put their trust in novices who appealed to a penny-wise instinct. They failed, when honestly managed, because their premiums were too low or too uncertain. There were others, too, who attempted to prove that very low premiums in regular companies were just as safe as standard rates. Those who placed their confidence in these generally met with bitter disappointment. The Spectator Year Book gives a list of more than one hundred and eighty American life assurance companies which have failed, or retired from business, since 1812; and lists of defunct American assessment companies have been published containing several thousand names.

But let it not be supposed that similar, if less excessive, evils do not lurk in the business as conducted by many a large and prosperous company. On the other hand, it is none the less true that the variations from a severe standard of management have not reached the danger point. The burning question for managers to decide is, whether it is compatible with high principle — either commercial or moral — to relax wholesome restrictions for the purpose of popularity, and thus to venture as near as possible to the limit of prudence. Take the question of assumption of interest rate for example. Other things being equal, the premiums charged by the various companies will be lower if it is assumed that the average rate of interest to be realized throughout the future, on the aggregate of funds employed and unemployed, will be three and one half per cent (or four per cent) than if a three per cent rate should be assumed. Nearly all the principal States now require a standard based on the assumption of an average of four per cent inter-

est, while five of the companies have already adopted, in whole or in part, a three per cent standard on new business. This enables these companies to make a gradual change, without shock, from the higher to the lower rate of interest (which means a change from a lower standard to a higher standard, inasmuch as more reserve must be held to make up for the lessening of the annual increase by interest). The effect of this will be seen from the fact that about \$833,000,000 of business went off the books of American companies in 1899, by reason of death, maturity, purchase, and lapse, and the amount increases from year to year. Thus the continual process of four per cent business dropping out, and of three per cent business coming in, works an easy and gradual change from the lower to the higher standard without shock or inconvenience.

What is called the "reserve fund," which is the ever growing accumulation of invested assets mathematically required to secure the ultimate payment of policies, is larger or smaller according as a lower or a higher rate of future interest is assumed. But there are companies which are unwilling as yet to adopt the three per cent basis, because that would involve higher premiums, and would not appeal, therefore, to an unthinking public. The history of the productiveness of money invested in the most careful way, the present condition of the investment market, and the outlook for the future, would seem to warn prudent managers to be on the safe side in a matter of such radical importance. A pamphlet recently published, entitled *Letters from Prominent Financiers on Interest Rates*, gave the views of one hundred and fifteen bankers and experts in investment as to what rate of interest could be counted on without peradventure during the next twenty years. Out of these one hundred and fifteen financiers a majority thought that three per cent was the highest safe

rate, and some even recommended two and a half per cent. A company, therefore, which does a large business with premiums based on the assumption that a higher rate of interest than three per cent will be earned may not be building the foundations of future prosperity as solidly as a company doing a smaller business with premiums based on the assumption that three per cent only will be earned. And it is always to be remembered that if the company is successful in earning more than the three per cent assumed, the excess goes back to the policy holders in the shape of dividends, if the company is conducted on the mutual plan.

Another consideration bearing on prosperity is the amount which the company pays back to the policy holder if his policy is prematurely surrendered. There has been great competition in this particular. Some have advocated the payment of the entire legal reserve held against each policy. Some have approximated to this. Some have even promised more. Rivalry in offering "inducements" has undoubtedly had an influence in raising such offers above what is wise or prudent. Every policy holder retiring undermines just to that extent the stability of the business, especially as it is believed that the bad lives stick while the good retire. The calculations of a life assurance company are based on the general assumption that the entrants will persist. To spend great energy in getting them in, and at the same time to offer undue inducements for them to get out, seems an irrational proceeding. The management of companies has been too much swayed by what is "popular." Many a time it is the "unpopular measure which is the best.

There is a great deal of compassion wasted on the improvident people who give up their policies, and one would almost imagine, when reading what some have written, and what has in certain

instances been enacted into law under a misguided popular influence, that the chief object of life assurance was to take care of those who abandon their policies at the expense of those who keep them. The truth is, that it is the prospective widows and orphans of the deserters who are entitled to our sympathy, and it ought to be made hard for those who, yielding to slight monetary pressure or to the selfish desire to use the money for this, that, or the other gratification, forget their duty to their wives and children. The cases of real hardship to the living policy holders are as nothing to the many cases of cruel hardship among widows and orphans who have been hastily and thoughtlessly abandoned by those for whom this desertion has been made easy by modern assurance methods, born of competition. The ideal system would be absolute prohibition of surrender values in cash, and the limitation of the same to fully paid assurance in proportion to the reserves held against each policy.

These illustrations might be amplified, as, for example, in respect to loans on policies. If properly made, they are undoubtedly secure, and most of the companies have yielded to the popular demand, and are now lending on the policies they issue. But after moving men to provide for their families by life assurance, is it wise to tempt them to mortgage that assurance, and so to impair the indemnity? There is also a tendency to disregard the teachings of experience in respect to making proper charges and restrictions for extra hazardous risks, such as engagement in dangerous pursuits, in war, and residence in unhealthy regions. To the mass of people a policy is more attractive which concedes everything, no matter how unsound those concessions may be, but the time is coming when thinking people will discriminate.

There is nothing invidious in the foregoing remarks. They apply in greater

or lesser degree to many companies whose directors wish in good faith to guard the interests of the policy holders. The vital point is, that the companies which have the courage to forego the ephemeral advantage of excess in "liberality" are not to be regarded as outstripped by companies ignoring rigid principles, and, through appeals to the uninstructed, doing a large new business. If a company has enough skill and vigor of management to transact a large business without abandoning the line of greatest security, so much the better; for a large business properly done means large benefits to large numbers of people, and minor errors sink into insignificance when there is great volume of business. The company that does the biggest business, therefore, is not necessarily the best. Volume is only an incident, and the best company is the one that is strongest, most skillfully managed, and that is husbanding resources for future profits and security.

Another prejudice which prevails is, that the "company" is interested against the policy holder. This cannot be true in a company governed by the mutual principle. All the larger companies are so governed and many of the smaller. By their charters, all the profits of the business inure to the benefit of the policy holders exclusively. Every policy holder is therefore interested like a partner in the protection of his company. Some might at first blush be disposed to deny that a prejudice against the companies exists, but examine the facts. The Insurance Report of the State of Connecticut,¹ a State in which all the prominent companies do business, gives 11,972,373 as the total number of policies held in the regular companies reporting to that State. Is it credible that if the multitudes of intelligent men who hold these policies were alive to their own interests they would permit the

operations of their companies to be handicapped and their prosperity threatened by onerous taxation, and by hostile legislation? The influence of such a body of citizens would, if actively used, control the situation. Taxation of a life assurance company means inroad upon the profits and therefore increase of the price paid by the policy holder for his assurance. Yet the war tax imposed during the Spanish war, in the shape of stamps, is estimated to have cost the companies reporting to Connecticut more than \$700,000 in 1899 (*excluding industrial companies*). It has been estimated that there are several companies whose individual tax is not less than \$100,000.

Another evil is that taxation is so unequal and so unscientific. One State exempts: another taxes gross premiums two per cent. One State collects \$500,000 per annum from life assurance companies alone in taxes: another State taxes on "reserves;" and the general government comes in and blankets the whole with a tremendous tax. Meanwhile the companies suffer indirect taxation on their investments, and pay heavily on real estate. Only a few weeks ago a bill was introduced into the New York Legislature, which proposed to tax mortgages one half of one per cent. Although this bill has not passed, there is no evidence that the multitude of policy holders, whose dividends would have been diminished by such a law, have manifested any interest in the success or defeat of the proposed bill. More than \$6,000,000 was taken by taxation, in the year 1899, from the "level premium" life companies of the United States reporting to the State of Connecticut. Is it politic thus to mulct the savings of the provident, and to handicap thrift?

All the time that these measures are being carried out by those municipal authorities who seek to raise revenue in not been published at the time this article was written.

¹ The official reports of the States of Massachusetts and New York for the year 1899 had

the easiest way, regardless of the important principles subverted, the four and a half millions of policy holders, in legislatures, in newspapers, in the councils of state, among the constituents, stand by in apathy, not only forgetting that it is really their money that is being taken, but with a certain bias against the very companies which they themselves compose. The same argument applies to hampering legislation and unwise official supervision, and it is no wonder that many who have the interests of widows and orphans at heart look longingly to the National Congress to centralize the supervision and control of life assurance companies by the constitution of a National Department at Washington. It is difficult to measure the benefit to the policy holder himself, if he would cease to regard the company as a stranger interested against him, and recognize that he is a part of it himself, and that whatever advantage the company gets is his advantage also.

Another prevailing prejudice is that life assurance companies are tying up money, and are in some cases growing so large that there is no telling what will come of them in the end. As a matter of fact, these companies are great distributing agencies, of immense convenience to the people, bringing money within the reach of all who have proper security. Their assets consist, for the most part, in *loans* made to those who are using the money to develop and advance industry, commerce, and the other complex movements which are involved in a progressive civilization. The very law of their existence requires that their assets should be as constantly as possible in active use. Moreover, instead of being ever growing "octopi," their growth is limited by the very conditions of the business; because, by reason of lapses, surrenders, deaths, and maturities, so much assurance is annually terminated, that a very large business is required to keep up the total amount outstanding,

and the latter amount is likely to increase less and less rapidly, even under the present order of things.

This is the day of concentration in business. The advantage accruing to profitable management (and here it is well to remind the reader once more that the profit in companies on the mutual plan is realized by the policy holders and by nobody else) from the transaction of business on a large scale is so great and so obvious that it must be recognized and approved by thoughtful minds. The large company has an advantage in the possibilities for economy in results. In life assurance, as in other domains, there is what might be called a market price for agency service, and the struggle of a wise manager is to reduce this to a minimum, without destroying the machinery which produces the income. There is an extravagant method, and there is a cheese-paring method, and the path of prudence lies between. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." After all, the test of management is "surplus," which term is employed for want of a better, and because it has the sanction of usage. It means, in assurance, the money accumulated over and above the mathematical requirement for safety. It serves both for extra reserve, that is, security, and for a reservoir of profits, or dividends to policy holders. This surplus is derived from (1) savings on expenses, (2) savings on mortality, (3) savings on interest, (4) lapses of reserves over and above what is returned to policy holders, and (5) fortunate investments enhancing in value; and money may profitably be "expended," thus diminishing the contribution to surplus from category No. 1 when such expenditure produces surplus from the other sources, Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5. A company may be so managed as to show most superbly on No. 1 and to make a wretched exhibit on Nos. 2, 3, 4,

and 5. The surplus actually earned is therefore a better criterion. An illustration may make this clearer: Suppose a company finds that by spending some thousands of dollars on physicians and inspectors it can so much more carefully select the subjects for assurance that great improvement is made on the mortality rate, and that millions are saved in death losses. That company's ratio of expenses may show less favorably than a company refraining from such expenditure, but it needs no expert financier or statistician to demonstrate that there is real economy in the practice. In 1899 one of the large American companies declined \$34,000,000 of business out of \$237,000,000 applied for. This was accomplished by means of measures such as that just referred to. The benefit of such sifting does not need to be argued. In the same way money spent for skillful officers, for adepts in investing funds, for scrutiny of accounts, for watchfulness over all those transactions involved in an extensive business, might in a great measure be spared and the expense account pure and simple be immensely improved; but it would be at an enormous sacrifice of real profit. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is a proverb which applies to life assurance as well as to other departments of activity. The danger lies in excess, ignorance, prejudice, and lack of care and industry.

The large company, further, has better opportunities for improving money at the best advantage, and of securing steady averages in the mortality rate. Without dwelling unduly on propositions like these which need slight illustration, it may be put down as a fact that the advantage for the policy holders is with companies doing business on a considerable scale in a judicious manner. Now these large accumulations of money in the hands of companies, instead of being locked up, are immediately put out into the hands of the people, and enter into

the productive channels of the country. The money lent on bond and mortgage by the life assurance companies reporting to the State of Connecticut exceeded on January 1, 1900, the sum of \$455,000,000. The money invested in railroad and other securities representing the commercial prosperity of the land exceeded \$729,000,000. Every one who has proper security to offer can come to these companies and, without expense in the way of fees or commission of the middleman, can borrow money at the lowest prevailing rates of interest, and the very nature of the business which requires permanency of investment is a guarantee to the borrower that he will not be disturbed except for essential cause. The creation of these great central monetary agencies, therefore, is an absolute benefit to the mass of the people, and, instead of removing money from its legitimate channels, is a means of directing it into those channels in the simplest, most economical, and least objectionable way.

Another prejudice which has fastened itself on some minds is directed against that very surplus which has already been mentioned as the evidence of prosperity. Is it possible that the fallacy has been invented by those not successful in amassing a large surplus, and therefore envious of those who have been more skillful and more provident? No critic has ever succeeded in showing why the same argument does not apply to an assurance company as to a bank or to an individual. The bank with the largest surplus is always regarded as the strongest and the one most likely to divide large profits. An individual's wealth is measured by the excess of his possessions over what he owes, in other words, his surplus. It is the same with a life assurance company. Surplus represents the wealth of a company, and therefore the wealth of its policy holders. If surplus is attacked, the policy holders suffer. If surplus is dissi-

pated, the policy holder is in danger. The surplus is held for the policy holders collectively, just as, in a partnership, for the members. It is not necessarily at the immediate disposal of an individual member of the firm, but for the partners collectively; and, as in the case of the firm, the policy holder does not participate in cash until he gets a dividend; but he *does* profit in a comprehensive way all the time, through the security and prosperity of the business resulting from the surplus earned and accumulated, and he *does* profit in cash when the time comes, through rational management, for a distribution. Many banks accumulate large surplus, paying smaller dividends than they could, because the advantages obtained by holding a large surplus in facilitating business and increasing earnings are more important to the owners than the increase of dividends that would result from an earlier distribution.

Then again, it is quite as true in the conduct of life assurance as in any other business, that it is for the benefit of the individual policy holder that money breeds money, and the bigger the surplus the bigger the profits earned for the individual; and any one who looks into the facts intelligently will see that every policy holder who is now a member of a company will get more in dividends, other things being equal, because the company has a large surplus, than he would get if from the beginning the surplus of the company had been divided closely from year to year among the policy holders, because what the individual policy holder loses in a small reservation of surplus not paid him at the *end* of the year, he more than gains in the larger profit resulting from the surplus brought over at the beginning of the year from the earnings of the past.

The truth is that the ordinary public mind is swayed easily by the unconsidered, but oftentimes plausible, arguments

of those who, as Dryden said, "think too little and talk too much." Intelligent people who wish to get the best for their money in the shape of life assurance would do well to visit the parent offices of the companies, and investigate such animadversions as are often made by those either not competent or having a distinct interest in creating a false impression. There are numbers of men making a livelihood by stirring up policy holders against their companies, and it is fair to say that the majority of the lawsuits against such companies are instigated by such designing persons. The writer has in mind several men, so-called "actuaries" and "lawyers," who have fomented vexatious legal proceedings against a certain company, and the result of every one of such proceedings has been favorable to the company after lamentable expense both to the misled attacking policy holder and to the mass of policy holders attacked. The only person who has profited has been the intriguer who has led the claimant astray. Every well-managed company has capable officials in its employ, always ready to take pains to furnish information and explanation to every policy holder, and the competition between the companies is the very best protection possible against injustice and wrongdoing. An electric searchlight is ever directed on all the transactions of American life assurance companies. There is no other enterprise which is subjected to such public scrutiny. Secrecy and mystery are, by the existing machinery of publicity, almost impossible. And yet the unsophisticated citizen is often so willing to be deceived, that he will take the unsupported word of the venal adviser who charges him a fee, and refuse to go to headquarters and learn the truth from honorable men, or make the investigation that is freely offered.

Then there is the great prejudice that one can handle his own money better than the company, and therefore he

will not assure his life, and this goes hand in hand with the conviction of the non-capitalist that he cannot afford it. It is a happy thing that these prejudices are gradually breaking down, but the people still treat life assurance as a luxury. They pay in their premiums in good times, and drop them, or refrain from taking the first step, in bad times. The reverse of this would be rational. Instances of bitter disappointment to families are occurring all the time, upon the death of the bread-winner leaving nothing but debts. In former times, life assurance was sparingly resorted to; and almost exclusively by salaried men, and by men of small affairs. Later, the prosperous and the capitalistic class learned that "an anchor to windward," in the shape of life assurance, is an advantage. Many are the successful merchants who have left one or more hundreds of thousands of assurance which has saved the integrity of their business, or bridged over gaps while the estates were being disentangled. Partnerships have been saved from wreck by the interassurance of the members. Families enjoying luxury have, through the medium of large life assurance, escaped being suddenly plunged into the misery of dependency. The man who is confident that he can handle his own money best, without committing it to a company, ignores the uncertainty of life. Even if he has the requisite knowledge, skill, and steadfastness to do as well as the company throughout a lifetime of sixty years, *how can he be sure he will not die?* Premature death wrecks all his plans. The assured man establishes a capital for those he is to leave behind the moment he assures.

It is calculated from the statistics that more than \$31,000,000 have been paid by American companies alone in the ten years ending December 31, 1898, to the beneficiaries of policies which have had but one annual payment made on them! Taking a broad view of these transac-

tions, the beneficiaries have received twenty-five times the amount paid in by the policy holders. A similar calculation could be made as to policies on which only two annual payments had been made, which would develop the fact that as to these the beneficiaries had received more than \$35,000,000, which was about twelve and one half times the amount paid in. And the computation might be carried on to those having made three annual payments, four, five, etc. It would be found that by far the greater part of the \$663,000,000 which have been paid within a period of ten years by the American life assurance companies on the death of the assured has proved to be more money in each case than has been paid in. Who can contend that in these instances the investment could have been better handled by the man himself? Of course there must be some who will offset these by living to mature old age, and paying in as much, or more, than their beneficiaries draw out at their death. But these will have had the comfort of the indemnity throughout the many years when it was most needed, and the skill of the company managers will oftentimes prove to have been sufficient to wipe out by successful investment and shrewd management the excess of payments into the company over the amount which would otherwise have fallen due on the policy at death. The class who "cannot afford" to assure are generally the improvident and the reckless. There are few persons who cannot save something out of their earnings, and experience has shown that such savings cannot be better improved than by putting them into a life assurance policy. The mere habit of saving enforced by the annually recurring premium payments on the policy is an advantage in itself. The population of the United States and Canada is about 82,000,000. The assurance in force in all American regular companies is held by about four and a half millions

of people. There is always a vast multitude of unassured, and these are being annually enlarged by the growth of youth to manhood. There is no institution which has so effectually distributed wealth to benefit the largest number of people in the most judicious way as life assurance.

Among the various other fallacies to which the limitations of a magazine article forbid extended reference there is one which is so vulgar and so vile that it ought not to require notice. It is one which seems unfortunately to have fastened itself on the management of some companies, and which is a disgrace to a noble institution. It is the apparent belief that it is compatible with honor and dignity to build up a company by doing injury to its neighbors. It is difficult to make this plain without being invidious, and therefore the application of the general principle here stated must be left to the reader.

Assuredly, an institution which exists for the benefit of widows and orphans, and which has under its control more than one thousand five hundred millions of money, and assurance to the amount of seven thousand three hundred millions, is one which ought not to be conducted on a low plane of competition. And yet in certain quarters a spirit pre-

vails which shows itself in public assaults by the officers of one company on the personal motives of the officers of other companies; in flippant references by circular or through subsidized editors of public journals; in raids upon the servants of competitors made more to cripple the adversary than to benefit the raider; and in a variety of practices tending to degrade the business. Fortunately, those who indulge in these devices are few, but in some cases they seem to be vain of the very things which ought to bring a blush to the face. One can scarcely imagine the officers of a bank or trust company descending to such petty practices. Then why should decent people tolerate the discrediting of such a sacred calling as that of life assurance by such tactics?

Prejudices will inevitably prevail in every department of human activity. It is too much to hope that any enterprise can be absolutely purged of them. But the institution of life assurance is one of such dignity and usefulness; it deals with such sacred interests; it is so vast, so serious, so important, that in the opinion of some, among whom the writer desires to be included, it is worthy of the best endeavors of the best people in the community to keep it decent, pure, and dignified.

James W. Alexander.

SOUL FLIGHT.

Hard ways have winds that lightly shake
The silver willows, half awake,
Mysterious paths the moonbeams take
Across the shadowed mountain lake;

The soul in deeper secret goes
Behind the lilac and the rose,
In skies of evening, far away,
Beyond the flight of night and day.

John Vance Cheney.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

It was in the fervor of their first married years that the Ewberts came to live in the little town of Hilbrook, shortly after Hilbrook University had been established there under the name of its founder, Josiah Hilbrook. The town itself had then just changed its name, in compliance with the conditions of his public benefactions, and in recognition of the honor he had done it in making it a seat of learning. Up to a certain day it had been called West Mallow, ever since it was set off from the original town of Mallow; but after a hundred and seventy years of this custom, it began on that day to call itself Hilbrook, and thenceforward, with the curious American acquiescence in the accomplished fact, no one within or without its limits called it West Mallow again.

The memory of Josiah Hilbrook himself began to be lost in the name he had given the place; and except for the perfunctory mention of its founder in the ceremonies of Commencement Day, the university hardly remembered him as a man, but rather regarded him as a locality. He had in fact never been an important man in West Mallow, up to the time he had left it to seek his fortune in New York; and when he died, somewhat abruptly, and left his money, as it were out of a clear sky, to his native place in the form of a university, a town hall, a soldiers' monument, a drinking fountain, and a public library, his fellow townsmen, in making the due civic acknowledgment and acceptance of his gifts, recalled with effort the obscure family to which he belonged.

He had not tried to characterize the university by his peculiar religious faith,

but he had given a church building, a parsonage, and a fund for the support of preaching among them at Hilbrook, to the small body of believers to which his people adhered. This sect had a name by which it was officially known to itself; but, like the Shakers, the Quakers, the Moravians, it had early received a nickname, which it passively adopted, and even among its own members the body was rarely spoken of or thought of except as the Rixonites.

Mrs. Ewbert fretted under the nickname, with an impatience perhaps the greater because she had merely married into the Rixonite church, and had accepted its doctrine because she loved her husband rather than because she had been convinced of its truth. From the first she complained that the Rixonites were cold; and if there was anything Emily Ewbert had always detested, it was coldness. No one, she once testified, need talk to her of their passive waiting for a sign, as a religious life; if there were not some strong, central belief, some rigorously formulated creed, some —

"Good old herb and root theology," her husband interrupted.

"Yes!" she heedlessly acquiesced. "Unless there is something like *that*, all the waiting in the world won't" — she cast about for some powerful image — "won't keep the cold chills from running down *my* back when I think of my duty as a Christian."

"Then don't think of your duty as a Christian, my dear," he pleaded, with the caressing languor which sometimes made her say, in reprobation of her own pleasure in it, that *he* was a Rixonite, if ever there *was* one. "Think of your duty as a woman, or even as a mortal."

"I believe you're thinking of mak-

ing a sermon on that," she retorted; and he gave a sad, consenting laugh, as if it were quite true, though in fact he never really preached a sermon on mere femininity or mere mortality. His sermons were all very good, however: and that was another thing that put her out of patience with his Rixonite parishioners, — that they should sit there Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, and listen to his beautiful sermons, which ought to melt their hearts and bring tears into their eyes, and not seem influenced by them any more than if they were so many dry chips.

"But think how long they've had the gospel," he suggested, in a pensive self-derision which she would not share.

"Well, one thing, Clarence," she summed up, "I'm not going to let you throw yourself away on them; and unless you see some of the university people in the congregation, I want you to use your old sermons from this out. They'll never know the difference; and I'm going to make you take one of the old sermons along every Sunday, so as to be prepared."

II.

One good trait of Mrs. Ewbert was that she never meant half she said, — she could not; but in this case there was more meaning than usual in her saying. It really vexed her that the university families, who had all received them so nicely, and who appreciated her husband's spiritual and intellectual quality as fully as even she could wish, came some of them so seldom, and some of them never, to hear him at the Rixonite church. They ought, she said, to have been just suited by his preaching, which inculcated with the peculiar grace of his gentle, poetic nature a refinement of the mystical theology of the founder. The Rev. Adoniram Rixon, who had seventy years before formulated his conception of the religious life as a patient

waiting upon the divine will, with a constant reference of this world's mysteries and problems to the world to come, had doubtless meant a more strenuous abeyance than Clarence Ewbert was now preaching to a third generation of his followers. He had doubtless meant them to be eager and alert in this patience, but the version of his gospel which his latest apostle gave taught a species of acquiescence which was foreign to the thoughts of the founder. He put as great stress as could be asked upon the importance of a realizing faith in the life to come, and an implicit trust in it for the solution of the problems and perplexities of this life; but so far from wishing his hearers to be constantly taking stock, as it were, of their spiritual condition, and interrogating Providence as to its will concerning them, he besought them to rest in confidence of the divine mindfulness, secure that while they fulfilled all their plain, simple duties toward one another, God would inspire them to act according to his purposes in the more psychological crises and emergencies, if these should ever be part of their experience.

In maintaining, on a certain Sunday evening, that his ideas were much more adapted to the spiritual nourishment of the president, the dean, and the several professors of Hilbrook University than to that of the hereditary Rixonites who nodded in a slumbrous acceptance of them, Mrs. Ewbert failed as usual to rouse her husband to a due sense of his grievance with the university people.

"Well," he said, "you know I can't *make* them come, my dear."

"Of course not. And I would be the last to have you lift a finger. But I know that you feel about it just as I do."

"Perhaps; but I hope not so much as you *think* you feel. Of course, I'm very grateful for your indignation. But I know you don't undervalue the good I may do to my poor sheep — they're *not*

an intellectual flock—in trying to lead them in the ways of spiritual modesty and unconsciousness. How do we know but they profit more by my preaching than the faculty would? Perhaps our university friends are spiritually unconscious enough already, if not modest.”

“I see what you mean,” said Mrs. Ewbert, provisionally suspending her sense of the whimsical quality in his suggestion. “But you need never tell me that they would n’t appreciate you more.”

“More than old Ransom Hilbrook?” he asked.

“Oh, I hope *he* is n’t coming here to-night, again!” she implored, with a nervous leap from the point in question. “If he’s coming here *every* Sunday night” —

As he knew she wished, her husband represented that Hilbrook’s having come the last Sunday night was no proof that he was going to make a habit of it.

“But he *stayed* so late!” she insisted from the safety of her real belief that he was not coming.

“He came very early, though,” said Ewbert, with a gentle sigh, in which her sympathetic penetration detected a retrospective exhaustion.

“I shall tell him you’re not well,” she went on: “I shall tell him you are lying down. You ought to be, now. You’re perfectly worn out with that long walk you took.” She rose, and beat up the sofa pillows with a menacing eye upon him.

“Oh, I’m very comfortable here,” he said from the depths of his easy-chair. “Hilbrook won’t come to-night. It’s past the time.”

She glanced at the clock with him, and then desisted. “If he does, I’m determined to excuse you somehow. You ought never to have gone near him, Clarence. You’ve brought it upon yourself.”

Ewbert could not deny this, though he did not feel himself so much to blame for it as she would have liked to make

out in her pity of him. He owned that if he had never gone to see Hilbrook the old man would probably never have come near them, and that if he had not tried so much to interest him when he did come Hilbrook would not have stayed so long; and even in this contrite mind, he would not allow that he ought not to have visited him and ought not to have welcomed him.

III.

The minister had found his parishioner in the old Hilbrook homestead, which Josiah Hilbrook, while he lived, suffered Ransom Hilbrook to occupy, and when he died bequeathed to him, with a sufficient income for all his simple wants. They were cousins, and they had both gone out into the world about the same time: one had made a success of it, and remained; and the other had made a failure of it, and come back. They were both Rixonites, as the families of both had been in the generation before them. It could be supposed that Josiah Hilbrook, since he had given the money for a Rixonite church and the perpetual pay of a Rixonite minister in his native place, had died in the faith; and it might have been supposed that Ransom Hilbrook, from his constant attendance upon its services, was living in the same faith. What was certain was that the survivor lived alone in the family homestead on the slope of the stony hill overlooking the village. The house was gray with age, and it crouched low on the ground where it had been built a century before, and anchored fast by the great central chimney characteristic of the early New England farmhouse. Below it staggered the trees of an apple orchard belted in with a stone wall, and beside it sagged the sheds whose stretch united the gray old house to the gray old barn, and made it possible for Hilbrook to do his chores in rain or snow without leaving cover. There was a door-

yard defined by a picket fence, and near the kitchen door was a well with a high pent roof, where there had once been a long sweep.

These simple features showed to the village on the opposite slope with a distinctness that made the place seem much lonelier than if it had been much more remote. It gained no cheerfulness from its proximity, and when the windows of the house lighted up with the pale gleam of the sunset, they imparted to the village a sense of dreary solitude which its own lamps could do nothing to relieve.

Ransom Hilbrook came and went among the villagers in the same sort of inaccessible contiguity. He did not shun passing the time of day with people he met; he was in and out at the grocer's, the meat man's, the baker's, upon the ordinary domestic occasions; but he never darkened any other doors, except on his visits to the bank where he cashed the checks for his quarterly allowance. There had been a proposition to use him representatively in the ceremonies celebrating the acceptance of the various gifts of Josiah Hilbrook; but he had not lent himself to this, and upon experiment the authorities found that he was right in his guess that they could get along without him.

He had not said it surlily, but sadly, and with a gentle deprecation of their insistence. While the several monuments that testified to his cousin's wealth and munificence rose in the village beyond the brook, he continued in the old homestead without change, except that when his housekeeper died he began to do for himself the few things that the ailing and aged woman had done for him. How he did them was not known, for he invited no intimacy from his neighbors. But from the extent of his dealings with the grocer it was imagined that he lived mainly upon canned goods. The fish man paid him a weekly visit, and once a week he got from the meat man a piece of salt pork, which it was obvious to

the meanest intelligence was for his Sunday baked beans. From his purchase of flour and baking powder it was reasonably inferred that he now and then made himself hot biscuit. Beyond these meagre facts everything was conjecture, in which the local curiosity played sometimes actively, but for the most part with a growing acquiescence in the general ignorance none felt authorized to dispel. There had been a time when some fulfilled a fancied duty to the solitary in trying to see him. But the visitors who found him out of doors were not asked within, and were obliged to dismiss themselves, after an interview across the pickets of the dooryard fence or from the trestles or inverted feed pails on which they were invited to seats in the barn or shed. Those who happened to find their host more ceremoniously at home were allowed to come in, but were received in rooms so comfortable from the drawn blinds or fireless hearths that they had not the spirits for the task of cheering him up which they had set themselves, and departed in greater depression than that they left him to.

IV.

Ewbert felt all the more impelled to his own first visit by the fame of these failures, but he was not hastened in it. He thought best to wait for some sign or leading from Hilbrook; but when none came, except the apparent attention with which Hilbrook listened to his preaching, and the sympathy which he believed he detected at times in the old eyes blinking upon him through his sermons, he felt urged to the visit which he had vainly delayed.

Hilbrook's reception was wary and non-committal, but it was by no means so grudging as Ewbert had been led to expect. After some ceremonious moments in the cold parlor Hilbrook asked him into the warm kitchen, where appar-

ently he passed most of his own time. There was something cooking in a pot on the stove, and a small room opened out of the kitchen, with a bed in it, which looked as if it were going to be made, as Ewbert handsomely maintained. There was an old dog stretched on the hearth behind the stove, who whimpered with rheumatic apprehension when his master went to put the lamp on the mantel above him.

In describing the incident to his wife Ewbert stopped at this point, and then passed on to say that after they got to talking Hilbrook seemed more and more gratified, and even glad, to see him.

"Everybody's glad to see *you*, Clarence," she broke out, with tender pride. "But why do you say, 'After we got to talking'? Did n't you get to talking at once?"

"Well, no," he answered, with a vague smile; "we did a good deal of listening at first, both of us. I did n't know just where to begin, after I got through my excuses for coming, and Mr. Hilbrook did n't offer any opening. Don't you think he's a very handsome old man?"

"He has a pretty head, and his close-cut white hair gives it a neat effect, like a nice child's. He has a refined face; such a straight nose, and a delicate chin. Yes, he is certainly good looking. But what" —

"Oh, nothing. Only, all at once I realized that he had a sensitive nature. I don't know why I should n't have realized it before. I had somehow taken it for granted that he was a self-conscious hermit, who lived in a squalid seclusion because he liked being wondered at. But he did not seem to be anything of the kind. I don't know whether he's a good cook, for he did n't ask me to eat anything; but I don't think he's a bad housekeeper."

"With his bed unmade at eight o'clock in the evening!"

"He may have got up late," said Ewbert. "The house seemed very orderly,

otherwise; and what is really the use of making up a bed till you need it?"

Mrs. Ewbert passed the point, and asked, "What did you talk about when you got started?"

"I found he was a reader, or had been. There was a case of good books in the parlor, and I began by talking with him about them."

"Well, what did he say about them?"

"That he was n't interested in them. He had been once, but he was not now."

"I can understand that," said Mrs. Ewbert philosophically. "Books *are* crowded out after your life fills up with other interests."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"So far as I could make out, Mr. Hilbrook's life had n't filled up with other interests. He did not care for the events of the day, as far as I tried him on them, and he did not care for the past. I tempted him with autobiography; but he seemed quite indifferent to his own history, though he was not reticent about it. I proposed the history of his cousin in the boyish days which he said they had spent together; but he seemed no more interested in his cousin than in himself. Then I tried his dog and his pathetic sufferings, and I said something about the pity of the poor old fellow's last days being so miserable. That seemed to strike a gleam of interest from him, and he asked me if I thought animals might live again. And I found — I don't know just how to put it so as to give you the right sense of his psychological attitude."

"No matter! Put it any way, and I will take care of the right sense. Go on!" said Mrs. Ewbert.

"I found that his question led up to the question whether men lived again, and to a confession that he did n't or could n't believe they did."

"Well, upon my word!" Mrs. Ewbert exclaimed. "I don't see what business he has coming to church, then. Does n't

he understand that the idea of immortality is very essence of Rixonitism? I think it was personally insulting to *you*, Clarence. What did you say?"

"I did n't take a very high hand with him. You know I don't embody the idea of immortality, and the church is no bad place even for unbelievers. The fact is, it struck me as profoundly pathetic. He was n't arrogant about it, as people sometimes are, — they seem proud of not believing; but he was sufficiently ignorant in his premises. He said he had seen too many dead people. You know he was in the civil war."

"No!"

"Yes, — through it all. It came out on my asking him if he were going to the Decoration Day services. He said that the sight of the first great battlefield deprived him of the power of believing in a life hereafter. He was not very explanatory, but as I understood it the overwhelming presence of death had extinguished his faith in immortality; the dead riders were just like their dead horses" —

"Shocking!" Mrs. Ewbert broke in.

"He said something went out of him."

Ewbert waited a moment before adding: "It was very affecting, though Hilbrook himself was as apathetic about it as he was about everything else. He was not interested in not believing, even, but I could see that it had taken the heart out of life for him. If our life here does not mean life elsewhere, the interest of it must end with our activities. When it comes to old age, as it has with poor Hilbrook, it has no meaning at all, unless it has the hope of more life in it. I felt his forlornness, and I strongly wished to help him. I stayed a long time talking; I tried to interest him in the fact that he was not interested, and" —

"Well, what?"

"If I did n't fatigue Hilbrook, I came away feeling perfectly exhausted myself. Were you uneasy at my being out so late?"

V.

It was some time after the Ewberts had given up expecting him that old Hilbrook came to return the minister's visit. Then, as if some excuse were necessary, he brought a dozen eggs in a paper bag, which he said he hoped Mrs. Ewbert could use, because his hens were giving him more than he knew what to do with. He came to the back door with them; but Mrs. Ewbert always let her maid of all work go out Sunday evening, and she could receive him in the kitchen herself. She felt obliged to make him the more welcome on account of his humility, and she showed him into the library with perhaps exaggerated hospitality.

It was a chilly evening of April, and so early that the lamp was not lighted; but there was a pleasant glow from the fire on the hearth, and Ewbert made his guest sit down before it. As he lay back in the easy-chair, stretching his thin old hands toward the blaze, the delicacy of his profile was charming, and that senile parting of the lips with which he listened reminded Ewbert of his own father's looks in his last years; so that it was with an affectionate eagerness he set about making Hilbrook feel his presence acceptable, when Mrs. Ewbert left them to finish up the work she had promised herself not to leave for the maid. It was much that Hilbrook had come at all, and he ought to be made to realize that Ewbert appreciated his coming. But Hilbrook seemed indifferent to his efforts, or rather, insensible to them, in the several topics that Ewbert advanced; and there began to be pauses, in which the minister racked his brain for some new thing to say, or found himself saying something he cared nothing for in a voice of hollow resolution, or falling into commonplaces which he tried to give vitality by strenuousness of expression. He heard his wife moving about in the kitchen and dining room, with a clicking

of spoons and knives and a faint clash of china, as she put the supper things away, and he wished that she would come in and help him with old Hilbrook; but he could not very well call her, and she kept at her work, with no apparent purpose of leaving it.

Hilbrook was a farmer, so far as he was anything industrially, and Ewbert tried him with questions of crops, soils, and fertilizers; but he tried him in vain. The old man said he had never cared much for those things, and now it was too late for him to begin. He generally sold his grass standing, and his apples on the trees; and he had no animals about the place except his chickens, — they took care of themselves. Ewbert urged, for the sake of conversation, even of a disputative character, that poultry were liable to disease, if they were not looked after; but Hilbrook said, Not if there were not too many of them, and so made an end of that subject. Ewbert desperately suggested that he must find them company, — they seemed sociable creatures; and then, in his utter dearth, he asked how the old dog was getting on.

"Oh, he's dead," said Hilbrook, and the minister's heart smote him with a pity for the survivor's forlornness which the old man's apathetic tone had scarcely invited. He inquired how and when the dog had died, and said how much Hilbrook must miss him.

"Well, I don't know," Hilbrook returned. "He wa'n't much comfort, and he's out of his misery, anyway." After a moment he added, with a gleam of interest: "I've been thinkin', since he went, of what we talked about the other night, — I don't mean animals, but men. I tried to go over what you said, in my own mind, but I could n't seem to make it."

He lifted his face, sculptured so fine by age, and blinked at Ewbert, who was glad to fancy something appealing in his words and manner.

"You mean as to a life beyond this?"

"Ah!"

"Well, let us see if we can't go over it together."

Ewbert had forgotten the points he had made before, and he had to take up the whole subject anew. He did so at first in an involuntarily patronizing confidence that Hilbrook was ignorant of the ground; but from time to time the old man let drop a hint of knowledge that surprised the minister. Before they had done, it appeared that Hilbrook was acquainted with the literature of the doctrine of immortality from Plato to Swedenborg, and even to Mr. John Fiske. How well he was acquainted with it Ewbert could not quite make out; but he had recurrently a misgiving, as if he were in the presence of a doubter whose doubt was hopeless through his knowledge. In this bleak air it seemed to him that he at last detected the one thing in which the old man felt an interest: his sole tie with the earth was the belief that when he left it he should cease to be. This affected Ewbert as most interesting, and he set himself, with all his heart and soul, to dislodge Hilbrook from his deplorable conviction. He would not perhaps have found it easy to overcome at once that repugnance which Hilbrook's doubt provoked in him, if it had been less gently, less simply owned. As it was, it was not possible to deal with it in any spirit of mere authority. He must meet it and overcome it in terms of affectionate persuasion.

It should not be difficult to overcome it; but Ewbert had not yet succeeded in arraying his reasons satisfactorily against it when his wife returned from her work in the kitchen, and sat down beside the library table. Her coming operated a total diversion, in which Hilbrook lapsed into his apathy, and was not to be roused from it by the overtures to conversation which she made. He presently got to his feet and said he must be going, against all her protests that it was very early. Ewbert wished to walk home with him;

but Hilbrook would not suffer this, and the minister had to come back from following him to the gate, and watching his figure lose itself in the dark, with a pang in his heart for the solitude which awaited the old man under his own roof. He ran swiftly over their argument in his mind, and questioned himself whether he had used him with unfailing tenderness, whether he had let him think that he regarded him as at all reprobate and culpable. He gave up the quest as he rejoined his wife with a long, unconscious sigh that made her lift her head.

"What is it, Clarence?"

"Nothing" —

"You look perfectly exhausted. You look worried. Was it something you were talking about?"

Then he told her, and he had trouble to keep her resentment in bounds. She held that, as a minister, he ought to have rebuked the wretched creature; that it was nothing short of offensive to him for Hilbrook to take such a position. She said his face was all flushed, and that she knew he would not sleep, and she should get him a glass of warm milk; the fire was out in the stove, but she could heat it over the lamp in a tin cup.

VI.

Hilbrook did not come again till Ewbert had been to see him; and in the meantime the minister suffered from the fear that the old man was staying away because of some hurt which he had received in their controversy. Hilbrook came to church as before, and blinked at him through the two sermons which Ewbert preached on significant texts, and the minister hoped he was listening with a sense of personal appeal in them. He had not only sought to make them convincing as to the doctrine of another life, but he had dealt in terms of loving entreaty with those who had not the precious faith of this in their hearts, and

he had wished to convey to this hearer an assurance of peculiar sympathy.

The day following the last of his sermons, Ewbert had to officiate at the funeral of a little child whose mother had been stricken to the earth by her bereavement. The hapless creature had sent for him again and again, and had clung about his very soul, beseeching him for assurance that she should see her child hereafter, and have it hers, just as it was, forever. He had not had the heart to refuse her this consolation, and he had pushed himself, in giving it, beyond the bounds of imagination. When she confessed her own inability to see how it could be, and yet demanded of him that it should be, he answered her that our inability to realize the fact had nothing to do with its reality. In the few words he said over the little one, at the last, he recurred to this position, and urged it upon all his hearers; but in the moment of doing so a point that old Hilbrook had made in their talk suddenly presented itself. He experienced inwardly such a collapse that he could not be sure he had spoken, and he repeated his declaration in a voice of such harsh defiance that he could scarcely afterward bring himself down to the meek level of the closing prayer.

As they walked home together, his wife asked, "Why did you repeat yourself in that passage, Clarence, and why did you lift your voice so? It sounded as if you were contradicting some one. I hope you were not thinking of anything that wretched old man said?"

With the mystical sympathy by which the wife divines what is in her husband's mind she had touched the truth, and he could not deny it. "Yes, yes, I was," he owned in a sort of anguish, and she said: —

"Well, then, I wish he would n't come about any more. He has perfectly obsessed you. I could see that the two last Sundays you were preaching right at him." He had vainly hoped

she had not noticed this, though he had not concealed from her that his talk with Hilbrook had suggested his theme. "What are you going to do about him?" she pursued.

"I don't know, — I don't know, indeed," said Ewbert; and perhaps because he did not know, he felt that he must do something, that he must at least not leave him to himself. He hoped that Hilbrook would come to him, and so put him under the necessity of doing something; but Hilbrook did not come, and after waiting a fortnight Ewbert went to him, as was his duty.

VII.

The spring had advanced so far that there were now days when it was pleasant to be out in the soft warmth of the afternoons. The day when Ewbert climbed to the Hilbrook homestead it was even a little hot, and he came up to the dooryard mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, and glad of the southwestern breeze which he caught at this point over the shoulder of the hill. He had expected to go round to the side door of the house, where he had parted with Hilbrook on his former visit; but he stopped on seeing the old man at his front door, where he was looking vaguely at a mass of Spanish willow fallen disheveled beside it, as if he had some thought of lifting its tangled spray. The sun shone on his bare head, and struck silvery gleams from his close-cropped white hair; there was something uncommon in his air, though his dress was plain and old-fashioned; and Ewbert wished that his wife were there to share his impression of distinction in Hilbrook's presence.

He turned at Ewbert's cheerful hail, and after a moment of apparent uncertainty as to who he was, he came down the walk of broken brick and opened the gate to his visitor.

"I was just out looking round at the

old things," he said, with an effort of apology. "This sort of weather is apt to make fools of us. It gets into our heads, and before we know we feel as if we had something to do with the season."

"Perhaps we have," said the minister. "The spring is in us, too."

The old man shook his head. "It was once, when we were children; now there's what we remember of it. We like to make believe about it, — that's natural; and it's natural we should make believe that there is going to be a spring for us somewhere else like what we see for the grass and bushes, here, every year; but I guess not. A tree puts out its leaves every spring; but by and by the tree dies, and then it does n't put out its leaves any more."

"I see what you mean," said Ewbert, "and I allow that there is no real analogy between our life and that of the grass and bushes; yet somehow I feel strengthened in my belief in the hereafter by each renewal of the earth's life. It is n't a proof, it is n't a promise; but it's a suggestion, an intimation."

They were in the midst of the great question, and they sat down on the decaying doorstep to have it out; Hilbrook having gone in for his hat, and come out again, with its soft wide brim shading his thin face, frosted with half a week's beard.

"But character," the minister urged at a certain point, — "what becomes of character? You may suppose that life can be lavished by its Origin in the immeasurable superabundance which we see in nature. But character, — that is a different thing; that cannot die."

"The beasts that perish have character; my old dog had. Some are good and some bad; they're kind and they're ugly."

"Ah, excuse me! That is n't character; that's temperament. Men have temperament, too; but the beasts have n't character. Does n't that fact prove something, — or no, not prove, but give

us some reasonable expectation of a hereafter?"

Hilbrook did not say anything for a moment. He broke a bit of fragrant spray from the flowering currant—which guarded the doorway on his side of the steps; Ewbert sat next the Spanish willow—and softly twisted the stem between his thumb and finger.

"Ever heard how I came to leave Hilbrook, — West Mallow, as it was then?" he asked at last.

Ewbert was forced to own that he had heard a story, but he said, mainly in Hilbrook's interest, that he had not paid much attention to it.

"Thought there wa'n't much in it? Well, that's right, generally speakin'. Folks like to make up stories about a man that lives alone like me, here; and they usually get in a disappointment. I ain't goin' to go over it. I don't care any more about it now than if it had happened to somebody else; but it did happen. Josiah got the girl, and I did n't. I presume they like to make out that I've grieved over it ever since. Sho! It's forty years since I gave it a thought, that way." A certain contemptuous indignation supplanted the wonted gentleness of the old man, as if he spurned the notion of such sentimental folly. "I've read of folks mournin' all their lives through, and in their old age goin' back to a thing like that, as if it still meant somethin'. But it ain't true; I don't suppose I care any more for losin' her now than Josiah would for gettin' her if he was alive. It did make a difference for a while; I ain't goin' to deny that. It lasted me four or five years, in all, I guess; but I was married to somebody else when I went to the war," — Ewbert controlled a start of surprise; he had always taken it for granted that Hilbrook was a bachelor, — "and we had one child. So you may say that I was well over that first thing. *It wore out*; and if it wa'n't that it makes me mad to have folks believin' that I'm suf-

ferin' from it yet, I presume I should n't think of it from one year's end to another. My wife and I always got on well together; she was a good woman. She died when I was away at the war, and the little boy died after I got back. I was sorry to lose her, and I thought losin' *him* would kill me. It did n't. It appeared one while as if I could n't live without him, and I was always contrivin' how I should meet up with him somewhere else. I could n't figure it out."

Hilbrook stopped, and swallowed dryly. Ewbert noticed how he had dropped more and more into the vernacular, in these reminiscences; in their controversies he had used the language of books and had spoken like a cultivated man, but now he was simply and touchingly rustic.

"Well," he resumed, "that wore out, too. I went into business, and I made money and I lost it. I went through all that experience, and I got enough of it, just as I got enough of fightin'. I guess I was no worse scared than the rest of 'em, but when it came to the end I'd 'bout made up my mind that if there was another war I'd go to Canady; I was sick of it, and I was sick of business even before I lost money. I lost pretty much everything. Josiah — he was always a good enough friend of mine — wanted me to start in again, and he offered to back me, but I said no. I said if he wanted to do something for me, he could let me come home and live on the old place, here; it would n't cost him anything like so much, and it would be a safer investment. He agreed, and here I be, to make a long story short."

Hilbrook had stiffened more and more, as he went on, in the sort of defiance he had put on when he first began to speak of himself, and at the end of his confidence Ewbert did not venture any comment. His forbearance seemed to leave the old man freer to resume at the point where he had broken off, and he did so with something of lingering challenge.

"You asked me just now why I did n't think character, as we call it, gave us some right to expect a life after this. Well, I'll try to tell you. I consider that I've been the rounds, as you may say, and that I've got as much character as most men. I've had about everything in my life that most have, and a great deal more than some. I've seen that everything wears out, and that when a thing's worn out it's for good and all. I think it's reasonable to suppose that when I wear out it will be for good and all, too. There is n't anything of us, as I look at it, except the potentiality of experiences. The experiences come through the passions that you can tell on the fingers of one hand: love, hate, hope, grief, and you may say greed for the thumb. When you've had them, that's the end of it; you've exhausted your capacity; you're used up, and so's your character, — that often dies before the body does."

"No, no!" Ewbert protested. "Human capacity is infinite;" but even while he spoke this seemed to him a contradiction in terms. "I mean that the passions renew themselves with new occasions, new opportunities, and character grows continually. You have loved twice, you have grieved twice; in battle you hated more than once; in business you must have coveted many times. Under different conditions, the passions, the potentiality of experiences, will have a pristine strength. Can't you see it in that light? Can't you draw some hope from that?"

"Hope!" cried Ransom Hilbrook, lifting his fallen head and staring at the minister. "Why, man, you don't suppose I *want* to live hereafter? Do you think I'm anxious to have it all over again, or *any* of it? Is that why you've been trying to convince me of immortality? I know there's something in what you say, — more than what you realize. I've argued annihilation up to this point and that, and almost proved

it to my own mind; but there's always some point that I can't quite get over. If I had the certainty, the absolute certainty, that this was all there was to be of it, I would n't want to live an hour longer, not a minute! But it's the uncertainty that keeps me. What I'm afraid of is, that if I get out of it here, I might wake up in my old identity, with the potentiality of new experiences in new conditions. That's it. I'm tired. I've had enough. I want to be let alone. I don't want to do anything more, or have anything more done to me. I want to *stop*."

Ewbert's first impression was that he was shocked; but he was too honest to remain in this conventional assumption. He was profoundly moved, however, and intensely interested. He realized that Hilbrook was perfectly sincere, and he could put himself in the old man's place, and imagine why he should feel as he did. Ewbert blamed himself for not having conceived of such a case before; and he saw that if he were to do anything for this lonely soul, he must begin far back of the point from which he had started with him. The old man's position had a kind of dignity which did not admit of the sort of pity Ewbert had been feeling for him, and the minister had before him the difficult and delicate task of persuading Hilbrook, not that a man, if he died, should live again, but that he should live upon terms so kind and just that none of the fortuities of mortal life should be repeated in that immortality. He must show the immortal man to be a creature so happily conditioned that he would be in effect newly created, before Hilbrook would consent to accept the idea of living again. He might say to him that he would probably not be consulted in the matter, since he had not been consulted as to his existence here; but such an answer would brutally ignore the claim that such a man's developed consciousness could justly urge to some share in the counsels of omnipo-

tence. Ewbert did not know where to begin, and in his despair he began with a laugh.

"Upon my word," he said, "you've presented a problem that would give any casuist pause, and it's beyond my powers without some further thought. Your doubt, as I now understand it, is not of immortality, but of mortality; and there I can't meet you in argument without entirely forsaking my own ground. If it will not seem harsh, I will confess that your doubt is rather consoling to me; for I have so much faith in the Love which rules the world that I am perfectly willing to accept reëxistence on any terms that Love may offer. You may say that this is because I have not yet exhausted the potentialities of experience, and am still interested in my own identity; and one half of this, at least, I can't deny. But even if it were otherwise, I should trust to find among those Many Mansions which we are told of some chamber where I should be at rest without being annihilated; and I can even imagine my being glad to do any sort of work about the House, when I was tired of resting."

VIII.

"I am *glad* you said that to him!" cried Ewbert's wife, when he told her of his interview with old Hilbrook. "That will give him something to think about. What did he say?"

Ewbert had been less and less satisfied with his reply to Hilbrook, in which it seemed to him that he had passed from mockery to reproof, with no great credit to himself; and his wife's applause now set the seal to his displeasure with it.

"Oh, he said simply that he could understand a younger person feeling differently, and that he did not wish to set himself up as a censor. But he could not pretend that he was glad to have been called out of nonentity into being, and

that he could imagine nothing better than eternal unconsciousness."

"Well?"

"I told him that his very words implied the refusal of his being to accept nonentity again; that they expressed, or adumbrated, the conception of an eternal consciousness of the eternal unconsciousness he imagined himself longing for. I'm not so sure they did, now."

"Of course they did! And then what did he say?"

"He said nothing in direct reply; he sighed, and dropped his poor old head on his breast, and seemed very tired; so that I tried talking of other things for a while, and then I came away. Emily, I'm afraid I was n't perfectly candid, perfectly kind, with him."

"I don't see how you could have been more so!" she retorted, in tender indignation with him against himself. "And I think what he said was terrible. It was bad enough for him to pretend to believe that he was not going to live again, but for him to tell you that he was *afraid* he was!" An image sufficiently monstrous to typify Hilbrook's wickedness failed to present itself to Mrs. Ewbert, and she went out to give the maid instructions for something unusually nourishing for Ewbert at their midday dinner. "You look fairly fagged out, Clarence," she said, when she came back; "and I insist upon your not going up to that dreadful old man's again, — at least, not till you've got over this shock."

"Oh, I don't think it has affected me seriously," he returned lightly.

"Yes, it has! yes, it has!" she declared. "It's just like your thinking you had n't taken cold, the other day when you were caught in the rain; and the next morning you got up with a sore throat, and it was Sunday morning, too."

Ewbert could not deny this, and he had no great wish to see Hilbrook soon again. He consented to wait for Hilbrook to come to him, before trying to satisfy these scruples of conscience which

he had hinted at; and he reasonably hoped that the painful points would cease to rankle with the lapse of time, if there should be a long interval before they met.

That night, before the Ewberts had finished their tea, there came a ring at the door, from which Mrs. Ewbert disconsolately foreboded a premature evening call. "And just when I was counting on a long, quiet, restful time for you, and getting you to bed early!" she lamented in undertone to her husband; to the maid who passed through the room with an inquiring glance, on her way to the front door, she sighed, still in undertone, "Oh yes, of course we're at home."

They both listened for the voice at the door, to make out who was there; but the voice was so low that they were still in ignorance while the maid was showing the visitor into the library, and until she came back to them.

"It's that old gentleman who lives

all alone by himself on the hill over the brook," she explained; and Mrs. Ewbert rose with an air of authority, waving her husband to keep his seat.

"Now, Clarence, I am simply not going to let you go in. You are sick enough as it is, and if you are going to let that awful old man spend the whole evening here, and drain the life out of you! I will see him, and tell him" —

"No, no, Emily! It won't do. I must see him. It is n't true that I'm sick. He's old, and he has a right to the best we can do for him. Think of his loneliness! I shall certainly not let you send him away." Ewbert was excitedly gulping his second cup of tea; he pushed his chair back, and flung his napkin down as he added, "You can come in, too, and see that I get off alive."

"I shall not come near you," she answered resentfully; but Ewbert had not closed the door behind him, and she felt it her duty to listen.

W. D. Howells.

THE MEDITATIONS OF AN EX-SCHOOL-COMMITTEE WOMAN.

I.

ONCE upon a time — that is the way good stories used always to begin — a certain Maine town electrified itself by choosing a woman to serve on its superintending school committee, and — to precipitate myself into the narrative as dramatically as possible — I was that woman.

Towns, as well as individuals, are subject to occasional lapses from sound judgment, and that I was the victim offered to the gods in this particular case was as fortuitous an occurrence as the aberration itself. It did not seem that I was thus distinguished above my peers on account of any especial fitness for the position, since the only reason I ever

heard alleged for the choice was the statement offered by one of the members of the nominating committee that I "had nothing else to do." I may add in passing that two years later, when the town became a city and the school committee was transformed into a school board, my name was dropped from the list on the ground that during my term of office I had "done nothing," a result at which, as it seems to me, no one had a right to complain, since it was the only one to be expected from the given premises.

I was away from home at the time the election took place, and when I returned to find my unprepared feet suddenly planted upon the ladder of greatness, my earliest sensations were those of unmitigated dismay. In the first

place, granting the alleged premises, namely, that I had nothing else to do, as a just reason for election to office, there seemed to be no limit to the surprises the future might have in store. I might awake on some melancholy morning to find myself President of the United States. Second, when I remembered with meekness the position I occupied in the voting — or non-voting — list, “Women, Indians, idiots, and minors,” I asked myself how it happened that I was eligible for office. Was it possible to discriminate in this manner against the rest of my class, and might I not, by accepting the greatness thrust upon me, be opening the door to Indians and idiots also?

When I mentioned these misgivings to my friends they unanimously advised me to resign myself, but not the office.

“As far as idiots are concerned,” A said cheerfully, “the door has been open to them a long time.” “And in regard to your feeling of unfitness for the position,” B suggested encouragingly, “you have only to remember the old story of the father’s advice to his boy on leaving home: ‘Keep your mouth shut, and people won’t find out what a fool you are!’”

Thus panoplied in the optimism of my friends, I examined my qualifications as they stood in my own mind, and found that they were mainly negative.

I had never taught school. My only relation toward public schools in the past had been one of those which the pupil naturally and inevitably assumes toward the teacher, — either that of active partisanship or armed neutrality. I had no prejudices to overcome, no theories to work out, no ideas that had any sufficient reason for being. I was conscious that I knew a great deal more about my neighbors’ affairs than I did about a common denominator, and that if an examination in elementary branches were proposed to me I should take to the woods. Indeed, I have a distinct recollection of one occasion early in my

career as an office-holder, when an examination in arithmetic was pending in one of the grammar school grades, and I sought my young son, to whom mathematical studies presented comparatively few difficulties, for advice and assistance in preparing for the ordeal. He was engaged in some boyish avocation out of doors, and I sat beside him on a sunny bank while the business in hand was settled. When I rose to go, I left him soliloquizing as one more in sorrow than surprise, “And this is your school-committee woman!”

It will be perceived that I was very much in the position of a neophyte about to be initiated into mysteries. I sat down, as one may say, at the feet of The School System all ready to absorb it at every pore. Not being of sufficiently logical mind, I was never able to reduce The System to any definite form, or to approach it from any but an exoteric standpoint. My position in regard to this mysterious bulwark of our nation has always been that of George Sampson in *Our Mutual Friend*, when he says of Mrs. Wilfer’s under petticoat, — viewed only by the eye of faith, — “After all, you know, ma’am, we know it’s there!” Now and then, at the full of the moon, when all the auspices seemed to favor, under the influence, let us say, of large doses of McGuffey’s Reader, or when I heard the most infantile of all the physiology classes reciting,

“My eyes, my ears, my nose,”

and so on to the triumphant finale of “my toes,” — at such moments as these I almost caught the rustle of the advancing or retreating skirts of The System, but I was, I fear, never worthy to have full vision of it. It is impossible, however, for the most unimpressible school-committee woman to sit forever, like a bump on a log, and learn nothing in an atmosphere where wisdom is as plentiful as dew. When a pupil bounded the United States “On the north by Can-

ada, on the east by Fairfield" (Maine), "on the south by the 'Artic' Ocean, and on the west by Van Dieman's Land," though I doubted his geographical accuracy, I learned something about the vagaries of which the human mind is capable.

The continuous, wearying routine of school life, the endless monotony combined with endless variation, the limitless demands on patience, the iteration and reiteration necessary to impress a single idea on the mind of the average pupil, — all these I marked, and gained from them some conception of the difficulty of the problem with which educators are confronted, — a problem rendered the more discouraging by the fact that in its solution it continually demands the impossible.

Early in my career as a school-committee woman I began to make discoveries — disheartening discoveries — like the following: The educational problem is one whose workings can never be fully accounted for by the accepted laws of nature; the only principle which can be relied upon as of universal application being the one which sets forth that the introduction of a new element will always produce perturbations. Moreover, to an ordinary mind like my own, the constant contemplation of this problem had the effect of upsetting my previous theological convictions, and even of rendering the consolations of religion a doubtful quantity, since, after studying "the tricks and manners" of the aggregated youth of the community intimately, the claim that they all possessed souls seemed absolutely untenable. If it was sometimes possible to believe of the children of the lower grades that

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

it also seemed true beyond a doubt that

"Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,"

and whether his soul should be introduced to him — or he be introduced to

his soul — by methods of outside or inside application became one of the most serious questions to be answered.

My experiences as a school official ushered me into a new world, — a world of hitherto undreamed of difficulties and responsibilities. At first I was disposed to dwell on the possibilities of the situation under ideal conditions, but I speedily came down to earth, and began to ask myself what could be done with the materials at hand. I grew to love the bright faces of the children even at their naughtiest — and that was sometimes very naughty — but when, at the end of my two years' apprenticeship, I retired from my undeserved eminence, I carried with me into the obscurity of private life the conviction — which has been growing ever since — that it is not the children, but the teachers, who stand in need of a champion. Indeed, my only reason for dragging my ancient honors with such a flourish of trumpets into public gaze is to give myself some apparent claim to hurl my glove into the arena in the teacher's behalf, and to hurl it so violently that somebody will know it is there, and so rise up and call me blessed — or the contrary!

A teacher is in the nature of things a creature *sui generis*; his world is not our world. Even Charles Lamb — even the gentle Elia — has his gibe at "the schoolmaster" in the midst of his pity for him because he is compelled in the very nature of things to regard the universe itself as an eternal lesson book. "The least part of what is to be expected of him" (the schoolmaster), Lamb tells us, "is to be done in school hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora fandi*. He must seize every occasion — the season of the year, the time of day, a passing cloud, a rainbow, a wagon of hay, a regiment of soldiers going by — to inculcate something useful. Nothing comes to him not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses." A clergyman's profession offers

the nearest parallel to that of a teacher, but the former is supposed to be under the direct guidance and protection of the higher powers, whereas the teacher, with most of the clergyman's responsibilities, is obliged to accept as his immediate Providence a school board of whom it is not always possible to say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It is true that we, as parents, have more far-reaching duties toward our children than their teachers can have; but if we do not choose to perform these duties, there is, unless we transgress the law of the land, no one who is entitled to call us to account. There are, however, periods when we exist simply for the purpose of calling the teacher to account. Is he not paid out of the public treasury? Go to, then! if our children are not models, is it not his duty to make them so?

It is, to the initiated, a self-evident fact that for the thoroughly successful teacher there is but one standard: he must be an angel for temper, a demon for discipline, a chameleon for adaptation, a diplomatist for tact, an optimist for hope, and a hero for courage. To these common and easily developed qualities of mind and heart, he should add india-rubber nerves, and a cheerful willingness to trust a large portion of his reward to some other world than this. One of the most difficult phases of the teacher's profession is the fact that he, more than almost any other man, is at the mercy of theorists. Nearly every educational dignitary who enters into the subject with any energy of purpose brings his pet theories into the work with him, and who but the long-suffering teacher shall put those theories into action, and discover whether they have any practical basis? Oftentimes, unfortunately, the theories go on operating long after it has been sufficiently demonstrated that their basis is untenable. Take, for instance, the "development" theory, which is intended, as far as one can judge, to de-

velop the child at the expense of the teacher. This theory dispenses largely with the use of textbooks, being based on the idea that the child, if cut off from other sources of supply, can go on indefinitely spinning a thread out of his own inner consciousness. The teacher soon finds out that there is an inherent difference between a child and a silkworm, and that the latter is much better fitted by nature to furnish cocoons on a business basis. As a matter of fact, it is the teacher who does most of the spinning. One teacher writes me: "I am very much dissatisfied with the work in grammar, or 'language' as it is now called. The pupils do not have books; we write from year to year the lessons for the classes on the board. The pupils copy into blank books what is necessary. It seems to me drudgery for the teacher to be required to do so much unnecessary work. The pupils need some technical grammar, — need to know how to use books. One reason why Latin is so hard for them during their first year in the high school is that they do not know how to use an English grammar."

It is tolerably obvious that when the pupil who is living from hand to mouth on the contents of a grammar book or a "sum book" of his own construction desires to know anything not contained in these invaluable classics, he must, unless he has become thoroughly versed in the cocoon process, ask his teacher, who thus becomes the final authority in these branches. I once heard of a young man who, when teaching a country school, was much disturbed by an unpleasant tendency on the part of his pupils to ask him the definitions of words with which he was not familiar. One day, resorting in his exasperation to the vernacular of his youth, which seemed to him to make the statement doubly emphatic, he put an end to these inquiries. "I want you to remember," he said with decision, "that I ain't no dictionary!" I imagine that the teacher referred to and others

similarly situated have long desired to proclaim freely and to all whom it may concern, "I ain't no grammar!"

Another comment upon the workings of the cocoon theory is that which I have many times heard from high school teachers who complain that pupils coming from the grammar grades are so accustomed to being carried along by the teacher that the work of teaching them methods of independent thought is an exceedingly difficult one. The same complaint is made by grammar school teachers whose graduates — as is the custom in some schools — are admitted to the high school on probation for two months, at the end of which time, "if unable or unwilling" to keep up with the class, they can be sent back to the grammar school. "I contend that it is not fair," says one teacher. "The pupils cannot in two months' time get used to the change from grammar to high school methods, inasmuch as in the high they are thrown on their own resources, while in the grammar they are spurred on by the teacher." There is one gleam of hope in regard to these methods of child development. The people who are making a specialty of child study with a view to being able eventually to take the dear little victims apart like dissected maps, and, by combining Tommy's superior abilities with Willie's unresting energy and Samuel's moral virtues, construct a model for the species, — these wise philosophers, it seems to me, must sooner or later discover that the amount of spinning material in a child's interior has been overestimated, and that the dreamed of cocoon process is only another instance of

"The desire of the moth for the star!"

Another modern notion which helps to make the path of the school-teacher a thorny one is the theory that a child ought to be putting out simultaneously and in every direction as many feelers as a centipede has legs. As a matter of fact, a

pupil who has learned thoroughness and application has acquired *something*, even if he cannot explain the precession of the equinoxes or tell how many feathers there are in a hen. There used, in the former days, to be a good many poetic similes in which the unfolding of a child's mind was likened to the gradual opening of a flower, leaf by leaf. The revised plan admits of no such sentimental and slow-moving processes. A child's mind is now opened like an umbrella, expanding equally and instantaneously at all points, and, fortunately for the child, it also resembles the umbrella in that it sheds a good deal more than it retains.

Perhaps I can best illustrate what is attempted in this expansive process by giving an actual schedule of work, furnished me by a teacher in grammar grades. The teacher in question has had long experience, and is deeply interested in her work, in which she has been most successful. It is, in fact, because she has an exalted ideal of what a teacher's work should be that she complains of the constantly increasing demands which make it impossible for her to do work satisfactory to herself in any department.

I give her details of regular classes and "extras," with some of the comments added by herself: —

"Two classes reading; try to study author's meaning, give expression to same; tell about author; phonics in lower grades. Two classes spelling; definitions; use of words in sentences. Two classes geography. The geography taught is mostly physical. The pupil learns very little of his own country, does n't even know the names and capitals of states. I asked one of mine to point out Boston on the map, and, to my surprise, she hunted in the woods of Maine!

"Two classes history. Two classes grammar. Two classes arithmetic.

"These classes constitute the regular programme. Add to these the following extras: —

"On Mondays we have the American Citizen. Write Greek stories each week. Twice each week, writing. Once a week physiology, including hygiene and temperance. Twice a term study some poem and send result to superintendent.

"Our music teacher comes once in two weeks. He selects one or two pieces of music, and we teach the pupils. In two weeks more he comes to see the results of our work. Pupils must sing every day. The special teacher in gymnastics comes once in two weeks and takes the class herself, after which we give lessons each day until she comes again. Our next extra teacher is in mechanical drawing. He teaches only in the high school and highest grammar grade. We have had no instruction in geometry. He went to the board and drew an equilateral triangle, tried to get the name from pupils. I finally told him that I doubted if they had ever heard the word. He said they would have to do most of the figures by copying them. I question the advantage gained.

"We have also questions in physics, copied on cards and sent to the principals of each grammar grade. These have been given to the pupils to try at home and afterwards at school. Have not yet had time to test results.

"Instead of examinations at the end of the term, as formerly, we now give tests each month, so that I always have sets of papers to be corrected and ranked. We get the total average of all, the average of each study, the class standing, our estimate of each pupil, — which we guess at, — and then the general average. If you add to our course some of the requirements of the larger cities, manual training, sewing, cooking, algebra, Latin, science, and geometry, you can see how the grammar school course has been overcrowded, — 'enriched,' they call it, — and why it is so hard for us to do thorough work, with so many things to cram into the poor children's brains."

I confess that, as far as I am person-

ally concerned, when I reached this point in the narrative I positively declined to "add" anything more. I was already mentally black and blue, and felt that one more extra would be more than flesh could bear. Indeed, when the writer of the schedule went on to state that she was at that moment suffering from an illness one of the manifestations of which was the inflammation of every particle of mucous membrane in her body, I felt, in the midst of my compassion, the sort of elation which comes from seeing the logical sequence of events carried out to its legitimate conclusion. Why should not her mucous membrane be inflamed, and all her microbes get out on the warpath? It seems the only natural result to be expected from the successful working of an enriched grammar school course.

II.

It may, perhaps, have been observed, in my exposition of the sufferings of the teacher in the preceding pages, that the authorities quoted have been mostly taken from my own sex, and if, when I go on to propose my long-meditated scheme for organizing a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Teachers, I assume that this society would be predominantly female in its membership, which would presumably be largely recruited from the ranks of the teachers themselves, the reasons for such an assumption would not all be drawn from an offensive partisanship on my part.

There are probably three times as many women as men engaged in teaching in the United States; moreover, so far as I have been able to observe, the men teachers have fewer wrongs that cry aloud for redress. The man who is a good disciplinarian, who can "govern a school," is practically his own man everywhere. He may be inexperienced, liable to mistakes, not wholly up to par in intellectual acquirements, but if he has that in him which enables him to

control and stimulate pupils, the average school board does not greatly interfere with him. As for the reverse of the picture, the man who, as the phrase is, "has no government," the sooner he seeks some other avocation the better for all concerned. He was not born for school-teaching. With the woman teacher, however, the case is always and innately different. She may have taught for years, may fill her position admirably as one who is mistress of it, but she can never acquire so large a stock of knowledge, discretion, tact, or experience, but that a man, any man, because he is a man, can teach her something about her duties.

In the smaller cities and towns the superintendents of common schools and principals of high schools are very likely to be bright young fellows, who have just been graduated from college, and wish to fill these positions for a few years in order to lay up money for studying a profession. They come to their work fresh-hearted, filled with confidence and theories, and the woman teacher who has seen the same theories rise and flourish and decay under previous régimes is expected to greet each new appearance with perennial ardor, and manifest the same surprise when they disappear into the eternal framework of things. She no sooner accustoms herself to the amiable vagaries of one superintendent of schools than another and different sun rises on her horizon, and she is obliged to learn a new and varied style of genuflections toward the East. Meanwhile, the school board, excellent men who frequently understand their own business much better than that of other people, are at perfect liberty, when they find a moment's leisure to attend to it, to move her about as if she were a pawn on a chessboard.

During her official working hours the teacher is responsible for the health, manners, and morals, as well as the intellectual progress, of her pupils. She is

equally at fault in regard to the bright ones who are kept back and the stupid ones who are not brought forward. On the days when rank is announced she is to expect to be greeted with tears and innuendoes on the part of those pupils who habitually expect rewards they have not worked for. All the loss of time and mental energy brought about by practice in athletics, by dancing schools, evening gayeties, and the like, lies, of course, at her door. As a rule, parents know that these things must be the teacher's fault. When, after dismissing those victims who are unjustly kept after school, the teacher goes home at night, she is accompanied by lessons to study, papers of different kinds to correct, work to lay out, and wasted tissues to renew.

But does the teacher have no recreations? Certainly, — her recreations are many, but not varied. Not infrequently the school superintendent has a hobby, in which case he forms classes in psychology, history, pedagogy, or what not, and the teacher may find recreation by joining in these intellectual revels. If she does not join, it may be suspected that the root of the matter is not in her. There are teachers' meetings also, sometimes for conference and for conveying information of real benefit, and sometimes for the purpose of telling the teacher something she has heard before, or that she knows has no practical truth in it. If she is too weary to go out when her tasks are ended she may refresh herself at her home by reading educational publications, for one or more of which she is recommended to subscribe. Almost every term there are teachers' institutes or conventions, where she can hear papers read all day, and attend a lecture in the evening. She would better not attend whist or dancing parties, lest she should be quoted as setting a bad example to her pupils, but she is at perfect liberty to "prepare a paper" for a woman's club, study American history with the Daughters of the Revolution, plunge

into the wild dissipation of church socials, or join in the revels at a "pronunciation picnic," a form of entertainment which I have seen gravely recommended by authorities on educational matters.

In the summer, during the long vacation, there are summer schools. These begin in July, and continue through August. They are not compulsory, but it is a politic measure for the woman teacher to attend one or more of them. Here she may meet other superintendents and other teachers, hear more papers read, and attend more lectures. Or she may join a Traveler's Club, provide herself with a bag and a hammer, and go to and fro over the earth, chipping off the face of nature, and taking in instruction at the pores. In short, she may do what she pleases, provided there are papers and lectures and tediousness connected with it, and provided she never, never, allows herself — or anybody else — to forget that she is a schoolma'am.

There is a hue and cry raised sometimes that the higher education for women diminishes the ratio of marriages. A large number of college-educated women become school-teachers because it is necessary for them to be self-supporting, and when they have once plunged into the vortex, opportunities for marriage must be either accidental or miraculous. The masculine superintendents and principals are usually men already married, or, if of callow years, they are apt to be "engaged" to some giddy girl whose knowledge of psychology has been mainly acquired by sitting under white umbrellas at the seashore, or on the stairs at evening parties. The young men who show themselves at the summer schools either bring their wives with them, or appear for a brief period in order to "read a paper," or deliver a lecture on an abstruse subject, before retiring in good order to some spot where there is more fun and less wisdom. Occasionally it occurs to two educators to wed each other, but this is sometimes

more objectionable than the marriage of cousins.

When the society of which I have dreamed has been organized, it will involve the sending of female teachers during each vacation period to some frivolous place of resort where the labels will be taken off their backs, and they will be forbidden under penalty of law to listen to papers or lectures, to talk shop, or "take a course" in anything but hilarity. They will be encouraged to ride and row, play golf and tennis, to climb mountains for the fun of it, without making the least effort to find out what ingredients enter into the composition of the everlasting hills. They will also be allowed to dance, to talk with young men on subjects distinctly uninteresting, to sit on the sea sand, and ask no questions about what the wild waves are saying, and to wake in the night without utilizing the time by repeating the multiplication table or giving the parts of speech.

What effect this society will have remains to be seen, but I believe the experiment is worth trying.

III.

When I had progressed thus far in my "Meditations" A came in, and I read to him what I had written. A is always a good target at which to fire one's mental ammunition, because he is willing to comment, and has no scruple about saying disagreeable things if he considers that the occasion calls for them.

"There is some French writer, — I've forgotten which one," he began with his usual cheerful readiness when I had finished, — "who says there are three sexes, — 'men, women, and clergymen.' I see you divide them into men, women, and teachers."

"On the contrary," I asserted, "I have taken especial pains to discriminate between the men and women teachers, and to call attention to the fact that 'male and female created he them.'"

"Oh yes; you've discriminated as

one discriminates between Methodist and Baptist, or as a man does if you ask him, 'What's the difference?' and he answers, 'Oh, the difference is the odds!' You say the male of the species is more independent than the female, and has a better time; but, in general, you've lumped them together as a set of poor devils, just a little outside the pale of common humanity, who can never allow themselves to be moved by the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or feel their hearts leap up when they behold a rainbow in the sky without remarking, —

'Thanks for the lesson of this spot!'

"I have tried to describe them," I answered with that immediate personal application of the subject for which my sex is noted, "as beings of like passions as ourselves, and doing a great deal more for the uplifting of society than you and I are ever likely to do. They would be overworked if they had only their own legitimate burdens to carry, but, in addition, we — you and I and the rest of the world — are always shoving off our responsibilities on to them, and every educator who has a new theory is asking them to embody it in their work."

"Now, see here," A said comfortably; "just remain calm! A woman always gets so excited over everything. I had an idea that the modern school-teacher — and I'll call him a *her* since you seem to prefer it — had a good deal done for her. Are n't we building school-houses for her full of light and air, and ventilation and sanitation, and all the rest of it? Don't we give her school libraries, and pictures on the walls, and plants in the windows? Are n't we talking now," he went on with a grin, "of letting her add menageries to the other attractions, — cats and dogs, and hencoops under the windows, and sheep-folds pretty soon, where the kids can observe the whole evolution of the Duchess Trousers, 'from the sheep to the man'? What more do you want?"

"I don't want any more; I want a good deal less. As a rule, every added 'attraction,' as you call it, means more work for the teacher."

"And you don't think you have overstated the case — just for the sake of making out a good story, you know?"

"I think," I affirmed, with just that degree of increased warmth which this question was intended to call forth, "that I have understated it. I have said nothing about the extra work at graduation and exhibition seasons, neither have I mentioned the subject of school fairs and debates, nor the parties and rides where the teacher is expected to officiate as 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' Why," — casting all moderation to the winds, and prepared to nail my colors to the mast, — "from the time a child first enters school until he departs from it, the teacher seems to be expected to do everything for him but put him to bed."

"The teacher *does* sometimes hear him say his prayers," A remarked gravely. "I can testify to that."

"This state of things is n't confined to any one place either," I went on, plunging once more into unqualified assertion. "I have a friend who teaches in one of the Boston schools, the last person in the world who would ever voluntarily be found marching in processions, or engaging in hand-to-hand encounters with mobs. Yet on Dewey Day she spent hours in helping to marshal a host of school children through crowded streets, picking them from under the feet of trampling hordes, and protecting them from utter destruction when they were overrun by mob violence."

"Well, what then? Would you have had the poor little chaps all left at home? That's the way we teach 'em patriotism, — rub it in, you see."

"Every one of those children," I said severely, "was legally entitled to two parents. There must be some use for

parents in the everlasting economy of things, though many of them don't seem to suspect it. If the time ever comes when the enriched natural history courses demand that the pupil shall be sent into wild beasts' cages in order to observe their habits, it is the teacher who will be doomed to accompany him. And if during the visit the lion begins to lick his chaps and demand food, it is the teacher who will be expected to come cheerfully to the front and say, 'Eat me! When I accepted my present munificent salary, I prepared myself, of course, not to falter at little sacrifices like this.' In the meantime the child will have retired

in good order, and the parent — the female parent — will be safely at home embroidering a doily, or writing a paper for the Woman's Club. What the male parent will be doing is one of the things 'no fellow could be expected to know'!"

"What I admire about you," A said, with his hand upon the door knob, "is the restraint you put upon your imagination." He stepped outside, then reappeared for an instant to inquire, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" and with this Parthian shot he kindly closed the door, — kindly, because he was well aware that I did not know the answer to his question.

Martha Baker Dunn.

CUBA OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

At no time in the recent history of Cuba has it been more difficult than now for the people of the United States to obtain a correct view of conditions on that island. This may appear to be an unwarranted statement in the face of the peace which now prevails, the reviving commerce, the presence in every community of Americans, and the great amount of space which is now devoted to Cuba and her people by the press. It is true, nevertheless, as any one knows who has looked into the matter from an unprejudiced and disinterested point of view. Even when Spain held Cuba by the throat and discouraged Americans from coming to the island, the people of the United States were fairly well informed as to what was happening. It is the purpose of a large part of the press to secure sensational news. Two years ago Cuba was an inviting field. News obtained from there could easily be made exclusive, could rarely be corroborated, and while possibly there was considerable exaggeration in some of the antebellum horror stories of 1897 and 1898, the facts

were sufficiently startling to make the exaggeration inconsiderable as a whole.

The situation to-day is peculiar. Cuba has been "worked out" by sensational journalism from its point of view, and abandoned to the statistician, the theorizing economist, and the government expert. With a national campaign in progress, and an administration, with its hands full of trouble in other directions, looking for indorsement at the polls, it is considered highly desirable by administration officials that Cuban affairs be kept in the background as much as possible. This attitude in Washington has a marked effect upon the conservative press of the country; for many newspapers not in favor of the present administration are more averse to the triumph of the silver democracy, and hence will exclude matter from their columns which might fill the ammunition chests of the common enemy. Together with the strictly administration papers, this includes nine tenths or more of the respectable newspapers of the country.

The few special writers who have

visited Cuba of late are nearly all controlled necessarily by these influences. The press correspondents stationed on the island have found it useless to waste their energies on anything outside of the daily happening or the chance description of some picturesque bit of life. As to whether the Cubans favor or oppose annexation, whether the Americans are liked or disliked, whether the Cubans are fit for self-government or not, whether they are cheerful or sullen under the forcible injection of American ideals into their Spanish system of government, — all these and other fundamentals are largely forbidden topics. When in Cuba last winter, and after patient inquiry among all classes of people, I reached the conclusion that the Cubans were overwhelmingly opposed to the annexation of the island to the United States. In a carefully considered article I published this fact in the United States. The statement aroused surprise and criticism. The latter subsided when my opinion was confirmed emphatically by Generals Wood, Ludlow, and many others. A clever and responsible newspaper man, stationed at Havana for one of the great New York dailies, remarked bitterly to me anent the discussion the publication of this news had aroused: "After studying that question six months, I wrote a two-column article taking the same view as yourself, and that was five months ago, but it never was printed. It was heresy."

American government officials unite in the chorus of "All's well" for obvious reasons. It pleases the Cubans, advances the cause of the appointive power at home, and satisfies the people of the United States. The only discordant note which has reached the shores of this country is in the statements of returning officials who have lost their muzzles, those made by business men, newspaper men, and other intelligent observers who have spent some time upon the island. The contrast between what is said by the government officials and politicians

and the others is so marked, that it in itself throws suspicion upon the sincerity of the statements made by the two first-named classes.

The great difficulty in presenting these matters aright is the impossibility of quoting the real views of those whose opinions would command attention. What Secretary Root, General Wood, General Ludlow, Colonel Black, Colonel Rathbone, General Chaffee, and others really know and really think about the Cuba of to-day and the Cuba of to-morrow would be intensely interesting. If known it would go far toward forming public sentiment in the United States, and thus influence national legislation upon the subject. They may believe that the Cubans are all that is hoped of them, that they are willingly, even joyfully and in humble spirit of thankfulness, accepting the teachings of the Americans, and that it will be but a few months before the Cuban ship of state can be launched from the American shipyard, and, manned by a Cuban crew, make a successful and profitable voyage. On the other hand, they may believe the task the American government has ostensibly undertaken is hopeless. They may have reached the conclusion after eighteen months of trial that the Cuban prefers his own ideals, customs, and ways of doing, to those of the Americans, and that no progress has been or can be made with this generation in the matter of substitution. They may even have reached the conclusion also that such is the lack of political control in the very nature of the masses of the Cubans, that with their own choice of executive and judicial forms they cannot conduct a stable and independent government. If they are optimists they may give expression to their optimism. If pessimists they must be reticent.

With an intimate knowledge of what has or has not been accomplished by the American intervention during the past year and a half, these men are in a position to enlighten the American people

as to what may be expected as the outcome of the Cuban situation. In the very nature of things, however, they cannot do it. They must be self-deluded, evasive, or optimistically untruthful. The relations of the United States to Cuba are now so false and unnatural, the relations of the Cuban question to national politics in the United States are so full of possible dangers to the dominant party, that plain talk is beyond the possibility of the hour from those who are sustaining present policies in hopes of making those of the future. It can easily be seen, therefore, that a majority of the people of the United States have little opportunity at this time for judging the real situation in Cuba, and in consequence can form no really intelligent opinion as to what the future is likely to bring forth in the relations of the United States to that island and its people. The present acuteness of Puerto Rican and Philippine matters also serves to divert public attention from Cuba. Some marked disturbance of the apparent peace which now reigns in that direction, or some lull in interest now taken in other matters, will be necessary before the restless American newspapers will grasp the opportunity here presented for exploitation and comment. At present it is comparatively easy for those interested to discredit any disturbing rumors.

To review briefly the conditions existing in Cuba when the American intervention began is necessary for purposes of comparison. Under Spanish rule the head of the government was a military official with autocratic power supported by an armed force. The shadow of home rule prevailed in the form of a subordinated civil government extending from state affairs to the municipalities. The judiciary was a subordinate function of the government, the supreme power resting in the "fiscal" of the supreme court, who was in reality a government officer. The courts were slow and venal. Laws were made for the

rich and influential, and so administered. The system of taxation was so devised as to allow the landed aristocrat to escape, and the man of business and the consumer paid the bills. Import duties were heavy on necessities and light on luxuries. The church played a strong hand in the government, and by an iniquitous law a legacy to the church became a mortgage upon an estate which held in the full amount against each and every purchaser of a foot of land from that estate. These so-called church mortgages now amount to millions of dollars, and to-day cloud the title to hundreds of thousands of acres of the most valuable land. The postal affairs of the island were so imperfect that few cared to trust an important letter to the mails, and the collect-on-delivery system had become a species of blackmail. Of the three hundred thousand children in Cuba of school age about four thousand attended what were dignified by the name of public schools. Public education was merely perfunctory, and the percentage of illiteracy in consequence now runs as high in many communities as eighty or even ninety per cent. Brigandage prevailed throughout the country, and was inspired and sustained by men high in office and social position in Havana. In brief, life, liberty, and justice were not assured to citizens of Cuba unless they could pay handsomely for immunity from assassination, imprisonment, or disastrous legal complications.

In time of peace despite these wrongs, so great when viewed in the light of modern civilization, Cuba flourished. Her fertile soil yielded sugar, tobacco, and fruits. Life was not a hard matter for the poor with their simple wants and happy dispositions. For the rich it could be made desirable according to means and influence. The Americans came to Cuba in time of war, when there was added to these conditions the blight of long civil conflict, with consequent starvation of the people, reconcentration,

stagnation of trade, and like evils. It is difficult to conceive of so fair a land made more desolate by the evil passions of men.

The task presented for the Americans was no light one, for it was to bring order out of chaos, and it can be said without prejudice that no people could have done it quicker or more effectively. The starving were fed, life was rendered safe in every city, village, and neighborhood. The custom houses were turned into mints, and the money collected therein was honestly accounted for. The entire island was cleansed and disinfected, actually and figuratively speaking. To sum up everything accomplished is to say that Cuba was policed as no Spanish American country has ever been in the history of this hemisphere. Natives as well as foreigners breathed a sigh of relief. Men ventured into the fields to till the land. The quick soil responded gladly to slight encouragement. Commerce revived and gathered strength as the months went by, for over all floated the flag of the United States, which meant that here, there, and everywhere, were the quiet, keen-eyed, resolute officers of the American army, with hundreds of sturdy, impetuous, and well-equipped soldiers at their call. So far all was well. The United States had carried out its programme. The Spaniards had been driven from Cuba, and order was restored. This closed the first chapter of the American intervention in Cuba. Difficult and trying as this was, it was easy of accomplishment as compared to what was to follow, because the Americans had thus far required no coöperation or assistance. They conceived and executed their own plans. While carried out in a strange land and under new conditions they were not unfamiliar with the work. Distress had been relieved and order restored elsewhere. It was merely a matter of adapting men, material, and common sense to a tropical climate.

Following this, however, was to come the preparation of the island for freedom and independence, for the American people, in their anxiety to prove disinterested motives, had pledged themselves to give Cuba to the Cubans. There was a qualification to the pledge, however, which is contained in the promise made to the world at large, that Cuba should always maintain a stable government. At the first glance over the field it was apparent to the Americans that to guarantee this Cuba would have to be first rendered permanently quiet, the iniquities contained in the legal code eliminated, honesty made the rule in all departments of the government, the children properly educated, the church retired to its legitimate sphere of influence, the system of taxation revised, and a new form of government created. The Cubans, owing to their lack of experience, were manifestly unable to accomplish these things for themselves, so the Americans with vigor and enthusiasm set about to teach them. The story of this effort is the second chapter of the tale of the intervention, and it cannot all be written as yet, though, as with most tales, some idea of what is to come may be gleaned. The real difficulties now began, and for the simple reason that the task required the coöperation of the Cubans. Heretofore the Americans had worked alone; now they were but to guide, and the Cubans were to do the work to which they had long believed themselves allotted.

Calling to his assistance the men whose names had been most generally identified with the struggle for Cuban independence General Brooke attempted a quasi-civil form of rule. He followed the advice of his Cuban counselors so far as he was able, and they led him into pitfalls from the start. He discovered the Cuban leaders had fought for a change of masters and not of methods. They quarreled with the people and among themselves. They opposed re-

form, and fomented trouble between the natives and the Americans. The situation became so serious that chaos was again threatened, and General Brooke was retired by an alarmed administration to make room for General Wood who had shown the most tact and the best results in the department under his administration. General Brooke was probably glad to escape. The place did not suit him, nor he the place. General Wood was a younger man with his life still before him, and he seized the great opportunity here presented. His first act as governor was one which won for him the applause of the conservative, property-owning Cubans, for he turned out of office the gang of brawlers General Brooke had gathered together, and substituted therefor the autonomists, the most dignified and admirable group of men identified with the struggle of the Cubans against Spain.

General Wood continued to feed the hungry, disinfect the cities, police the country, collect the necessary income through the custom houses, and spend the money where it was most needed. Recognizing the evils of the legal system and other public regulations which were left behind by the Spaniards, he appointed commissions to revise them all, and on each of these commissions he placed Americans to give the Cubans the benefit of their system and experience. Day by day as matters of wrong have been brought to his attention he has righted them. In his intense desire to keep the island peaceful, both for his own sake and that of the administration which placed him in his high position, he endeavors to placate all opposing elements. If a Cuban with a following becomes too noisy or is inclined to be critical, he gives him an office. This policy has been pursued so assiduously that now to call the roll of the office-holders is to call the roll of the principal agitators of the island who flourished in times of stress and rebellion. This does

not mean, however, that these men are fit to lead the people in time of peaceful reconstruction, for many of them are ignorant and dangerous demagogues, and nearly all of them are only biding the time, and not too patiently at that, until they shall be free from the strong control of the American governor, that they may work their own will in public affairs as they have dreamed of doing during all the years they envied the Spaniard the exercise of his autocratic power.

In the time of the Spaniards a carpet-bag governor exercised an autocratic rule with certain legal limitations. An evasion of these limitations was possible, but was only accomplished by some secret trickery. Under the American rule a carpet-bag governor exercises a power which recognizes no limitations. Every judge is looked upon as a military officer under his authority, and every law stands but as a military order subject to change or even obliteration at a word from military headquarters. Under this absolute authority legalized injustice is held in check, prisons are emptied of prisoners unjustly confined, the tariff is adjusted so as, ostensibly at least, to tax the rich more and the poor less. The money collected is more generally accounted for and more justly distributed. Public instruction has received a strong impetus, and throughout the island the people are generally free to pursue their own will and pleasure in the arts of peace. Local officials were at first appointed in all the municipalities, and subsequently elected by a restricted franchise. It is doubtful, however, whether the results of the elections in the manner of men selected for office are as satisfactory as were those of the appointive system. The commissions appointed to plan reforms in the legal and fiscal systems have accomplished nothing tangible of their own volition. The laws of Spanish Cuba stand to-day with a few minor modifications as the laws of American Cuba.

Capital was invested in Cuba under Spanish rule by right of government guarantee and concession. No new capital has been invested in Cuba under American rule for two reasons, one being that the United States government has not dared to intrust to its own officials the right to grant concessions. The other reason is that capital of all nationalities is now afraid that the United States is going to hold to the popular conception of the pledge given by Congress to the effect that Cuba shall be given into the hands of an independent Cuban government. Not only has capital been reluctant to go to Cuba, but since the American intervention over one hundred and thirty million dollars of Spanish and other money has been actually withdrawn from the island. What has been accomplished in Cuba up to the present time by the American intervention may be included in the effective policing of the island, and no man, however optimistic he may be as to the future, can put his finger upon aught else of permanent value or point to an accomplished fact which can be used as an argument in favor of the contention that the Cubans will in a short time be able to conduct a government of their own, independently of American guidance and actual control, which can be termed stable.

There are good reasons for this. They are to be found in the nature of the intervention, the awkward political relations of the United States to the island, and the character and the disposition of the Cuban people. The intervention of the United States in Cuban affairs was that of an armed force present primarily to preserve order. This in itself implies superiority. This implication is most objectionable to any people however weak they may be nationally. To the proud, excitable Cuban, filled with natural race antagonism, a full realization of this attitude of the Americans, that of a stern schoolmaster

with rod in hand compelling good behavior, brought with it resentment and aloofness from the proposed work of Americanizing the government in all its functions. Necessarily the military form of the American intervention has been continued. Necessarily the American governor has retained in his own hands final authority in all things. It has become more difficult every day to predict when this form of intervention could be dispensed with or at what time, or at what point American authority could be allowed to lapse and Cuban authority be made final. So far the Cubans are generally passive as to these things, but they, as well as the Americans who are exercising the authority, are fully cognizant that the day is not drawing perceptibly nearer, nor is it becoming clearer when and how the United States can "let go."

Spain was forced reluctantly to turn over her unruly child to the United States. The Congress of the United States, to satisfy the national conscience, still governed in 1898 by the isolation theory of national virtue, passed a resolution declaring it to be the sentiment of the step-parent that the child should be free and independent. There was a previous restriction, however, upon this intention which took precedence, and that was the promise to the international community by the parent-to-be that the child should always hereafter behave itself, not only to the world, but in its relations to those who cast their lot in its intimate companionship. In the course of an article entitled Growth of our Foreign Policy, in the March Atlantic, the Hon. Richard Olney voiced briefly the only meaning this pledge can have under present conditions, and that is that Cuba, from the signing of the treaty with Spain, belonged to the United States as trustee, and would continue so to belong. This conclusion is logical and inevitable whether the matter be viewed geographically, strategically, po-

litically, commercially, or in the interests of the effective policing of the American continent, a task assigned to the United States by the nations of the earth, and claimed by that country as a right as well as accepted as a responsibility. The Paris treaty, as it affects the relations of the United States to Cuba, takes precedence over domestic legislation enacted as a matter of political expediency or apology, especially where such legislation merely expresses a sentiment, subject to legitimate change in the light of more complete information and experience.

It may be assumed without going into detail that so long as Cubans have been intrusted with no great responsibility in any department of their own government, little or no progress has been made in inducting them into such a scheme of self-government as was possibly contemplated by those who two years ago, or even more recently, honestly advocated and believed in the possibility of a free and independent Cuba. The Cubans are now complaining bitterly that no one can tell whether they can govern themselves or not until it has been tried. The Americans soothe them with complimentary speeches, praise their patriotism, their generosity, their adaptability, their sentimentalism, their eagerness to add their names to the government salary list, and invariably conclude with a tribute to their social graces. To the persistent and oft-repeated inquiry as to how long the present status is to continue, the Americans are evasive, indefinite, or temporizing, for no man familiar with the island, its people and affairs, no matter how optimistic his belief in Cuba's destiny as a free republic, has had the temerity to set a day in the near future when the American police power can with safety be withdrawn. This is due to the utter lack of political self-control which has been manifested by the Cubans on nearly all occasions where it might have been

exercised to advantage. In the meetings of the commissions they have reduced the American members to despair and a feeling of hopelessness of ever accomplishing the object in view. As officials they have abused their power, and many of them have shown no conception of the idea of a public office as a public trust. Their incapacity, their non-progressiveness, and in many instances their dishonesty have kept the American officers busy correcting errors and righting wrongs. The Spanish idea of government is bred in them, and they are thoroughly imbued with its spirit. If the American intervention ceased to-day, Cuba would, within an incredibly short time, become a raging furnace of civil uproar caused by domestic war over the spoils. In time the strongest man or faction would triumph, and there would then be organized a government of the same undesirable character as those now found in Central American countries.

The Cubans do not like the Americans, and that is natural enough. With the intelligent Cubans the Americans represent a country they believe is now withholding from them their birthright. With the ignorant the race antagonism is strong. These are generalizations, of course, for there are many exceptions, as there are Cubans who favor annexation, but they are in a hopeless minority. With a free Cuba there is the race question, ever present, ever threatening, and ever dangerous. Fully a third of the people are black, and the one race does not mingle with the other on terms of social equality. It has even been seriously proposed by well-known Cubans that as soon as Cuba should be free it should be divided into two republics, the blacks to take the eastern part of the island, and the whites the western part. It is difficult for Americans not familiar with the people of the Spanish-American countries to realize the tremendous gulf which exists between them and the people of the United States in their cus-

toms, manner of thought, political ideals, and moral standards in matters affecting the public weal. The Cubans are Spanish-Americans. As in Mexico and Central America, the wealth and intelligence of Cuba are possessed by foreigners and a small percentage of natives who have lived much abroad or who possess exceptional qualities. An American-governed Cuba means a restricted franchise and comparative safety. A free Cuba means universal suffrage and the speedy downfall of the frail political structure designed and erected by Americans, and now kept intact only by their presence.

A continuation of the present conditions in Cuba will be possible for some time without serious trouble. The experiment of a free Cuba may even be tried in time, this depending largely upon public sentiment and the dominant power in politics in the United States. It will inevitably result in another intervention which will need no apologies, and will continue so long as the United States shall remain a nation. It may be that annexation will be brought about by a restricted franchise, which in time

will lose hope of a free Cuba, and seek commercial advantage and political stability in a union with the United States. It is also possible that the situation in Cuba will become so tense, even to violence, that the United States will acknowledge a change of policy, and as gently as may be convey to the Cubans the impossibility of an independent republic in view of the failure of well-laid plans to the contrary. The only thing which seems absolutely remote, improbable, and almost impossible from every point of view is a free and independent Cuban republic. The hope of Cuba is not in the present generation, but in the generation to come. With education, development, contact with American institutions, and long respite from guerrilla warfare, the new people of Cuba will make a new Cuba. These people will not desire a separate political existence, for they will realize the greater benefits of free social and commercial intercourse with a mighty nation of which they are a part, and whose needs in certain directions can only be supplied by them.

J. D. Whelpley.

VERSES FROM THE CANTICLE OF THE ROAD.

THE open road and the wind at heel
 Who is keen of scent and yelping loud!
 Stout heart and bounding blood we feel,
 Who follow fancy till day has bowed
 Her forehead pure to her evening prayer
 And drawn the veil on her wind-blown hair;
 Free with the hawk and wind we stride
 The open road, for the world is wide
 While daylight lasts, and the skies hung high,
 And room between for the hawk to fly
 With tingling wing and lust of the eye.

Broad morning, blue morning! Oh, jubilant wind!
 Lord God, thou hast made our souls to be
 Fluent and yearning long, as the sea

Yearns after the moon, and follows her
With boom of waves and sibilant purr,
Round this world and past and o'er
All waste sea-bottoms and curving shore,
Only once more and again to find
The same sea-bottoms and beaten beach,
The same sweet moon beyond his reach
And drawing him onward as before.

Hark, from his covert what a note
The wood-thrush whirls from his kingly throat!
And the bobolink strikes that silver wire
He stole from the archangelic choir,
From a psaltery played beneath the throne
By an amber-eyed angel all alone
He strikes it twice, and deep, deep, deep,
Where the soul of music lies asleep —
The rest of his song he learned, ah me!
From a gay little devil, loose and free,
Making trouble and love in Arcadie.

O Fons Bandusiae, babbling spring,
From what deep wells come whispering!
What message bringest thou, what spells
From buried mountain oracles,
Thou limpid, lucid mystery?
Nay, this one thing I read in thee,
That saint or sinner, wise or fool,
Who dips hot lips within thy pool,
Or last or first, or best or worst,
Thou askest only that he thirst,
And givest water pure and cool.

Ragged and dusty, one whose feet
Dragged eastward as my own went west!
What ages since were we addressed,
And the manner of our coming set,
To this event, that we might meet,
And glance, and pass, and then forget?
Ah, sadder than its toil or strife
Are the winged, uncertain steps of life,
The wonders that mean nothing clear;
Like sudden stars that glide and shine
A moment in your eyes and mine;
Then darkness there and silence here.

A draught of water from the spring,
An apple from the wayside tree,
A bit of bread for strengthening,
A pipe for grace and policy;

And so, by taking time, to find
 A world that's mainly to one's mind;
 Some health, some wit in friends a few,
 Some high behaviors in their kind,
 Some dispositions to be true.

Arthur Colton.

A SHEPHERD OF THE SIERRAS.

THE two ends of this story belong, one to Pierre Jullien, and the other to the lame coyote in the pack of the Ceriso. Pierre will have it that the Virgin is at the bottom of the whole affair. However that may be, it is known that Pierre Jullien has not lost so much as a lamb of the flocks since the burning of Black Mountain.

Black Mountain stands up eastward against the Ceriso, its broken ridges spiked with clumps of pine, and its cañons dark with tamarack reaches and forests of silver fir. And in the meadows of Black Mountain Pierre Jullien feeds his flocks from year's end to year's end; a little excursion down to the Ceriso when the snows are heavy and the rains tearing at its foundations, and another to the east slope for the shearing, but never out of sight or shadow of it.

Certainly the Virgin had something to do with Pierre's having a flock in the first place; a hired shepherd he, who between good will and the wine cup could never get away from a shearing with more than enough to clothe him for the year to come. And finally, by misadventure and unwise counsel, it fell out that Pierre was not hired to go with the sheep for all of one year.

It is said that when Pierre heard of this, and heard it in no friendly manner from Lebecque who had got the place for himself, that he called for another bottle. He pledged his friends and his luck, he whistled merrily to his dogs; he was for the hills. For what has a

man bred to the hills to do with the town? The airs of it made him sick. The sights and sounds of it, good enough to gape at once in a year's wanderings, were a vexation and a confusion. So he made back to Black Mountain with his dogs, to live by the knowledge of it that had taken so many years to the gathering. He built him a hut, he cut him firewood, he tracked the wild bee to the hiving rocks and the bear to the thickets of thimbleberries. He set him traps and snares, for such of the wild creatures as are not fit for food have pelts that may be sold. Once in a month or so he fared forth to town across the Ceriso for a cup of wine and a taste of gossip, a bit of sugar and a morsel of flour. Altogether Pierre Jullien was well content.

There blows a great wind in the west before the rains; a nerve-racking, eddy-ing wind that gathers small dust and sand and goes roaring with it across the open places. It was about the time of high wind when Pierre went down to the town, and he fought up across the Ceriso in the teeth of it. By all counts he should have stayed safe with his dogs until the wind was done, but withal Pierre had a tender heart. He thought of his traps. Doubtless it would have been better if wild creatures could do without being trapped, but since it was not so, it is best to trap them as gently as possible. So because he had not visited his traps for two days Pierre must needs be fighting the high wind across the Ceriso.

He made better work of it than the dogs who whimpered and slunk, knowing very well it was no sort of a day for an honest beast to be abroad in. The wind bit them, it beat and battered them, and scoured them with fine sand. There was no looking in such a wind; only feeling the ground underfoot and knowing the way by the rise of it. And in the midst of their labor a plaintive cry broke and scattered against the dead wall of the wind. The dogs whined to hear it; clearly, to travel such a day was rank folly, but lost sheep — that was another matter.

"Nay, nay, 't is none of your mind-ing," said Pierre. "Well, then, if you must, be off!" Not one of the three but knew what had happened. A flock caught in the open must be well shepherded to hold in such a wind; once scattered it may take days to bring them together again. The dogs found the ewe and brought it to Pierre, and were off again as he gave the word, wriggling, yelping, and panting with delight. This was old times indeed! They had great work of it, the man and the dogs, wrestling in the smother of the wind rocking up and down the hollow of the crater. But they brought the stragglers together, a score or more of them, and held them under the lee of a hill until the wind was laid. About mid-afternoon its spent wings trailed the dust, its breath shook the tops of the sage, and no more. The air was warm; it was clear and smelt of the earth. Pierre and his sheep went forth to look for the master of the flock. They worked up the south slope whence all the Ceriso lay open as the hollow of a hand, and saw the hill-folk beginning to stir about their business, but no sheep. Pierre was an honest man, and a shepherd who knew how serious a thing it might be to lose twenty sheep of the flock in a single wind. He stayed that night in the Ceriso and until the middle of the morning, holding the sheep well toward the

middle of the valley. By that time a good shepherd should have picked them up again, but none came. The brand was strange. Many flocks passed the Ceriso at that season, going hastily, because of scant pasturage, to winter in the South. Pierre drove the sheep to Black Mountain, and no question was ever raised. As for the sheep they were very well content, and the dogs were happy to be at their work again.

So Pierre Jullien became a shepherd in his own right, and in the glacier meadows of Black Mountain the flock increased beyond expectation. Who shall say that the Virgin did not have a hand in it? Not Pierre Jullien, at any rate; he was careful to return thanks as often as he went to church, which was at least once in the year. But Pierre kept his traps going. Sheep, according to the law of the beasts, were to be eaten, and beasts, according to Pierre Jullien, to be caught. He trapped a bear cub, wildcats, a fox now and then, and a wolverine, but not often a coyote. A coyote is a thief and the son of a thief. He will spring a trap and eat the bait. He will gnaw a rope and let a staked horse go free; steal the *jerke* drying on the trees, and the bacon hanging against the wall; nose into a still camp and steal anything he can lay jaws upon. Etienne Picquard will have it that he will steal the frying pan off the fire if there is a smell of meat about it. These are the things that Pierre Jullien believed about the coyotes; and first and last they stole a good many of Pierre's lambs. Nevertheless, his flock increased until it had become two bands, and Pierre, going down to the shearing, brought Etienne Picquard to help him tend them.

Etienne had gone afar with his portion, foraging into the pastures claimed by the flocks of the  brand. For Etienne dearly loved a wrangle, and would as lieve fight for the pasture of Pierre Jullien's sheep as anything else. And one morning Pierre woke with the smell

of smoke in his nostrils. It was a smell of green wood, not the thin blue ghost of a smoke that quavered up from his own well-banked fire, but the rank, acrid smell of a forest burning. Pierre should know that smell. From what dropped coal of a hunter's pipe, from what slothful shepherd's camp, the fire broke, or what woodman's stupid greed lit the close-locked ranks of living pines only the wood creatures knew, and could not tell. Pierre thought of Ettienne and the sheep and wished them well. The wind set well away from him; the fire would drive out many pests, and the burnt districts made better feed in a year or so. Without doubt everything fell out for the best.

The fire began in a tamarack cañon and spread upward all one week slowly. The smoke rose from it a white, heaven-pointing spire, a wraith, a warning; and fanned out at last a wan, fluttering beacon. It tiptoed, it swayed, and genuflected, and shook itself in an agony of entreatment. But no one came to put out the fire. Quenching a forest fire is a difficult matter; and then it is always some one else's business. Only the mountain knew how long it had been growing, those pines that went out in a flare and a little crackling, and nobody cared. At the end of a week a wind rose and drove the fire straight across the mountain toward Pierre Jullien's meadow. Pierre's hut stood in a little island of pines on a knoll swept about by a strip of meadow and a running stream. Thence he fed out with the home flock as far as he might to the gentian hollows deep set among the rifted hills.

When the pillar of smoke cast up by the burning forest grew red by night Pierre went cautiously, keeping the flocks close and watching every turn of the wind. It dropped a little and the fire with it. Then Pierre, to save the home pasture, moved the flock across the ridge away from the fire. He made all safe in his house, and trusted to his

luck and the chances of the wind. If the fire would come, it would come; it was not to be stayed for all Pierre's stopping at home. The new meadow was deep set and fenced about with barrenness, so that Pierre and his dogs could lie in the sun and watch the portentous smoke above the mountains. That the fire was heavy and coming his way he had known by the wild wood creatures that pushed by his meadow with an incessant panting and padding of feet. Seven deer drank at his brook in the gray of the morning, wings whirred steadily, and at all hours hoofed creatures broke through the thickets of ceanothus, all with incredible haste, but dumbly, heralded by the noise of their going. And in the night the wind whipped the fire along the steep, and about the meadow where Pierre was lying with his sheep. It rioted in the resin-dripping pines, sung as it wrestled with them, and grew merry as it raged.

The sound of its singing woke Pierre and the sheep in the middle hours. But the dogs, mindful of the blethering flocks, held them faithfully, huddling toward Pierre, who wept with his face upon his hands. "Oh, my house," he whimpered, "my dear house!" He had built it of the soil and what grew therein; it was part of the mountain, and part of him; and it was all his home.

With the fire, cattle broke into the meadow from the roaring wood, and an antlered stag, snorting with fear, thrust into the midst of them. Quail and small fourfooted things fled, mad and blind with terror, past the haven into the wood and fire again, and when the morning cut the smoke that overhung, Pierre was aware of a wild-cat that licked a dead kitten between him and the flame.

Lastly out of the blaze limped a coyote, dragging a crushed foot, and deeply burned across the flank. Eight hours the fire panted about the meadow, tugged and strained toward them from the pines,

and Pierre, trampling blazing brands, smothering sparks, heartening and helping, knew himself a brother to beasts, and yet more a man. For, ever as he moved, the dumb shouldering cattle shifted their place a little, not to lose the sense of his presence, the sheep pressed to his knees, the dogs came whimpering and went back to their stations comforted. The coyote, dressing his burn with his tongue, laid nose to the ground as Pierre went by, and cried with the pain of his hurt as a child might.

The fire ripped and tore at the heart of the wood and poured the bitter smoke above them thick and hot, and through all Pierre could hear the water hissing among burning logs, and the breathy whine of the cat above her dead. Pierre thought how she must have come from hunting to her lair and found the fire before her. It was written in her singed and cinder-blackened coat how she had won her way far and slowly, heat driven, carrying her dead by turns, her mother's grief having way even in the dreadful hollow of the singing flames. "Mother of God," said the simple heart of Pierre Jullien, "but I set me no more traps for the mothers of wild things."

The danger passed with the day, and the stream, cut off in mid-morning by the falling timbers, came back to the meadow. Pierre divided his jerke with the cat and the coyote, and woke in the night, at the crash of falling trees, to catch the glow of their unwinking, regardful eyes.

The stag left at the dawn, going down the cañon with wide fearful leaps amid the burning, and after him the cattle picked out a way along the water courses. From where the wood had been rose up the ghost of a forest; for every tree an uptrailing, wavering smoke-spirit, topped by umbrageous clouds, and flame-flowers broke and blossomed in dissolving embers. The wild-cat, putting as much space as possible between her and the dogs, grown fearful with the passing of

the fire, essayed the smoke forest by one and another of the trails she had known, breaking away at last by well-considered bounds, and looking back to the trampled meadow and the sheep huddling between Pierre and the lame coyote.

The coyote, made unhappy by the broadening day, drew up to the meadow's edge, but having put foot among the hot ashes, set up his drawling whine looking back toward Pierre. "Stay where thou art, friend," said the shepherd. "It will be long before you can abide the smell of fire." Pierre fed him that day with the offal of a sheep he had killed for his own eating, and ever as he busied himself about the flock the coyote came and smelled of all the places where he had been. "Thou wilt know me again by that token," said Pierre, "and I you by that burnt flank, should you fall into any trap of mine." And being in a merry mood Pierre upbraided him with the evil ways of his kind, until the coyote slunk abashed from the sound of his voice to the edge of the clearing.

It was the third day, and a blessed rain was falling, before Pierre could make way with his flock across the burned district, looking back from the top of the ridge to see the lame coyote getting himself clumsily down to the lower levels, looking back also at Pierre. Now, by good fortune which fell little short of a miracle, Pierre found his house unhurt, only the outer ring of pines heat shriveled past any spring's redeeming. And as for Etienne, the fire had not been near him.

The burned coyote eschewed a forest country thereafter, and going down to the sagebrush levels joined the pack on the east side of the Ceriso. Pierre saw him there the first time he came thither feeding with his flocks, and knew him by his rocking, three-legged gait, and the long scar, newly healed, upon his flank. That the coyote knew him Pierre affirms, for, seeing him, the howler dropped upon

his haunches dog fashion and waited until the flock had gone by. And this is true, that Pierre has given up his traps and yet has not lost by beasts so much as a weanling. And the shepherds of Black Mountain and the Ceriso, and as far north as the hills of Augustora, are divided between the opinion of Pierre,

who will protest that it is the work of the Virgin, and the opinion of Ettienne Picquard, who says that Pierre has lived like a wild creature so long that the beasts mistake him for one of themselves. But for myself, I think, as I said at the beginning, this end of the story belongs to the lame coyote.

Mary Austin.

A BIT OF OLD FRANCE.

THE village of Ermenonville does not fill a large space on the map of France, and the guidebook offers it merely the beggarly tribute of a paragraph in fine print. In this year of a universal exposition the world will journey to Paris and pass the little city by, as it passes by Rouen, Blois, Loches, and other towns more picturesque, more graciously intact, than the oft-times ruin-swept metropolis. Yet the great city and the little one are neighbors. Paris hides away Ermenonville under her elbow, cherishing near her heart this souvenir of the olden time. World-weary herself, she guards its innocence, uttering no whisper of the passing of epochs. If a destructive rumor of revolution threatened violence a century and more ago, Paris answered the outcry, and left her protégé to its old ways. The storm passed over the sheltered village, leaving only one ruin in the path of its lightning. Thus it happens that here, almost under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, and now, on the eve of a new century, one may find a bit of old France. The railroads dare not invade it, the traveler never hears of it; even the omnipresent investigating bicyclist turns away from its cobblestone barricade of "royal roads." It is lost to our time, out of our world. The princes and peasants who are its sole inhabitants seem to guard the secret of its existence. Its two innkeepers look

with disdain upon the passing foreigner, with suspicion upon all revenue derived from others than the sportsmen who annually, so soon as the chase is open, descend upon field and forest. That we remote Americans should have found it, that we should have made it ours for two idle months, is a miracle which should not be revealed to the inquisitive modern world.

The omnibus from the far-away railroad town rattled clamorously around the curve of the stone-paved street, past clustering red-tiled roofs and fronts of stucco, and into the courtyard of the Hotel of the Cross of Gold. Yes, the landlady would accommodate us, — a front room and one only a trifle less desirable were at our disposal for the sum of two francs each a day. Large, square bare rooms they proved to be, which the overzealous modern upholsterer had never entered. But the pine floor was clean, the bed under faded curtains was a good old piece of mahogany, and its linen was white and fine and embroidered with a flowery monogram. We sank so softly back into the past, that night, that we resolved not to return to our less gentle era. The only house in the town which is neither a cot nor a palace fell into the wonder-working hands of the Parisian madame who was managing the world for us. A spacious old mansion, with a hilly wooded park from which one

might look down even on the château, — a park inclosed with walls of ivied stone, locked in with iron gates, and filled with tall pines and beeches and broad lindens ; all this was ours.

We made no haste to explore the little town, — why should we vex the restful spirit of the place by filling up the sunny days with energy ? Just beyond our park lay a national domain of forest ; its shady spaces of trees, its sandy reaches of heather, were joy enough for the long sweet hours. And up on the crest of the village hill was an ancient Gothic church, in whose square tower and queerly carved portals and capitals three centuries have left the record of their faith. It was enough to wander between these two along the quaint old streets, to enter the little shops and talk to the bent old women, and arouse their effusive gratitude by the expenditure of sous ; to follow the worshipers in to mass, and marvel at the array of gayly decked Madonnas and realistic martyrs in agony. No dilapidated interior this, like so many of the village churches round about. "Through the pity of God and the bounty of the Prince and Princess Radziwill," — so reads the tablet, — "this church has been completely restored in the year of grace 1886." Ah, this is that scion of a noble Polish house who bought the château of Ermenonville from the ancient family of the Girardins. This is the ardent sportsman who rents from the government the right to shoot small game in the forest, while the Duc de Gramont, of the Château de Mortefontaine at the other end of it, pays fifty thousand francs a year for his feudal lordship over deer and wild boar.

To-day, as we pass the prince's château, the great iron gates of the park swing wide. It is Sunday ; we may leave our mediæval mood at the entrance, and, with one bold step, move forward as far as the eighteenth century. For this park is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the infatuated old Marquis de Girardin, who laid his play-

ful hand on nature a century and a third ago. He twisted this rivulet and set up those rocks for it to fall over, and placed these stones whereon we cross it ; and down at the foot of the cascade he fashioned this grotto. But no, not he ; this is the work of fairies. Here, on a tablet of artificial stone, little midnight revelers have set their signatures to eight or ten lines of courtly verse, which warn away all mortal intruders from their moonlit rendezvous, and promise good fortune to true lovers.

We circle half around the little lake, and discover that philosophers, as well as fays, have looked into its waters. For among the trees on the slope is a ruined belvedere, dedicated in respectful Latin to the memory of Montaigne, *qui omnia dixit*. Each of its fluted pillars, erect or fallen, bears the name of some great wise man, and here the little wise are commanded by the inscription over the portal to "know the causes of things." "Quis hoc perficiet ? — falsum stare non potest." Is it possible that neither time nor enemies wrought this ruin, that the noble builder left his temple picturesquely incomplete to typify sentimentally the incompleteness of philosophy ? What a luxurious old sage he must have been, — one of those toy democrats of a royal age, who held to their feudal tyrannies with one hand, while the other played with pretty symbols of the equality of man, until the bold realities arose in a confounding murderous flood to overwhelm both tyrannies and symbols ! What an adjustable mind he must have had, with the appropriate sentiment always ready for the dramatic moment, with graceful moods of mirth or melancholy waiting to be summoned at need ! And what scorn he would feel for modern humor, for the desecrating realism of the nineteenth century ! I can almost see him leading me down the path toward his lake, a courteous, overstately little gentleman, dressed in decorous black velvet, with an edge of fine lace on his ruffles.

He sits beside me on the low stone bench as I look across the narrow water to the tiny "isle of poplars;" and his solemn gesture bids me read some half-obliterated sorry little verses carved on two stones in this open space under the trees. A touch of pride in his sadness convinces me that he is the poet who wrought them, and I offer him an English version with a deprecating air of humility for its unworthiness:—

"There beneath those poplars, that holy tomb
below,
Where soft shade peace imparts,
Lies the mortal body of Jean Jacques Rousseau.
But 't is in sensitive hearts
That this man so good, who was all sentiment,
Has built of his soul the eternal monument."

So reads the first stone. I scrutinize my courtly guide with deeper interest, and search among half-forgotten incidents of literary history. My poet and philosopher is then Rousseau's patron,—it was no other than the Marquis de Girardin who gave Jean Jacques the home which only six weeks later became his burial place. I take off my hat to him, and try to feel more respect for his poetry as I decipher the second inscription:—

"He gave back to the child its mother's tenderness;
He to the mother restored her child's caress.
For man at his birth this benefactor stood
And made him more free so that he might
be good."

With mind and soul thus properly attuned by a modest muse, I cross the little bridge to the sacred isle, and ponder at the tomb of the romantic philosopher of a bygone time. "*Icy repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.*" "The man of nature and of truth,"—such was the verdict of Rousseau's age upon his character; and here, in broken and weather-stained bas-reliefs, are the mothers and children whom he restored to one another's caresses,—mothers chastely and classically draped, babies artistically

nude, sporting in primitive innocence together. What respect he felt for parental tenderness,—this man who gave never a thought to his own children, but left them to suffer or prosper as the fates might will! As I study the battered stone, the eighteenth century itself seems to lie in that sarcophagus, and the pompous epitaph is a tribute to its ineradicable insincerity. And suddenly the picturesque irony of the monument is emphasized by a consciousness of its emptiness,—for was not even Rousseau's body taken away, borne in triumph to the Pantheon at the climax of the great storm which he had helped to awaken? In vain the old-world marquis lifted his voice to stay the young republic's vandal hand: the philosopher could not be suffered to sleep in peace even here where he belonged. These classic sculptures, these overwrought rills and groves and temples, were too romantically appropriate.

What would Rousseau's nebulous naturalism have thought of the storm? How it would have shocked his *cœur sensible*, scared the soul *qui fût tout sentiment*. What would he have done with the whirlwind, he who had sown the wind? The new era descending in clouds and darkness would have swept him back into the old, like a lost leaf in a gale. If he had lived another fifteen years with his sympathetic marquis, if he had followed the resolute mob to the beautiful abbey of Chaalis only a mile or two away, and watched them batter and burn and sack it till of its grandeur nothing was left but ruin, would he not have returned in terror to his "desert" and his "cabin," to his illusions of simplicity and tenderness, and left to a more intrepid philosophy the interpretation of this violent realism?

The new age may be irreverent, but it is honest. It is unkind to illusions, intolerant of impracticable theories, but it takes nature and men as they are, and does not try to furbish them with senti-

ments. It is methodical, exact, and bold in its search for truth, not imaginative and worshipful. These shapely villages nestling in shady hollows it rudely proclaims unsanitary, and would ruthlessly tear down their mossy walls of stucco and their thatched roofs heavy with the dampness of ages, and build for the meagre huddling peasants cottages fresh and wholesome, if hideous. Its aspiration is not æsthetic but practical, not for beauty but for comfort. It may rear for the future a stronger race, but it will not bequeath to it monuments so fine, towns so harmonious, palaces so noble.

This region, like a rich old parchment, bears undisturbed the illuminated writing of the past, and to read it one needs only a horse or a wheel capable of expanding one's vision by ten miles. For though the great king's road of cobblestones is a barricade against Parisian invasion, one finds beyond the barrier the level paths of the republic, and follows them to sequestered villages, — yes, even to railroad towns. Senlis, beloved of Henry of Navarre, the ancient capital of the Merovingian kings, sleeps peacefully to the north, lifting the towers and graceful transept of its cathedral out of many centuries of its silent past, — centuries whose various architectural moods make a discord between turret and portal — a war of forms and ornaments in which time, the great mediator, has proclaimed a lasting truce. And Dammartin crowns an ambitious hill at the end of a shady mounting road, — sleepy old Dammartin, which wakes up for a fête once a year, a fête with booths and merry-go-rounds and delicious plum tarts, — even an “exposition des tableaux,” wherein he who buys an admission ticket may draw a prize, if he wins a fateful number, from a collection which shows to what abysses modern French art may sink in the provinces. And down across fertile meadows the tiny city of Baron awaits its discoverer, revealing from afar the beautiful stone spire of its

little church, — a church which is a masterpiece of early Gothic, as perfect, as consummate, as a richly wrought jewel on Saint Louis' breast.

These three towns are the terminal points of as many radii centring in Ermenonville, but to reach them one must pass through little hamlets so alluring, so individual, that it is difficult to resist and ride on. Ver and Ève and Hautisse nestle cosily in curves of the road, each with its primitive little stuccoed chapel wherein the village life has been consecrated for centuries. Sometimes these churches antedate the Gothic era with their rounder, more massive lines; sometimes they carry curious additions of Renaissance portal and ornament; but always they have the charm of simplicity, naiveté, and a grace half expressed and therefore pathetic in its appeal. They are architectural sketches; out of such experiments as these cathedrals grew in creative minds; and thus they are suggestive beyond the perfect, the consummate work with all its pinnacles and saints of stone. And there are sketches also in domestic architecture. At the outskirts of Fontaine-des-Corps-Nus (what a name for legends to mount on!) is the ancient quadrangle of a farm, where the laborers and horses, the pigs and chickens, still work and feed and clatter as of old; and where their tolerance permits one to linger and admire the sturdy round tower in the corner, the long, low-sloping red roofs, the faultless grouping, — all simple, unpretentious, and yet perfect with the touch of a feeling finer than our labored thought.

Then, since this is a country of princes and peasants, where the middle class is obliterated, there are châteaux facing broad avenues or hidden in deep woods, — châteaux varying in age and degree, from the homelike simplicity of the one which dominates this farm to the ornate splendor of Mortefontaine, whose super-refined late Renaissance design attests

the gorgeous but rotting epoch of Louis XV. All these princely dwellings have passed from the families who built them to the lordship of a newer aristocracy, but the old customs are honored still, as though to propitiate the dispossessed ghosts of earlier days. Still does monsieur the prince or the duke go forth to meet the boar in the forest, even though the quarry has to be imported and fed and tended for his unkind fate. Still does the horn blow in the curving street of Ermenonville — I myself have been awakened by it — when the hounds are led to the starting place by green-coated keepers. Still does my lord give a fête and fireworks to the villagers — I myself have seen the spectacle — when his son and heir comes of age; and all the neighboring country makes merry as of yore, though perhaps with a little less of feudal faith and loyalty.

It was only the other day — twenty or thirty years by the calendar — that the château of Ermenonville passed away from the forlorn reluctant descendants of Jean Jacques' marquis into the reverent hands of the Polish prince, who at once set about restoring house and park to their old artificial prettiness, checking the decay to which an iconoclastic century had exposed the ancient seat. And the neighboring estate of Chaalis, whose abbey and château were a monastery in Rousseau's time, is now ruled over by a house made royal by alliance with the plebeian emperor who set his heel upon the old régime. The grandson of Prince Murat, King of Naples and Sardinia, dwells in the beautiful Louis XIV. palace, and looks out upon the Gothic abbey's mossy ruin. Simple and fine almost to sternness are the lines of the château, with only one dormer breaking the strong slope of its roof, — a severe early experiment in a style ambitious for distinction and magnificence. Under the vaulted stone ceiling of its long corridor are busts and paintings of the empire, with other reminders of a

race that was hidden away in Corsican hills when these shapely stones were laid. Doubtless there is a higher righteousness behind the irony of fate. Doubtless the past should yield to the present, the ideals of one age should become the sport of another, and we should stand sure and self-secure in the modern faith as our fathers did in that of their day. But in the presence of memorials of the past it is difficult to maintain this mood of serenity. How are we writing our story on the scarred old earth? Will our scientific courage leave as fine a record as the aspiration of the past has left? Will the future accept our labors as gratefully as we accept these quiet quaint old villages, these beautiful battered churches, these châteaux which prove the splendor of feudal lordship? Shall we, who sit in judgment on the past, leave proofs of faith as indisputable as these?

Under the princely portal and out in the flowery park, I reflect upon all the warnings against modern egotism which have surprised me from day to day in manor and hamlet, — upon the round Norman towers, the dilapidated Gothic portals and belfries, the finely simple dwellings of prince and peasant. I feel abased almost to self-contempt under the tall, gaunt choir of this ruined abbey, whose mighty columns and arches our awakening era so violently swept away. We cannot carve such capitals as these, nor set the vaulting of those cloisters, nor shape these lofty windows, nor fill their empty spaces with pictures wrought in gleaming jewels. We have lost this instinct for architecture, this sense of direct connection between the mind and the uplift of stone on stone. We are separated from it by centuries of imitation, of affectation, of cheap meddling with a great art, — the long effort to repeat the past instead of presenting the truth of our own souls, as these old monks presented theirs. I try to upbuild this fallen temple in their spirit,

and the touch of that spirit withers me with their scorn. How they would hate our boasted liberalism, our iconoclastic science, our sacrilegious use of the mysterious powers of nature, our restless wanderings to and fro upon the earth! In this their noble monument I dare not give them scorn for scorn. As their

solemn procession winds through these lofty aisles, I dare not say that our search is braver than theirs, our truth as much greater as the sun-thronged universe is vaster than their little star-encircled world. For not with boasting may we answer the silent centuries, but with works as sublime as theirs.

Harriet Monroe.

MISSOURI.

No other state of the forty-five presents so many striking antitheses as Missouri. Though most of the parallels which run through Missouri intersect Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois on the east, and Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California on the west, there is generally a broad divergence between it and the others in politics, Missouri being Democratic, and the rest of these usually Republican, except as the rise of Populism and the appearance of the silver issue have temporarily injected cross currents in politics, and have recently put most of the states west of the Missouri constructively on the Democratic side. While, in its aggregate vote, Missouri is reliably Democratic, its principal city, St. Louis, has been more uniformly Republican for years past than any other large town in the United States except Philadelphia.

On an east and west line, Missouri is situated near the middle of the country, and belongs socially and industrially in the same group as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas, yet it is generally called a Southern state. In the popular conception Missouri figures as an agricultural community, yet it has a greater variety of mineral products than almost any other state. Few states surpass it in the aggregate of its mineral output: fewer still exceed it in the production of its mills and factories.

Humorous ideas frequently associate themselves in the popular mind with the name Missourian, very much as they have since the days of Irving and Paulding with the name Dutchman as he figures in the history of old New York. Nevertheless, the Missourian belongs to a state which stands not far from the head of the forty-five in the proportion which the number of its pupils in the public schools bear to the aggregate population, in the per capita amount of money spent on its educational institutions, and in the ratio which its church attendance bears to its inhabitants. It differs in no perceptible degree from the other states of the North and West in the qualities which determine the balance and sanity of a people.

What are the causes of these contrasts between the reputed and the actual as relates to Missouri? They are due to peculiarities of ethnology, location, climate, and social development. In setting forth these causes the geology and mineralogy of the state will have to be touched on, and the race ingredients which went to make up its early settlers will have to be mentioned. Missouri must here be dealt with sociologically, economically, and psychologically. Incidentally, too, a little of the romance and the picturesqueness in its life will have to be glanced at.

Four times Missouri has changed its

flag. It was Spanish territory in the days of Charles V. With the rest of Louisiana it was claimed for the France of Louis XIV. by La Salle in 1682, when he sailed down to the mouth of the Mississippi, and France subsequently occupied it. Louis XV. ceded it to his ally Charles III. of Spain in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, to keep it out of England's hands. Bonaparte coaxed or coerced Charles IV. to return it to France in 1800. Want of money to enable him to prosecute his wars, fear that England might seize it, and dread that even if he could keep England out of it the Americans might wrest it from him, constrained Bonaparte to sell it, with the rest of the Louisiana territory, to the United States in 1803.

Soto, marching northward and westward, passed into the present state of Missouri in 1541, near where New Madrid now stands, pushed onward to the Washita and the White rivers, and then turned southward. Coronado, marching northward and eastward, about the same time, penetrated to a point close to the Missouri River, not far from Missouri's western line. Both these Spanish *conquistadores* were searching for gold, — Soto seeking a northern Peru, like the one he, as a lieutenant of Pizarro, helped to conquer; Coronado, hunting the "seven cities of Cibola," and chasing Quivira's golden myth, aimed to repeat Cortez's conquest, and to win another Mexico in the heart of North America. The locality, Missouri, at which the paths of these two Spanish adventurers — Soto coming from the Atlantic side of the continent, and Coronado from the Pacific's verge — crossed, or where they would have crossed if they had been pushed a few score miles farther, was destined to witness a greater meeting and mingling of the races of the earth than any other part of the New World.

In those distant days when Soto in Missouri and Coronado near Missouri's western border were, by their exploits,

penning the preface to the history of the United States, nearly a quarter of a century was to pass before Menendez should lay the foundation of St. Augustine, the oldest permanent settlement in the American republic. Two thirds of a century were to elapse before Gosnold, Newport, and their companions at Jamestown should start the first stable English colony on this side of the Atlantic; before Champlain, at Quebec, should make the first feeble beginnings of French power in the western hemisphere; and before Henry Hudson's Half Moon should sail into New York Bay, and give Holland the claim on which to build the short-lived colony of New Netherland. It was more than three quarters of a century ahead of the days when Carver, Bradford, Miles Standish, and their compatriots stepped from the Mayflower on to Plymouth Rock.

One fact connected with Soto's entrance into Missouri deserves especial mention as a historic precedent. He enslaved most of the Indians whom he captured in the Mississippi Valley, as, in some cases, Velasquez had done in Cuba and Cortez in Mexico. Thus Soto carried slaves into Missouri two and a half centuries before the United States government under the Constitution came into existence, and three and a quarter centuries before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued and the Thirteenth Amendment adopted.

In connection with the early visitors to this region in the French period a similar fact can be cited. Sieur Renault, one of the directors of the Mississippi Company, which took control of affairs in Louisiana after Crozat surrendered his charter to the colony which Louis XIV. gave him, received grants of land in 1723 in Missouri, and, as told by one of the annalists, he took with him "many families who had received concessions of lands in the neighborhood of Kaskaskia, and who brought with them a number of negroes granted to them by

Bienville, for the purpose of cultivating those lands." By these concessions, which extended to the west side of the Mississippi as well as to the east side, negro slavery, three quarters of a century after Soto brought Indian slaves into the territory, made its appearance in Missouri.

The alternating possession of Missouri in its early days by Spain and France determined the race ingredients, the religion, and the customs of its first settlers. The slavery which was taken into it by its Spanish and French occupants, and by the earlier immigrants from the eastern side of the Mississippi Valley and from the Atlantic seaboard, dictated its attitude toward many of the great issues which arose in the public life of the country until the Civil War, and it has had an effect on the politics of the state to this day.

Delassus, Spain's last governor of Upper Louisiana, had a census taken in 1799, which showed that the white population of the dozen settlements constituting the present state of Missouri was at that time 4948, the free colored were 197, and the slaves 883, or 6028 inhabitants in all. St. Louis, which had been founded in 1764, had 925 inhabitants, white and colored, free and slave. St. Charles, a little younger than St. Louis, had 875, while St. Genevieve, the oldest town in Missouri, had 949 population, the largest number of inhabitants of any settlement in Upper Louisiana.

On the eve of the time when Louisiana became United States territory nearly one out of every seven of Missouri's inhabitants was a slave. After annexation in 1803 Missouri's population increased rapidly, tripling between 1810 and 1820, much more than doubling between 1820 and 1830, and also between 1830 and 1840, and nearly doubling between 1840 and 1850 and between 1850 and 1860. The aggregate number of inhabitants in 1860, the last year of a national enumeration in which slavery existed, was 1,182,012, of which 114,-

931 were slaves. Missouri advanced from the twenty-third in point of population among the states and territories in 1810 to eighth in 1860, while ever since 1870 it has held the fifth place.

At the beginning of this period, the slave ingredient of Missouri's population increased somewhat faster than the free element. The slaves, which numbered a little less than one out of every seven of the inhabitants at the end of the Spanish domination, were slightly in excess of one out of six in 1830. Then they began to decline, and had dropped to a little less than one out of ten in 1860. The proportion of the state's negro population has continued to shrink since emancipation, and was as one to seventeen in 1890.

The slaves in Missouri gained on the free element at the outset, because most of its early immigrants after annexation were from the slave states, particularly Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Many of them carried slaves with them. The further introduction of slavery into the Northwest Territory (the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi) was forbidden by the ordinance of 1787. This restriction helped to divert to Missouri in the beginning many immigrants from the older states who otherwise would have gone into the more accessible territory north of the Ohio. A large majority of the Missourians, whether they had slaves or not, expected that their locality would be a slave state. Naturally the South stood with them. It aimed to preserve the balance between the number of slave and free states, so as to defeat in the Senate all measures directed against slavery, the North being dominant in the House, in which representation was based on population. Counting Alabama, which was let in in 1819 after Missouri first asked admission, there were twenty-two states, eleven free and eleven slave, before Missouri entered.

Most of the North, on the other hand, was determined that no more slave states should be created. It was a sectional and not a party question. Practically there was only one party after 1816, the last national canvass in which the Federalist party participated, and the Democracy had the entire field to itself. A Northern Democrat, Tallmadge of New York, to the bill for the admission of Missouri, offered, in 1819, an amendment that no more slaves should be let into Missouri, and that the children born of slaves in the state after it was admitted should be free after reaching the age of twenty-five.

A contest then began which startled Jefferson, as he declared, "like a fire-bell in the night," which lasted two years, and which convulsed the country. Twice the House, in which the North was predominant, passed the bill with the anti-slavery proviso, but the restriction was each time defeated in the Senate. The latter at last yoked Maine, which was ready for admission, with Missouri, the South agreeing to let Maine in as a free state if the North would allow Missouri to come in with slavery. Then an adjustment was proposed, by a Northern Democrat of pro-slavery proclivities, Senator Jesse B. Thomas of Illinois, by which Maine was to be admitted as a free state; Missouri was to enter with slavery, but slavery was to be excluded from all the rest of the territory bought from France in 1803 north of latitude 36°, 30', which line was Missouri's southern boundary through part of its length. This arrangement, which the House fought for a time, but which it at last (in 1820) accepted, was the Missouri Compromise proper. Missouri's constitution containing a clause which required the legislature to prevent the entrance of free negroes into the state, another contest was precipitated in Congress. This was at last settled by a compromise offered by Clay, under which Missouri agreed not to shut out

anybody recognized as a citizen by any state, and at that time negroes were recognized as citizens by several Northern states. Thus, by the Thomas adjustment, supplemented by the Clay concession, Missouri was thrust northward as a cape of slavery into a sea of freedom.

The slavery interest drew Missouri toward the South, the slavery section, and toward the Democracy, the party which was generally predominant in that region. Other influences — mineral production, internal improvements at the national expense, and the tariff — drew Missouri in the opposite direction, harmonized it with the West, to which, by geography and the character of its principal products, it belonged, and built up within the state a considerable following for the various parties which successively were the antagonists of the Democracy throughout the country.

"Dig for lead instead of silver. The lead that you will get here will bring you more silver than you will ever find in these rocks and hills."

These words were said to have been addressed to Renault, the director of the Mississippi Company already mentioned, while he was prospecting for silver in Missouri, in 1723, with a force of negro slaves. The advice was taken. Lead mines — situated in the southeastern part of the present state, some of which are still being worked, a century and three quarters after Renault's days — were opened, and rude smelters were constructed. The product was carried to the Mississippi on pack horses, conveyed across the river to Fort Chartres, in the present state of Illinois, sent down to New Orleans in keel or flat boats, and then shipped to the outer world.

Renault, the Frenchman, had been vainly seeking for gold and silver in Missouri for a year or two at this time, as Soto, the Spaniard, had been a century and three quarters earlier. Here, however, Renault, more than fifty years before the United States government was

founded, eighty years before the Missouri region became part of the United States, and nearly one hundred years before Missouri became a state of the Union, began the development of Missouri's mineral resources, whose product, as mined throughout the world, has been of immeasurably greater service to mankind than all the gold and silver which have ever been dug out of the earth. Lead, zinc, coal, iron, quicksilver, copper, manganese, tin, nickel, and many other minerals have been found in Missouri since the days when Renault's slaves began to make their clumsy and tentative efforts to dig lead. In the production of some of them Missouri takes a high rank.

According to figures furnished to the writer of this article by Mr. George E. Quinby, Missouri's Inspector of Lead and Zinc Mines, the lead ore product of the state for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, was valued at \$3,146,237, and the zinc ore at \$5,974,624, or a total value of the two ores of \$9,120,861, a gain of 53.59 per cent over the preceding year. The gain was chiefly in the zinc ore, which was 104 per cent, that in lead ore being 4.48 per cent. It is estimated that the output of the zinc ore in the year (181,430 tons high and low grade ore) equaled a product of 96,650 tons of spelter, while the total production of spelter in the United States was 99,980 tons in 1897, as shown by the government report. Missouri's output, therefore, of zinc ore in 1899 came within 3330 tons of equaling the country's entire product in 1897. The inspector predicts that, on the basis of the new fields which are being opened, Missouri will prove to be the richest lead and zinc region in the world.

In area of coal fields, 26,000 square miles, Missouri leads all the states, though in output it falls below many of them. In 1899, according to figures furnished by Mr. Charles Evans, State Inspector of Coal Mines, coal was mined in 36 of

the state's 115 counties, the product being 3,191,811 tons, the largest output in the state's history, and 12.85 per cent over the previous year. The State Geologist, Mr. John A. Gallagher, tells the writer that in the coal measures in the northwest part of Missouri the character and structure of the rocks suggest large bodies of coal yet untouched, as well as vast accumulations of petroleum and natural gas. "When fully explored and developed," he declares, "Missouri will be the greatest producer of lead and zinc in the world, a large producer of copper, nickel, and cobalt, and always a producer of iron."

The development of Missouri's mines had a powerful effect in starting manufacturing in the state. "In despite of the savages, Indian and British," said the Missouri Gazette of St. Louis, the predecessor of the present St. Louis Republic, July 17, 1813, "the country is progressing in improvements. A red and white lead manufactory has been established in this place by a citizen of Philadelphia named Hartshog. This enterprising citizen has caused extensive works to be erected, to which he has added a handsome brick house on our principal street, for retailing merchandise. We understand that his agent here has already sent several hundred thousand weight of manufactured lead to the Atlantic states." St. Louis at that time had a population of about 2000. Major Amos Stoddard, who, as an agent of France, received Upper Louisiana from Spain in 1803, and then turned it over to the United States, and who was made governor of the territory, said, "The inhabitants generally cultivated sufficient cotton for family purposes, and spun and wove it into cloth."

From these small beginnings Missouri soon rose to prominence as a manufacturing community. The census report of 1890 showed that in that year, in round figures, the gross value of the products of its manufactures was \$324,000,000,

and the net value was \$147,000,000. At that time 143,139 persons were employed in the manufactures of the state, and the wages paid to them that year was \$76,416,364. Using the census figures in each case, Missouri in 1850 stood tenth on the roll of states in the gross value of manufactured products, ninth in net value, and thirteenth in the number employed and in the wages paid. By 1890 it had advanced to the seventh place in the gross and net value of product, ninth in number of persons employed, and seventh in the wages paid. When the latest national census was taken the only states which stood ahead of Missouri in manufacturing were New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, and New Jersey. St. Louis, Missouri's chief city, stood in 1890, in the amount of capital invested in manufactures, fifth among the country's cities, being led by New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Brooklyn only.

It was said in an earlier part of this article that when Missouri in 1821 was admitted to statehood it was thrust northward as a cape of slavery into a sea of freedom. It was also thrust westward as a promontory of civilization into an ocean of savagery. Outside of its boundaries were no settlements of any consequence west of the Mississippi except down near the Gulf of Mexico, in the state of Louisiana, and these were far out of the current of western travel.

The state in which the paths of Coronado and Soto, one marching from Florida and the other from the Gulf of California, would have crossed if they had been extended a little farther, became, early in the present century, the meeting place of mightier hosts than were ever arrayed under the banner of these Spanish cavaliers. It was the rallying point of forces which were gathering for the conquest of a continent. Here converged the streams of immigration coming from New England and

New York; from Pennsylvania and Maryland; from Virginia and the Carolinas; from Louisiana and the other Gulf states, reinforced by contingents from every important country of the Old World. Within this remotest outpost of civilization were assembled the most daring, restless, and resourceful of all the races under the sun.

From St. Louis started Lewis and Clark in 1804 up the Missouri and down the Columbia to the Pacific, to learn the wonders and mysteries of the vast empire which Jefferson had just purchased from France, — the first among Americans, and the third among men of any nationality, to cross the continent, Cabeza de Vaca, the Spaniard, in 1528-36, traveling from Florida through Texas and Mexico, being the first man of any race to accomplish this achievement, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Scotchman, in Canada in 1793, being the second. From St. Louis also Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike sailed up the Mississippi in 1805 to trace out the sources of that waterway. A year afterward, moving from the same starting point, he discovered the peak in the Rocky Mountains which bears his name, — the first instance, as Bryant said, in which "the speech of England" gave a designation to any part of that range south of the Missouri River, — and carried the American flag to the Rio Grande, then Spanish territory, forty years before Zachary Taylor's approach to that river precipitated the Mexican War. Major Stephen H. Long, in 1819, moved from the same base, using the first steamboat ever employed for government exploration in the interior of the country, went up the Missouri, and then struck across to the Arkansas and the Red rivers to ascertain the boundary between the United States and Spain as laid down by the treaty of 1819 by which Florida was annexed. A quarter of a century later, Fremont, with the same city as a headquarters, began that career as a path-

finder in the Rockies and conquistadore in California which gave him the picturesqueness and prominence that captivated the imagination of his fellow countrymen in his day, and secured for him the nomination for President in 1856 of the new Republican party.

When founded by Laclede and Chouteau back in 1764, under a patent from Louis XV., St. Louis was designed to be a post for the collection of peltries, and soon became the headquarters for this trade all over Upper Louisiana. Here John Jacob Astor, in 1819, established the western department of his fur company, and it remained the centre of the fur trade in the United States to a recent day. Here, too, for many years was the headquarters of the Indian agencies. The old and the new order among Indian fighters and pioneers met here. Daniel Boone, the last and most typical of the forest rangers, who had lived under two flags — the British and the American — while east of the Mississippi, and who was under three flags — the Spanish, French, and American — west of that stream, died in Missouri just as Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, the earliest and most eminent of plainsmen, were beginning their career at that point.

From Missouri's metropolis were started the first trade relations ever established between the United States and the Spaniards and Mexicans in the Southwest. The commerce which was opened in an unpromising way with Santa Fé, New Mexico's capital, by Auguste P. Chouteau and Julius P. Mun, in 1816, grew eventually to represent millions of dollars a year. It was carried by long trains of wagons whose story is invested with as much romance and mystery as that of the caravans laden with silks, cashmeres, spices, and precious stones which, moving from India to Europe, passed from the Persian Gulf up the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris to the Black Sea in the days of Marco Polo. Previous to 1832

the eastern terminus of the Santa Fé trail was at Franklin, and afterward, until the railroad superseded the caravans, it was at Independence. Both are Missouri towns, but the headquarters and distributing point for the trade were in St. Louis.

In Missouri began all the historic trails which, in the days before the advent of the railroads, were traversed by the immigrants and the explorers on the route to all parts of the West from New Mexico and California to Oregon. It was over one of these — that from Santa Fé to St. Louis on part of his course — that Marcus Whitman made that wild ride of several months in the winter of 1842-43 from the valley of the Columbia to Washington, to warn President Tyler and Congress that the British were preparing, through the importation of colonists from Canada, to secure Oregon, then dominated by the British monopoly — the Hudson's Bay Company. Over another route, that leading from Westport, on the site of the present Kansas City, by way of the South Pass, Whitman returned in the summer of 1843, leading 800 immigrants with 200 wagons to the basin of the Columbia, and started the movement of Americans thither which won Oregon for the United States in the treaty with England in 1846. Through Missouri also passed part of the Mormons in their hegira from Nauvoo when they set up their Zion in the Salt Lake valley.

Now let us see how these conflicting conditions registered themselves in Missouri's politics. Slavery drew the state toward the Democracy, while the state's mineral wealth and its manufactures, which caused a demand for tariffs for protection, pulled it toward the Democracy's successive antagonists, — the National Republican, the Whig, and the Republican parties. The slavery influence, supplemented by other considerations after slavery was abolished, was, on the whole, the stronger.

A few facts, however, which are often lost sight of by writers on American politics, must be kept in view, in order that the history of the West in general, and that of Missouri in particular, in the days before the Civil War may be understood. The objection to slavery was not, in the free section of the country, so widespread or intense when Missouri was asking for admission as it became a quarter of a century later. The importance of slavery in Missouri's industrial system was less than it was in any other of the fifteen states in which it existed. Relatively, slavery declined in Missouri from 1830 onward to emancipation. Many of Missouri's dominant party, the Democracy, were personally opposed to slavery, and went into the Republican party when, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, the Whig party was destroyed, and the Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, and anti-slavery elements of the Whig, Democratic, and Know-Nothing organizations were swept into the coalition which adopted the Republican name.

In the free states west of the Alleghanies there was, at the outset, a powerful sentiment in favor of slavery. By the sixth section of the ordinance of 1787 the further introduction of slavery into the territory north of the Ohio River was prohibited, but some slaves remained in one or two of the states of that locality until near the middle of this century. It was only by a majority of one that a proposition to introduce slavery into Ohio was defeated in the convention which framed the constitution of that state in 1802, and the anti-negro legislation known as the "black code" was not entirely swept away in Ohio until 1887. In the early days of the territory of Indiana William Henry Harrison, its governor, and delegate conventions appealed year after year to Congress to permit slavery to enter that locality. In the Illinois legislature of 1823-24 a proposition was carried by a

two-thirds vote to hold a convention to alter the state's constitution, the principal change desired being the elimination of the slavery exclusion clause, the aim being to align Illinois with Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, and the rest of the slave states. After one of the most exciting contests which ever occurred in the state the proposition for a new convention was beaten when it got before the people, and the state was saved to freedom, but Illinois, like Indiana, refused to join the Republican party until 1860. The Ohio River did not really become an extension of Mason and Dixon's line until after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 gave slavery an equal chance with freedom in territory from which slavery had been excluded by that adjustment. It was then that the northern section of the agricultural West broke from the agricultural South and left the Democratic party; though Indiana and Illinois remained in partisan harmony with Missouri and the slave section in general until Lincoln's first election.

The Democrats controlled Missouri almost without interruption from 1821 to 1861, though often by only small majorities, and in the mineral producing and manufacturing districts there was a decided leaning toward the successive antagonists of the Democracy. There was a strong current of anti-slavery feeling in one section of that party, and it asserted itself when, in 1849, the legislature adopted the Jackson resolutions, — so called from the fact that Claiborne F. Jackson, who was the secessionist governor of the state in 1861, was chairman of the committee which reported them, — pledging Missouri, through its representatives in Congress, to assist the other slave states against all attempts to exclude slavery from the territories. Thomas H. Benton, then near the end of his thirty years' service in the Senate, denounced the resolutions as aiming to disrupt the Union, refused to obey them,

declared that slavery was an evil which he would neither sanction himself nor impose upon others, and appealed to the people of the state upon that issue.

This split the Democracy in Missouri. The Benton, or anti-slavery element, was led by Francis P. Blair, Jr., B. Gratz Brown, Arnold Krekel, John D. Stephenson, and Richard A. Barrett. The most prominent pro-slavery Democrats were Benton's colleague in the Senate, David R. Atchison, Governor Sterling Price, and Jackson. Benton was beaten for reelection, retired from the Senate in 1851, but kept up the fight, was elected to the House in 1852, in which body he made a powerful speech against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; was defeated in 1854 in attempting to get a second term, and was beaten in 1856 as the anti-slavery Democratic candidate for governor. The pro-slavery section of the Democracy controlled the state until the Civil War. Most of Benton's Democratic supporters joined the Republican party at its appearance in 1854. Benton himself advocated the election of Buchanan in 1856, against his own son-in-law, John C. Fremont, the Republican nominee, but he did this because he feared a triumph for the Republicans would send the South out of the Union, though he turned against Buchanan in 1857 when the latter fell under the influence of the Southern extremists and attempted to force slavery upon Kansas. Benton died in 1858, but would undoubtedly have supported Lincoln had he lived to 1860, for he detested the secessionists, who had Breckinridge for a candidate in that year, and despised Douglas, whom he had, while in the House, denounced for repealing the Missouri Compromise and bringing slavery up in a portentous phase.

Missouri gave only 17,000 votes to Lincoln in 1860, but Breckinridge got only 31,000, as compared with 59,000 for Douglas, the nominee of the North-

ern section of the Democrats, and 58,000 for Bell, the candidate of the Constitutional Union party of ex-Whigs and ex-Know-Nothings. Thus the aggregate vote of the three Unionist ingredients of the citizens of Missouri was 134,000, as against 31,000 for the disunionists. In 1861 the secessionist faction, whose master spirit was Governor Jackson, was beaten in the convention held to decide whether Missouri was to leave the Union or remain in it, the popular vote on delegates to the convention showing a majority of 80,000 for the Unionist side, whose most active leader was Blair. Missouri was one of the four slave states which clung to the Union, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware being the others, and Kentucky was largely influenced in its course by Missouri. By throwing the immense weight of its resources and strategic position on the side of the government in this election for delegates, which was held several weeks before Lincoln's inauguration; by the prompt and vigorous blows by which Blair and General Lyon defeated the plottings of the disunionists, and by the 109,000 soldiers which it furnished to the Federal armies, Missouri pushed back the northern line of secession to the Arkansas River, weakened the grip of the Confederates upon the Mississippi, and contributed materially toward the triumph of the Union cause. By an ordinance of its constitutional convention adopted January 11, 1865, before the Thirteenth Amendment was submitted to the states, Missouri abolished slavery within its limits, and it was the only slave state which emancipated its slaves voluntarily.

The war of 1861-65 put the Republicans in control of Missouri. Lincoln in 1864 and Grant in 1868 carried it by large majorities, and two Republican governors — Thomas C. Fletcher and Joseph W. McClurg — were chosen, the latter of whom was elected in 1868. The Liberal Republicans, under the lead of

B. Gratz Brown and Carl Schurz, in combination with the Democrats, carried the state in 1870, electing Brown governor, and every governor elected since then has been a Democrat.

Why did the Republicans so quickly and so completely lose their hold on Missouri? Chiefly because of the adoption of the Drake constitution of 1865, popularly nicknamed the "Draconian code," Charles D. Drake being the controlling spirit in the convention which framed it. This constitution had some excellent features, one dealing with education being particularly admirable, but the provisions relating to the suffrage, particularly that part creating the test oath, aroused powerful opposition throughout the state. This was an oath of loyalty to the government, and nobody could vote, hold any state, county, or municipal office, practice law, teach in a secular or Sunday school, serve as a juror, preach the gospel, or solemnize marriage without taking this oath, while the offenses which were named were so numerous and so comprehensive that those who could take the oath without committing perjury were comparatively few.

Many of the Republican leaders in Missouri opposed the test oath, and in the election in June, 1865, to ratify or reject the constitution of which it was a part, it got a majority of only 1862 out of a total poll of over 85,000, although nobody was permitted to vote unless he could have qualified under the terms of the constitution if it had already been in operation. General Francis P. Blair, the leading spirit among the Unionists and Republicans, refused to take the oath, and brought suit against the registering officers for denying him permission to vote. Father John A. Cummings, who had been indicted for administering the rites of his church without taking the oath, brought the case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and that tribunal, in January, 1867, declared the test oath unconstitutional.

The discriminations against ex-Confederates still imposed by the constitution were opposed by many Republicans, and these, who took the name of Liberal Republicans, led by B. Gratz Brown and Carl Schurz, bolted the regular convention in 1870, organized another convention, put up Brown for governor, and he was supported by the Democrats and elected. That was the beginning of the Liberal Republican party, which put up Greeley and Brown for President and Vice President respectively in 1872, and were supported by the Democracy. At the election of 1870, at which Brown was chosen governor, amendments were ratified abolishing the test oath and the disfranchisement clause. Thus the Republicans of Missouri were weakened by the secession of the Brown, Schurz, and Blair elements, and the Democrats were strengthened by the removal of the disabilities from the ex-Confederates. The Democratic party at once went to the front, elected the governor chosen in 1872, and has been dominant in the state ever since.

Nobody in the party which was responsible for the Drake constitution defends that instrument now. It should be remembered, however, that passion blazed fiercely all over the country in 1865. Missouri had suffered seriously by the war. Many battles were fought in the state. The movements of armies continued in it for nearly four years. The state furnished 109,000 men to the Union army, and 30,000 to the Confederacy. Out of the Union contingent 14,000 were killed in battle or died of wounds or disease. Tens of thousands of people in the region harried by the contending armies moved out of the state. Immense losses of property were occasioned. Society was disorganized. These conditions explain, though they do not excuse, the legislation directed against the element which the Union party conceived to be the authors of the state's woes.

But let it not be inferred that politics in Missouri is so one-sided that the minority party is hopelessly in the minority. The state's great natural wealth enabled it to recover so quickly from the effects of the war of 1861-65 that whereas it stood thirteenth on the roll of states in population in 1850, and eighth in 1860, it had jumped to fifth in 1870, and it has held that rank ever since. The only states which lead it in population are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio. Prosperity brought a softening of the asperities caused by the Civil War, and this has gradually narrowed the gap between the vote of the two great parties.

While the Democrats have elected all the governors chosen in Missouri since 1872, the Republicans carried it for the part of the ticket (minor state officers) elected in 1894, and also carried one branch of the legislature in that year,

and ten of the state's fifteen members of Congress. The Democrats cast fifty-three per cent of the vote of the state for President in 1896, but in that year they were in alliance with the Populists. Their proportion of the total vote of the state in 1898 for Supreme Court judge was only fifty-one per cent. In the state's larger cities, particularly in St. Louis, the Republicans have been predominant for years. Among the Germans, who have been an important ingredient in Missouri's population since the later "fifties," the Republican party has always been particularly strong. The balance is getting so close in Missouri that the ideal political condition must soon be at hand when the two great parties will be forced by self-interest always to nominate their cleanest and ablest men, and to put forward a policy which will mean economy, efficiency, and progress.

Charles M. Harvey.

IMPRESSIONISM AND APPRECIATION.

PURE impressionism in literary criticism has of late years grown into great favor, both among critics themselves and with the public. The essentials of a good critic — so the rubric has come to run — are sensitiveness to the varying appeal of art, and the ability to translate this appeal unerringly into images and phrases. The impressionist must have delicacy of perception, mobility of mood, reverence for the shade, and a sure instinct for the specific integrating phrase and for the image, tinged with feeling.

The popular legend that places Matthew Arnold at the head of this critical tradition in England is, at least partly, true; he certainly cared more for the shade, and sought more patiently to define it, than any earlier English critic. The cult of the shade was one of the

many good things that came to him from France. But Arnold the critic was no match for Arnold the foe of Philistinism. Though he had early insisted on the need of detachment in literary criticism, Arnold suffered his moods to be perturbed and his temperament to be blurred by worry over practical and public questions of the hour; and in later years he grew so intent on coaching his fellow countrymen in morals and religion as to lose in some degree his critical zest for refinements that had no direct ethical value. It is rather to Walter Pater among English essayists that the modern impressionist looks for precept and example in his search for disinterestedness, for artistic sincerity, and for flexibility of temperament; and it is Pater who, more than all other English critics,

has illustrated what appreciative criticism may accomplish.

Yet if we consider the matter more carefully, impressionism is neither Arnold's nor Pater's importation or invention. It is the result of far deeper influences than any one man could have put in play. It is indeed the expression in literature of certain spiritual tendencies that have long been developing, — tendencies the growth of which may be traced in man's relation to nature as well as to art. And it is because the moods and the instincts and the methods of impressionism may thus be discovered working themselves out connectively and progressively in the history of the human spirit that they must be regarded as justifying themselves, and as deserving from even the most conservative judges some degree of recognition and acceptance. Little by little, during the last two centuries, the human spirit has gained a finer and closer sense of the worth and meaning of every individual moment of pleasure in the presence alike of nature and of art. The record of this increase of sensitiveness toward nature is to be found in poetry, and toward art, in criticism.

Thomson's *Seasons* may be taken as representing the utmost sensitiveness to nature of which the early eighteenth century was capable. Even for a modern reader, Thomson's descriptions still have considerable charm; but what such a reader soon notes is that the effects Thomson portrays are all generalized effects, grouped significantly under the names of the four seasons. Typical spring, typical summer, and so on, — these Thomson describes, and of these he feels what may be called the generalized emotional value. Beyond this typical treatment of nature and these generalized emotions he does not pass. As we go on, however, through the poetry of the century, nature becomes gradually more localized; poets dare to mark with specific detail — to picture vividly — in-

dividual objects, and they feel, and set down in their verse, the general charm that *this* landscape, *this* smiling valley, or *this* brimming river has for an impressionable observer. Cowper has thus recorded much of the beauty of the valley of the Ouse, — with delicate truth and finished art. Yet, be it noted, he has included in his record little or no suggestion of his momentary moods. In Wordsworth and the Romantic poets the impressions of nature are still further defined — are individualized both in place and in time; at last we have "the time and the place and the loved one all together." Continually in Romantic poetry, a special bit of nature, tinged with the color of a fleeting mood, is enshrined in verse; the fusion of nature with man's spirit is relatively complete.

In criticism, too, — that is, in man's conscious relation to art, — a similar growth in sensitiveness and in concreteness of matter and mood may be traced. Addison was the first to try to work out, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the psychology of artistic enjoyment; and his papers on *Paradise Lost* come nearer being patient and vital appreciation of literature than any earlier English criticism comes. Yet, after all, they get little beyond a conventional and general classification of impressions. Addison's words of praise and blame are few, literal, abstract, colorless. "Just," "natural," "elegant," "beautiful," "wonderfully beautiful and poetical," — these words and phrases, and others like them, are used again and again; and rarely indeed does Addison escape from such tagging generalities and define a personal impression vividly and imaginatively. The history of literary criticism from Addison's day to our own is, if viewed in one way, the history of the ever increasing refinement of the critic's sensorium; it is the history of the critic's increasing sensitiveness to delicate shades of spiritual experience in his reaction on literature; and, finally, it is

the history of a growing tendency on the part of the critic to value, above all else, his own intimate relation to this or that piece of literature, — a tendency that more and more takes the form of prizing the fleeting mood, the passing poignant moment of enjoyment in the presence of art, until at last certain modern critics refuse, on principle, to feel twice alike about the same poem. In short, what has occurred is this: a poem in its relation to the critic has been gradually carried over from the outside world and made an intimate part of the critic's personality; it has been transformed from an external object, loosely related to universal mind and generalized emotion of which the critic stands as type, into a series of thought-waves and nerve-vibrations that run at a special moment through an active brain and a sensitive temperament. For the pre-Addisonian critic, a poem was something to be scanned and handled, like an exquisite casket, and to be praised in general terms for its conventional design, its ingenious setting of jewel-like ornaments, and its sure and skillful execution; for the modern impressionistic critic, it is like the tone of a dear voice, like the breath of early morning, like any intangible greeting that steals across the nerves and cherishes them with an intimately personal appeal.

Impressionism, then, justifies itself historically. But more than this, it justifies itself psychologically; for it recognizes with peculiar completeness the vitalizing power of literature — its fashion of putting into play the whole nature of each reader it addresses, and its consequent, unlimited, *creative* energy. A piece of scientific writing offers to every man the same studiously unequivocal message; as far as the writer is consistently scientific, his terms have only an intellectual value, put only the mind into play, and guide all minds through the same routine of syllogism and inference

to an inevitable conclusion. In contrast with this uniformity in the appeal of science is the infinite variableness and adaptability of literature. Every piece of literature is a mimic piece of life that tempts the reader to capture from it, with mind and heart and imagination, an individual bliss; he may, in some measure, shape it as he will — work out his own destiny with it. A theorem from Euclid once mastered is one and the same thing to every man — perennially monotonous. A play of Shakespeare's (or, for that matter, a sonnet of Rossetti's) speaks a language that varies in its power and suggestion according to the personality of the hearer, and even according to his mood; the poem gets its value, as life gets its value, from the temperament that confronts it; and it is this enchanting fickleness in literature that of late years impressionism has been more and more noting and illustrating, until some critics, like M. Anatole France, assure us that literary criticism is nothing, and should be nothing, but the recital of one's personal adventures with a book.

It is a mistake, then, to protest against the growth of impressionism, as some nervous guardians of the public literary conscience are inclined to protest, as if a parasitic form of literature were creeping into undue importance. Regarded as literature about literature, impressionism may seem an overrefined product — two degrees removed from actual life, fantastically unreal; but regarded as the intimate record of what a few happy moments have meant to an alert mind and heart, impressionism is transcendently close to fact. The popularity of impressionism is only one sign more that we are learning to prize, above most things else, richness of spiritual experience. The sincere and significant mood, — this is what we have come to care for, whether the mood be suggested by life, by nature, or by art and literature. False moods expressed maladroitly will

doubtless try to get themselves accepted, just as artificial poems about nature have multiplied endlessly since Wordsworth's day. The counterfeit merely proves the worth of the original. In an age that has learned to look on art with conscious sincerity, and to recognize that the experience offered in art rivals religious experience in renovating and stimulating power, there must more and more come to be an imaginative literature that takes its inspiration direct from art; of such imaginative literature critical impressionistic writing is one of the most vital forms.

But though impressionistic writing may, as literature, not only justify itself, but prove to be sincerely expressive of some of the most original tendencies of the modern mind, the case is somewhat different when such writing is considered as literary criticism pure and simple, and is cross-questioned as to whether it can do the work that has hitherto been exacted of literary criticism. Some French critic, perhaps M. Jules Lemaitre, has been accused of turning an essay on a volume of Renan's *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme* into a lyrical recital of his own boyish delights with a Noah's ark. Instances enough of such critical waywardness must have fallen under every one's eye who keeps the run of current essay-work. Sainte-Beuve long ago said of Taine that in criticising an author he was apt to pull all the blankets to his own side of the bed. And what was true of Taine, because of his devotion to theory, is true of many modern critics, because of their willfulness and caprice — or, to put the matter more sympathetically, because of their overruling delight in their own sensibility and impressionableness; they care for themselves more than for their author. When such egoism goes with genius and with artistic resource, the resulting essays justify themselves, because they reveal in fascinating wise new phases of the ever varying spiritual con-

sciousness of the age. But even in such cases, where a really original personality, under the chance stimulus of literature, flashes out at us winning and imaginatively suggestive glimpses of itself, it may be doubted whether the essay that results is, properly speaking, criticism. Nor is this doubt a mere quibble over terms. The doubt involves several serious questions as regards the nature of a work of art and the critic's proper mode of approach to art. Paradoxical folk have sometimes asserted that what is best worth while in a work of art is what the author never meant to put in it, and that the superlative act of the critic is to find in a work of art for the delight of modern temperaments some previously unsuspected implication of beauty. Paradoxes aside, how much truth is there in this conception of the critic's task? and how much truth in the conception that goes with it of the essentially relative and variable character of art? We may grant that a piece of impressionistic writing is *literature*, providing it is a beautiful and significant revelation of personality, whether the nerve-vibrations that it utters take their start from life or nature or art. But is such a piece of writing *criticism*, if in commenting on a work of art it willfully neglects its intended value as conceived in the mind of the original artist and as expressing, at least in part, the genius of the age whose life he shared? Can *criticism* properly neglect this original pleasure-value in a work of art? Can it furthermore neglect that permanent and deeply enwrought pleasure, involved in a work of art, through which it has always ministered and will always minister to normal human nature? Can *criticism* properly confine itself to the record of a momentary shiver across a single set of possibly degenerate nerves?

Surely, there is something objective in a work of art even when the work of art is regarded simply and solely as potential pleasure; and surely it is part

of the task of the critic to take this objective character into full consideration. Unless he does so, his appreciation of the work will not be properly critical; nor indeed, for that matter, will his appreciation gather the full measure of personal delight that the work of art offers him. Just here lies the distinction between whimsical impressionism — which may be literature, very delightful literature, but lacks the perspective essential to criticism — and vital appreciation, which is indeed criticism in its purest and most suggestive form.

A work of art is a permanent incarnation of spiritual energy waiting for release. Milton long ago called a good book "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit stored up on purpose to a life beyond life." We may nowadays go even farther than this, and find treasured up in a piece of literature certain definite blisses and woes and flashes of insight that once went thrilling through a special temperament and mind. The most recent psychological explanations of artistic creation¹ concern themselves continually with the feelings of the artist; they trace out minutely the ways in which, through the play of the artist's feelings, a work of art is instinctively and surely generated. The poet concentrates his thought on some concrete piece of life, on some incident, character, or bit of personal experience; because of his emotional temperament, this concentration of interest stirs in him a quick play of feeling and prompts the swift concurrence of many images. Under the incitement of these feelings, and in accordance with laws of association that may at least in part be described, these images grow bright and clear, take definite shapes, fall into significant groupings, branch and ramify, and break into sparkling mimicry of the actual world of the senses — all the time delicately controlled by the poet's con-

scious purpose and so growing intellectually significant, but all the time, if the work of art is to be vital, impelled also in their alert weaving of patterns by the moods of the poet, by his fine instinctive sense of the emotional expressiveness of this or that image that lurks in the background of his consciousness. For this intricate web of images, tinged with his most intimate moods, the poet through his intuitive command of words finds an apt series of sound-symbols and records them with written characters. And so a poem arises through an exquisite distillation of personal moods into imagery and into language, and is ready to offer to all future generations its undiminishing store of spiritual joy and strength.

But it is not merely the poet's own spiritual energy that goes into his poem. The spirit of the age — if the poem include much of life in its scope, if it be more than a lyric — enters also into the poem, and moulds it and shapes it, and gives it in part its color and emotional cast and intellectual quality. In every artist there is a definite mental bias, a definite spiritual organization and play of instincts, which results in large measure from the common life of his day and generation, and which represents this life — makes it potent — within the individuality of the artist. This so-called "acquired constitution of the life of the soul" — it has been described by Professor Dilthey with noteworthy acuteness and thoroughness — determines in some measure the contents of the artist's mind, for it determines his interests, and therefore the sensations and perceptions that he captures and automatically stores up. It guides him in his judgments of worth, in his instinctive likes and dislikes as regards conduct and character, and controls in large measure the play of his imagination as he shapes the action of his drama or epic and the destinies of his heroes. Its prejudices interfiltrate throughout the molecules of his entire moral and men-

¹ See, for example, Professor Dilthey's *Die Einbildungskraft des Dichters*.

tal life, and give to each image and idea some slight shade of attractiveness or repulsiveness, so that when the artist's spirit is at work under the stress of feeling, weaving into the fabric of a poem the competing images and ideas in his consciousness, certain ideas and images come more readily and others lag behind, and the resulting work of art gets a color and an emotional tone and suggestions of value that subtly reflect the genius of the age. Thus it is that into a work of art there creeps a prevailing sort of spiritual energy that may be identified as also operating throughout the social life of the time, and as finding its further expressions in the precepts and the parables of the moralist, in the statecraft of the political leader, in the visionary dreams of the prophet and priest, and, in short, in all the various ideals, mental, moral, and social, that rule the age.

Now, as for the impressionistic writer about literature — he is apt to concern himself very little with this historical origin of a work of art. In dealing with the poetry of a long past age, he will very likely refuse the hard task of "trundling back his soul" two hundred or two thousand years and putting himself in close sympathy with the people of an earlier period. He is apt to take a poem very much as he would take a bit of nature — as a pretty play of sound or imagery upon the senses; and he may, indeed, capture through this half-sensuous treatment of art a peculiar, though wayward delight. But the appreciative critic is not content with this. He is, to be sure, well aware that his final enjoyment of a poem of some earlier age will be a far subtler and richer experience than would be the mere repetition of the pleasures that the poem gave its writer; that his enjoyment will have countless overtones and undertones that could not have existed for the producer of the poem or for its original hearers. But he also believes that the generating

pleasures that produced the work of art, and that once thrilled in a single human spirit, in response to the play and counter-play upon him of the life of his time, must remain permanently the central core of energy in the work of art; and that only as he comes to know those pleasures with fine intimacy, can he conjure out of the work of art its perfect acclaim of delight for now and here.

Therefore the appreciative critic makes use of the historical method in his study of literature. He does not use this method as the man of science uses it, for the final purpose of understanding and explaining literature as a mass of sociological facts governed by fixed laws. This rationalization of literature is not his chief concern, though he may pass this way on his journey to his special goal. But he is persuaded that in all the art and all the literature that reach the present out of the past, spirit speaks to spirit across a vast gulf of time; that he can catch the precise quality of one of these voices that come down the years only through the aid of delicate imaginative sympathy with the life of an elder generation; and that he can develop to certainty of response this divining sympathy only through patient and loyal study of the peculiar play of the powers that built up in the minds and the imaginations of those earlier men their special vision of earth and heaven.

Difficult and elusive indeed are the questions he must ask himself about the art from a distant age, if he is to be sure of just the quality of the pleasure that went into its creation. If it be Greek art that he seeks to appreciate, he will study and interpret it as the expression of the spirit of Greek life, of a spirit that lived along the nerves and fibres of an entire social organism, of a spirit that sprung from the unconscious depths of instinct, out of which slowly bodied themselves forth conscious purposes and clear ideals, and that penetrated and animated all fashions and

forms of belief and behavior, and gave them their color and shape and rhythm. He will trace out and capture the quality of this spirit as it expressed itself in the physical life of the Greeks, in their social customs, in their weaving of scientific systems, in their worship of nature, and in the splendid intricacies of their religious ritual and mysteries. And so he will hope to gain at last a sure sense of the peculiar play of energy that found release in some one of their poems, or in the marble or bronze of a hero or a god.

But the universal element in the poetry of an age by no means completes the objective character of the feeling the poetry has treasured for the delight of later times. In the case of all poetry not communal in its origin, the pleasure involved in a poem was generated in the consciousness of a single artist, and had a definite quality that partook of his individuality. Therefore the appreciative critic has a further nice series of identifications before him in his ideal search for the delight that inheres in a poem. Just what was the innermost nature of the poet who appeals to us in it, often so pathetically, down through the perilous ways of time? What was the special vision of life that he saw and felt the thrill of? What were the actual rhythms of the quicksilver passion in his veins? What was the honey dew on which he fed? What was the quintessential pleasure that he, among all men of his day, distilled into his verse?

Fantastic or insoluble these questions may seem unless with regard to poets about whom we have the closest personal memoranda. Yet critics have now and then answered such questions with surprising insight, even in the case of poets the gossip of whose lives is wholly unknown to us, and whose form of art was least personal in its revelations. Professor Dowden's grouping of Shakespeare's plays in accordance with the prevailing spiritual tone-color of each and the moods

toward life that are imaginatively uttered — moods of debonair light-heartedness, of rollicking jollity, of despairing pessimism, or of luminous golden-tempered comprehension — is an admirable example of the possible intimate interpretation of a poet's varying emotions as treasured in his art.

Here, then, are suggested two ways in which the appreciative critic who would make his impression of a work of art something more than a superficial momentary irritation of pleasure and pain will contrive to direct the play of his spiritual energy. He will realize, as far as he can, the primal vital impulse that wrought out the work of art; he will, in appreciating a poem, discover and recreate in his own soul the rhythms of delight with which the poem vibrated for the men of the age whose life the poem uttered; and he will also discern and realize those actual moods, those swift counterchanges of feeling, which once, in a definite place and at a definite moment, within the consciousness of a single artist evoked images and guided them into union, charged them with spiritual power, and called into rhythmical order sound-symbols to represent them thenceforth forever.

But it must at once be noted that this mimetic enjoyment is after all only the beginning of that process of vitalization by which an appreciative critic wins from a work of art its entire store of delight. The mood of the modern critic is something far subtler than any mere repetition of the mood of the original creative artist; it contains in itself a complexity and a richness of suggestion and *motifs* that correspond to all the gains the human spirit has made since the earlier age. Indeed, these subtle spiritual differences begin to declare themselves the moment the critic tries to describe the earlier enjoyment enshrined in a work of art. Walter Pater, for example, in noting in his essay on Winckelmann the serene equipoise in

Greek art between man's spirit and his body, at once involuntarily sets over against this mood the later mood in which spirit usurps and so tyrannizes over matter in its exaction of expression as to distort the forms of art, and render them "pathetic." No such contrast as this was present in the mind of the Greek as he enjoyed his own art; nor any contrast with a hungry, over-subtle intellectualism, such as nowadays makes the modern consciousness anxious for the individualizing accurate detail and the motley effects of realism. Yet these contrasts and others like them are part of the very essence of our modern delight in the freedom and largeness and calm strength of Greek art. Perhaps the Greek had more zest in his art than we have in it; but his enjoyment certainly had not the luxurious intricacy and the manifold implications of our enjoyment.

Always, then, in the complete appreciation of a work of art there is this superimposition of other moods upon the mood of the creative artist — there is a reinforcement of the original effect by the delicate interfusion of new tones and strains of feeling. Often this is as if harmonies once written for a harpsichord were played upon a modern piano whose "temperament" has been made rich and expressive through the artful use and adjustment of all possible over-tones. We should be able to draw from the music new shades of meaning and of beauty. But the original chords — those we should scrupulously repeat; and the original tone-color, too, it were well to have at least in memory. If a critic will win from early Florentine painting — from the work, for example, of Fra Lippo Lippi — its innermost value for the modern temperament, he will first recover imaginatively the sincere religious impulse and the naïve religious faith, as well as the dawning delight in the opening possibilities of a new art, which animated those early paint-

ers. He will try to catch the very mood that underlies the tender mystic wistfulness of Lippo Lippi's Madonnas, and that gives them their soft and luminous constraint in the midst of the eager adoration of shepherd boys and attending angels. He will recognize this mood as all the more appealing because of the quaint incompleteness of the artist's technique, his loyal archaic awkwardness, his religious formalism and symbolism, his unsure perspective, all the tantalizing difficulties of execution through which his vision of beauty made its way into color and form. This mood will define itself for the critic through the aid of many nicely modulated contrasts — through contrast, it may be, with the more shadowed and poignantly mysterious Madonnas of Botticelli, and with the splendid and victorious womanhood of Titian's Madonnas, with the gentle and terrestrial grace of motherhood in those of Andrea del Sarto, and with the sweetly ordered comeliness of Van Dyck's Madonnas. But above all, it will define itself through contrast with our modern mood toward the Madonna and the religious ideas she symbolizes — through contrast with our sophisticated reverie, our hardly won half-credence, and our wise, pathetic insight. And through this contrast the earlier mood will gain for us a certain poignancy of delight; for the mood will come to us as something restored as by miracle out of the otherwise irrecoverable past of the spirit — out of the past of that spirit whose wayfaring through passions of aspiration and joy, and through drear times of sadness and desolation, was *our* wayfaring, since we have gathered into ourselves all the usufruct of it: —

"Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to
flame,
The lifted, shifted steepes and all the way?"

The appreciative critic, then, should know the characteristic joy of every generation of men, and the special joy

of each individual artist. He is to be a specialist in historic delight, as the poet is a specialist in the joys of his own day and generation. And therefore in trying to make real to the men of his own time the special bliss that an older work of art contains for them, the appreciative critic will not be content, as is the impressionistic critic, with interpreting it in terms of some chance wayward mood. He will wish to relumine and make potent all that is emotionally vital in the work of art; he will capture again its original quality; he will revive imaginatively those moments of bliss in the history of the human spirit which are closely akin to this bliss and which yet vary from it finely, and moments, too, that contrast broadly and picturesquely with it, all the moments, indeed, which his divining instinct directs him toward, as fit to throw into relief by contrast what is quintessential in this one moment of spiritual ardor. Thus he will try to offer to the men of his own day a just appreciation of the peculiar joy that, in the passage of years, the human spirit has stored up for itself in this record of one of its earlier phases of experience.

Throughout all his patient search for the precise quality of a work of art, the critic will, of course, make wise use of the science of æsthetics. Its analyses and principles are supposed to reveal and sum up in terse formulas the mystery of beauty, and they should therefore offer the critic a means of steadying himself into a sincerely sympathetic and uneccentric report of the special charm that lurks in a work of art. Yet it must at once be noted that for the appreciative critic the whole region of æsthetics is full of danger. Æsthetic theorizing has been the pet pastime of many callous and horny-eyed philosophers, whose only knowledge of beauty has come by hearsay. Nothing worse can happen to a critic than to be caught in the meshes of such thinkers' *a priori* theories, so much

depends on the critic's keeping an intimately vital relation to the art of which he will interpret the peculiar power. Of recent years, however, the science of æsthetics has been rescued from the region of metaphysics, and has been brought close to fact and made real and suggestive through the use of psychological methods of study. The peculiar genius of the artist has been analyzed and described; the characteristics of his temperament have been noted with the nicest loyalty; and particularly the play of his special faculty, the imagination, as this faculty through the use of sensations and images and moods and ideas creates a work of art, has been followed out with the utmost delicacy of observation by such acute and sensitive analysts as M. Gabriel Séailles, M. Michaut, and Professor Dilthey. The behavior, too, of the mind that is enjoying a work of art — this has been minutely studied and described; the "effects" and the "impressions" have been recorded by such masters of silvery instruments for weighing a fancy and measuring a motive as Fechner. The relations between all these impressions and effects and the form and content of a work of art have been tabulated. And so the science of æsthetics has become a really vital record of what may be called the mind's normal behavior both in the creation and in the enjoyment of art.

The expert critic must some time or other have followed out all these devious analyses and tracked out the intricate workings both of the typical artist's and of the typical appreciator's mind. Such an abstract initiation will have quickened his powers of perception in numberless ways, will have made him alive to countless signs and suggestions in a work of art that might otherwise have appealed to him in vain, and above all will serve to steady him against extravagance and grotesque personal caprice in appreciation. In these analyses and principles he has the sensitive record of a con-

sensus of expert opinion on the nature of artistic enjoyment — its causes and varieties. Through the help of these canons he may guard against meaningless egoism; he may manœuvre wisely within the region of the normal; he may keep within measurable distance of the tastes and the temperaments of his fellows. He will be able to test his impressions, to judge of their relative importance, to restrain personal whim within bounds, and to remain sanely true to the predominating interests of the normal human mind.

Not that the critic will let his use of æsthetic formulas and points of view conventionalize or stereotype his treatment of art. If he be happily individual and alert, he will refuse to have forced upon him a system, a method, unalterable preconceptions, or habitual modes of approach to art. He will keep in his repeated encounters with a work of art much of the dilettante's bright willfulness and fickleness. He will go to it in all moods and all weathers, will wait upon its good pleasure, and will note delightedly all its fleeting aspects. But these stray impressions will not content him, nor will he care to report them as of themselves forming a valid and final appreciation. He will play the pedant with himself; he will, in sober moments of wise hypocrisy, test the worth of his impressions by approved and academic standards; and he will scrutinize them in the light of those canons which the best modern theorizers in things æsthetic have worked out psychologically. He will select and arrange and make significant and unify. And so, while approaching a work of art unconventionally and communing with it intimately, he will, in commenting on it, keep his casual and personal sense of its charm within limits, and be intent on doing full justice to what the work of art may well mean to the normal man in normal moods.

Moreover, this æsthetic initiation will reveal to the critic one special sort of

pleasure stored in a work of art that the layman is peculiarly apt to miss — the pleasure that may be won from tracing out the artist's mastery of technique and the secrets of his victorious execution. Here, again, the critic, if he is to make the work of art give up its quintessential quality, must call the historical method to his aid. An artist who, at any moment in the history of art, wishes to express his vision of beauty through the medium and the technique of his special art, whether it be painting, or music, or poetry, always confronts a definite set of limiting conditions. He finds certain fashions prevailing in his art; he finds in vogue certain conventional ways of treating material; he finds certain fixed forms offering themselves for his use — forms like the sonata and the concerto in music, or like the sonnet and the drama in poetry. These forms are traditional, have various laws and regulations attached to their handling, and, in a sense limit the freedom of the artist, require him to make certain concessions, force him to conceive his material in stereotyped ways, and to cast it in predetermined moulds. An artist has always to find out for himself how far he can use these old forms; how far he can limit himself advantageously through accepting old conventions, whether his peculiar vision of beauty can be fully realized within the limits of the established technique, or whether he must be an innovator.

There is a curious and exquisite pleasure to be won from watching artists at close quarters with technical problems of this sort, and from observing the fine certainty with which genius gets the better of technical difficulties, through accepting a convention here, through following a fashion there, through slightly or even audaciously altering received forms or modes to secure scope for novel moods or hitherto unattained effects. An artist's vital relation to the past of his art — this is something that as it shows itself here and there in his work, the sen-

sitive and alert critic finds keen pleasure in detecting. Here, again, the critic's specialized temperament and knowledge mediate between the art of earlier times and the men of his own day, and reveal through the help of æsthetics and history the peculiar pleasure with which art has, consciously or unconsciously, been charged.

Finally, the critic must bear in mind that it is distinctly for the men of his own day that he is revitalizing art; that it is for them that his specialized temperament is to use its resources. Every age, some one has said, must write its own literary criticism; and this holds specially true of appreciative criticism. The value of a work of art depends on what it finds in the consciousness to which it appeals; and because individuality is deeper and richer now than it has ever been before, and because the men of to-day are "the heirs of the ages," and have "ransacked the ages and spoiled the climes," a great traditional work of art ought to have a richer, more various, more poignant value for modern men than it had for their predecessors. Even in the matter of sense-perceptions this progress is noticeable. "Our forefathers," says a recent essayist on M. Claude Monet, "saw fewer tones and colors than we; they had, in fact, a simpler and more naïve vision; the modern eye is being educated to distinguish a complexity of shades and varieties of color before unknown." If there has been this increase of delicate power even in a slowly changing physical organ, far greater have been the increase and diversification of sensitiveness in the region of spiritual perception. New facts and ideas have been pouring into the national consciousness from the physical sciences during the last half century, tending to transform in countless subtle ways man's sense of his own place in the universe, his ideals of brotherhood, of justice, of happiness, and his orientation toward the Unseen. The half-mystical

control that has of late years been won over physical forces, the increased speed with which news flies from country to country, the cheap and swift modes of travel from land to land which break down the barriers between the most widely divergent civilizations — all these influences are reacting continually on the life of the spirit, are stirring men's minds to new thoughts and new moods, are developing in them new aptitudes and new powers. For minds thus changed and thus touched into new alertness and sensitiveness, past art must take on new phases, reveal in itself new suggestions, and acquire or lose stimulating power in manifold ways. These alterations of value the appreciative critic ought to feel and transcribe.

And therefore the critic's must not be a "cloistered virtue;" at least, imaginatively, he must be in sympathy with the whole life of his time. He must be intimately aware of its practical aims and preoccupations, of its material strivings, of all the busy play of its social activities, of its moral and religious perturbations, even of its political intrigues. Doubtless Matthew Arnold was right when he insisted on "detachment" as the first requisite of good criticism. But in urging detachment, Arnold meant simply that the critic must not let himself become the victim of practical problems or party organizations; that he must not let his imagination be seized upon by a set of definite ideas that are at once to be realized in fact; that he must not become an intellectual or moral or political bigot or a mere Tory or Radical advocate — the one-idea'd champion of a programme. The critic must have much of the dilettante's fine irresponsibility, perhaps even something of the cynic's amused aloofness from the keen competitions of daily life. But he must also have the dilettante's infinite variety, his intense dramatic curiosity, and his alert, wide-ranging vision. He should know the men of his own day through

and through in all their tastes and tempers, and should be even more sensitively aware than they are themselves of their collective prejudices. So he should deepen his personality and as far as possible include within it whatever is most characteristic of his age. In the terms of all this, as well as of his own fleeting moods, he will try to appreciate past art. And so he will become, in very truth, the specialized temperament of the moment, interpreting the past to the present.

Continually, then, in his search for the pleasure involved in a work of art, the critic finds that he must go outside the work of art and beyond his own momentary state of consciousness; he must see the work of art in its relations to larger and larger groups of facts; and he can charm out of it its true quality only by interpreting its sensations and images and rhythms as expressing some-

thing far greater than themselves, and as appealing to something far more permanent than his own fleeting moods. He must put the work of art in its historical setting; he must realize it in its psychological origin; he must conceive of it as one characteristic moment in the development of the human spirit, and in order thus to vitalize it he must be aware of it in its contrasting relations with other characteristic moments and phases of this development; and, finally, he must be alive to its worth as a delicately transparent illustration of æsthetic law. In regarding the work of art under all these aspects, his aim is primarily not to explain and not to judge or dogmatize, but to enjoy; to realize the manifold charm the work of art has gathered into itself from all sources, and to interpret this charm imaginatively to the men of his own day and generation.

Lewis E. Gates.

ARABY THE BLEST.

I.

It was known afar off as the water boat by the oddity of its sail. Even those people whose untrained eyes noted no differences of line and rigging, to whom the cut of the jib was a metaphor pure and simple, could not miss the contrast between a faded blue sail and a shining white one. There was something primitive and idyllic in its errand that appealed to the imagination, and something humanitarian that allied it to the moral meanings of the universe. Whether it slipped about from yacht to trading schooner or sloop in the early morning, before the movement of life had fairly begun, cleaving the quiet waters with their broken reflections of the dawn, or threaded its way at evening through the array of anchored boats, beginning to

hang out a light, here and there, in that moment which "calls the glory from the gray," there was in its gentle passage a hint of something harmonious as Nature herself.

In the bow, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, sat Araby, daughter of old Captain Kellaway, for whom the open sea had at last grown too rough, and who, driven to plying a peaceful trade, had found a singularly congenial one as water carrier. Not much moved by the spectacle of the silver and rose of the evening hour, which shed magic upon the harbor and tenderly suffused the whole atmosphere with unreality, the quick, gray eyes of the girl glanced from a heavy dory pulled by a taciturn oarsman to the luxurious dignity of a graceful yacht floating to her anchorage. She nodded now and then in more or less

indifferent greeting, without raising her head, and as the sunset gun sounded near at hand, her gaze followed the dropping of the colors in front of the clubhouse, and then again wandered idly from lantern to lantern, the lights of which flashed superfluously in the radiant glow.

"Late, ain't you, to-night, cap'n?" called out one of the crew of a weather-beaten schooner, on board of which barrels and boxes and drying linen spoke of the pursuit of the useful rather than the beautiful.

"'Bout as late as common," answered the active old man, steadying his craft for the transfer from one hoghead to another. Two other men laid aside their belated labor to lean on the rail and look down into the boat.

"How are you, Araby?" they called in their turn. "Business pretty good at the bar?"

"So so," replied Araby composedly.

"Have a banana?" asked one of the men. The girl's interest in the situation grew more vivid. For answer, she straightened herself, held out her hands and deftly caught the fruit that the sailor tossed into them.

"Thank you," she nodded, and began peeling off the yellow skin.

"Why don't you wind up your dad earlier in the day, Araby?" asked the first speaker. "Then he'd begin to start up his works and run round kinder betimes." The man had an eye for resemblances: there was an unmistakable likeness to a mechanical toy in the movements of the thin, hardy old man. Araby saw it and laughed, and Kellaway's own faded eyes twinkled within their creased and tanned casements.

"You don't even need dusting off to run all around him, do you dad?" she said. "He only gets round to looking out for you once in twenty-four hours; if you should get here sooner, it would put him all out of breath."

The heavy, short-winded man, who was not as quick on his feet as he had been

once, unresentfully pulled a banana off the bunch.

"Have another," he sang out, as the boat swung off. With the acquisitiveness of the squirrel, the girl caught this one as she had the other, and tucked it under the seat of the boat, which wended its slow way with drooping sail to a taut little knockabout lying to starboard.

"You be a reg'lar catch-all for anything there is to eat," said her father not unenviously. "If it ain't black-jack it's bananas."

Aboard the knockabout were two young fellows, one of whom, fair and broad, sat awkwardly in the stern, and, saying nothing as the boat approached, flushed ruddily through his tan. The other, darker, more active, stood in the bow, balancing himself with a slight rocking motion which tipped the craft from one side to the other.

"Hullo, Araby!" he called out.

"Hullo, Hal!" she responded. "Did you get any fish with that party you took out?" and she looked up into his face with frank interest, while the slow hazel eyes of the boy in the stern watched her every gesture with unwavering attention.

"Goin' to stay aboard to-night, ain't you, Hal?" asked Captain Kellaway.

"Yes, and want some water, cap," answered the young skipper. "Fish? no," he went on, turning to Araby again. "They did n't really go to fish, you know. They talk and laugh too much to do anything else."

"Friends of yours from Boston, were n't they?" queried the girl, as she dropped the banana skin into the water.

"Yes, friends of mine," laughed the boy, "from Boston."

"Did you take Steve along?" she asked, with a side glance at the silent figure in the stern. "Hold on, father," and she caught the gunwale of the other boat, as her father sheered off.

"I dunno as I came out this evening to give you sassiety," observed the cap-

tain mildly. At the sudden reference to him, Steve moved a little uneasily, but kept his eyes on her face.

"Oh yes, I took Steve. Any objections, missy?"

"Oh no, only I suppose he did most of the talking," she answered. "He's such a hand to carry on," and she broke off into laughter. Steve flushed deeper, his eyelids drooped in embarrassment, and he looked helplessly away, and helplessly back again to her face.

"You ought to have seen him with one of those girls this afternoon," said his friend, good-naturedly coming to his assistance, and being rewarded with a glance of smothered resentment from his beneficiary.

"Seen him!" exclaimed Araby. "I can see him any time. What I want to know is did she hear him!" The boat moved off so that it brought her abreast of the silent boy. She leaned over toward him, and flicked a bit of salt water in his face. "Did you say anything to her, Steve?" she demanded, with a coquetry the impertinence did not disguise.

"No," said the boy stolidly, while the drops of salt water rolled down his face unheeded.

"I thought so," she laughed. "Good-night, Hal."

"Steve's a good boy," said Captain Kellaway with justice, as the sail filled gently. "You keep sharpin' on him, — just because he ain't like you and some other folks, — all there is of 'em in your ears."

The headlands out toward the open sea no longer detached themselves exquisitely clear from the sky behind them; they had melted with it into a blue mistiness. An indescribable softness lay upon the rippling harbor, permeating the air and water alike, while the lights of the town sprang swiftly to join themselves to the twinkling line that defined it. There was just light enough to guide the water boat along its well-known de-

vious course. Somebody on one of the long, slender, white and shining yachts struck a match as he stood by the rail. Araby looked up quickly; she had been gazing out to sea trying to discern just where the cloudy shape of Wreck Island lost itself in the night. She saw the smoker turn to speak to a woman seated near him on the cushions, and caught her profile as it was lifted in reply. Then she came nearer as they rounded the stern, and the man looking down raised his cap.

"Good-evening, Araby," he said. "How are you, captain?"

"Fair to middlin', Cap'n Carwood," answered the old man. "Thought I heard you was back again 'n these latitudes — you and the Mildew," and he glanced with the eye of a connoisseur at the familiar lines of the graceful craft. Araby looked from the owner of the boat to his smiling guest, at whom she smiled in return, while she rapidly and undisguisedly scanned her face and figure.

"And you, Araby," said Carwood, as the slow, almost imperceptible motion of the smaller boat brought her quietly through the water, "you — you have n't grown since I saw you last; that is n't what they say to you now, is it? What is it they say to you now?" he asked laughing down into the eyes which laughed fearlessly back.

"I don't have to tell them what to say anyhow, Mr. Carwood." She tossed her response to him, gayly and insouciantly, as though there had been no graceful, possibly critical companion listening to the colloquy.

"I'll warrant she does n't, captain," called out the young man, still laughing. The mechanical toy wagged its head after the manner of accomplished mechanical toys.

"It's me as has to tell her what not to say," it responded, and pointed the water boat toward the shore. Araby looked back, and nodded and waved her hand in farewell; the man raised his cap again, and turned to his companion.

"What a pretty girl!" exclaimed Miss Deering. "She is charming."

"Yes, Araby is pretty," he assented absently, his eyes fixed on the face before him. "I've seen her grow up from a peculiarly irresponsible infancy. She is the daughter of old Kellaway, the water boatman. All the harbor is on terms of almost affectionate friendship with them both."

"The water boatman?" and Miss Deering turned to follow with her eyes the sturdy little craft.

"Yes. It supplies the yachts and so on with fresh water when they want it."

"How picturesque! And what a pretty girl," she repeated. "But what is her real name?"

"Araby."

"Araby? How absurd — not to say inappropriate. Why Araby, pray?"

"Local tradition asserts that her mother was less lettered than devout, and upon hearing an itinerant preacher refer to Araby the Blest, took it to be a particularly successful saint, and named her daughter for her forthwith. As Captain Kellaway has never been known to refute it, I fancy local tradition is in the right."

"How delightful!" Miss Deering was given to exclamation of an unemotional sort. "Though of course she ought to be Hebe. What a Hebe she would make, standing in the prow!"

"I fear Araby's really extensive nautical knowledge would fall short of a prow."

"In the prow, raising a crystal beaker. That curly hair blown back, those laughing eyes challenging;" she paused and settled herself again among the cushions.

"Yes, but that is not the way one is offered the wine of life," he sighed, seating himself beside her.

"Certainly not wine," she answered. "Cold water is at once more hygienic and more grateful." There was no evasion in her smile.

"More hygienic, I grant you, since you choose the metaphor of pathology, but not more grateful. Unfortunately, I prefer champagne."

She shrugged her shoulders and tucked a cushion under her graceful head.

"Your kind always does," she assented tolerantly. "Unless sometimes you cry for cold water from very ennui — and then, I will say, you are apt to be sorry afterwards." He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Don't be so trying, Agatha," he said petulantly.

"Don't be so impulsive," she rejoined withdrawing her hand. "I suppose at least the harbor has the grace to call it the Hebe," she went on.

"It?"

"The water boat."

"The harbor is not peopled with classical allusions," he replied.

"Speaking of names," she added with mild curiosity, "whatever made you give your boat such an absurd one, Mildew?"

"Her name was Mildred," he affirmed without false shame. "And I wanted to name it after her. She was older than I, and she laughed and said she thought Mildew would be quite as pretty and not so conspicuous. She was a scoffer, too," he declared, meditatively knocking the ash off his cigar, and turning to regard his companion more closely. "My lot has been cast among scoffers. I have at least learned not to kick against the pricks."

"It is really not a bad name," she said. "It is rather pretty, when you come to think of it."

"So I thought," he agreed. "She added that if not briny, it was at least damp, and quite as good on the face of it as 'Curlew,' which belongs to the accepted. It was a catboat then," he subjoined. "But I've passed the name along."

"Whereby there is a lesson," she began with languidly raised eyebrows.

"Don't draw it," he interrupted. "You never yet learned one correctly. Look over your shoulder at the moon."

Araby pulled her father ashore in the dory from the moorings of the water boat, and sprang lightly to the dock, after his more deliberate landing. As she was making fast, she paused a moment and looked across through the shadows to the graceful white yacht with its brilliant electric lights — she could almost distinguish the figures in the stern. Then she finished her knot with a jerk, and with her father went on along the queer little tortuous streets to their home, stopping now and then to exchange greetings with their contemporaries, who for the most part saw less of life and society than Araby and her father.

II.

"Well, there's war declared," said an aged seaman of meditative action, whose eyes were shafts of light peeping through the crevices of shaggy brows and wrinkled cheeks and temples. He sat in the sun, an upturned dory shielding him from the wind, which had a slight chill this morning.

"They've really done it, have they?" commented Captain Hanson, a large, round, red-faced sailor, with clumsy-looking fat fingers which could make you a delicate piece of mechanism with a jack-knife and a shingle.

"They had to," definitely announced a third member of the group on the sunny side of the dory. "They's times, what with flappin' of the riggin' and strainin' of the sheets and general creakin', the man at the wheel's got to slue her round, though it ain't altogether the way she's p'inted."

"The boys are all kinder crazy to go," suggested the business man of the community. He kept the store around the corner, having late in life abandoned nautical for civic enterprises, on account of

inherited responsibilities. Consequently his social pleasures were limited by the exigencies of trade. Just at this hour business was slack, and Tippet's stout, shapeless little daughter could mind the shop. "I saw Steve this morning," he continued, "and he can hardly wait to get off to the battlefield."

"Course they are crazy to go," said Captain Apelby with modified impatience. "Battlefield! They don't remember no better. It's just a fight to them," he went on, "and I would n't resk boys hearing of a fight in kingdom come, — not if I was arrangin' a peace procession, I would n't."

"I guess it's something beside plain fight this time," said Captain Kellaway, who had slowly approached and taken his seat on one of the unpicturesque chairs which stood about every sunny day in this otherwise empty space, bordered on one side by the rambling village street, on the other by the harbor itself. It was the Rialto of the town, and thither drifted, day after day, the seasoned old salts, the somewhat weary old men to whom not much was left but observation and philosophy; but, be it said, an observation quickened by a life in which carelessness meant misadventure and stupidity disaster. The younger men stopped there now and then, stood a few moments at a time behind one or the other of the group, or dropped down on a bit of timber and listened, but they were there on sufferance only, for action claimed them before long, and they went on and left the oligarchy to itself. For with all its suggestion of the superannuated, it had its effect upon the mould of public opinion. The elders looked up at Captain Kellaway and nodded, half in greeting, half in assent.

"I guess," he went on, "that there's one or two black flags that Spain has got to haul down before things can go on just as they'd ought to, and if she don't want to," he added mildly, "I guess there ain't any way but to make

her." There was a moment of tacit agreement.

"There's a good deal of talk about our bein' a Christian nation," said the shopkeeper with diffidence, "and wantin' to keep the peace." He felt that it was an unpopular sentiment, but after all it was as well to cover all the ground.

"Well," growled the old sea-dog with the shaggy brows, "so long as we ain't Christian enough to let 'em get in the first broadside, I guess you and me need n't worry."

"Not so 's to lay awake through the other man's watch," said his neighbor.

Steve had more to say now. Martial ardor unloosed his tongue, and his speech was not silvern, but all of cold steel.

The day after his return from the recruiting station, and three or four days after the declaration of war, Araby and her father met him at the dock as they were about to start on their morning trip. The color of the open sea was like nothing but a sapphire, there was a fresh breeze, and the air had action in it; the outlines of the headlands and of the buildings were so clear that they seemed actually to move forward from the background — to jump to the eyes; the sails, the water, the pennons, and the sunshine, all titillated with impulse. A man who looked like a painter's model sat on the edge of a cashiered dory and impartially watched them and some men who were bringing in fish. A sailor from one of the yachts, an alien, with an air of disinterestedness, was awaiting the ferry, not far off. Some girls who were sitting high up on the bank, almost over their heads, suddenly hushed their voices and laughter, and craned their heads over to hear what they were saying. But no one of the three lowered his voice for the listeners, and in truth the attention given them was most desultory — the model's eyes wandered to the fish even while they were speaking.

"So you're goin', Steve," called out the old man, as he pulled in his dory.

Steve paused in his work of calking the seams of a catboat and pushed back his straw hat.

"Yes, I'm going," he answered readily. Araby said nothing, but regarded him with a certain wide-eyed curiosity. She saw him in new relations, and it was as if his very appearance might have altered. For the moment he was less moved by the change than she. The sailor nodded.

"Young folks is all for goin'," he said without regret, as he climbed into the heavy rowboat, and Araby followed him. Then before she seated herself she turned and spoke.

"When are you coming back?" she asked.

"Coming back!" Steve's eyes fell on her with a scorn as of retreat.

"When they get into Havana, I guess," chuckled the former whaling captain.

"Yes, that's about it," Steve answered.

"You may never come back," said the girl suddenly.

"That's so, too," he assented soberly.

"Sho!" said Captain Kellaway, as they pulled out, after Steve had returned to his calking. "That ain't just what I'd ha' said to him."

Araby did not reply to this reflection on her tact. She had grown thoughtful, and her father, recognizing with entire acquiescence that aged men, though infinitely wise, were not always the chosen arbiters of the parting words of young men and maidens, withheld further emphasis of reproach.

"The Mildew ain't turned up again," he said as he lowered his sail for return. "She's been cruisin' quite a spell."

"Three weeks," said Araby.

"It's all of that," he replied. But that afternoon, through his spyglass, he saw her in the offing, and later in the day she steamed slowly in among the other craft, and dropped anchor in her accustomed place.

"That there's the Mildew," he said to his daughter, as he stood in front of his cottage looking out to sea. Araby came quickly to his side.

"So it is," she assented.

III.

The next morning the owner of the Mildew walked down through the twisting streets of the town toward its outskirts. He was chewing the cud of bitter fancy in the shape of an unlighted cigar, and was manifestly somewhat ill pleased by his mental environment. The little shops that jugged on to the rough brick pavement, the square houses with their hints of bygone roomy hospitality, now for the most part closed or metamorphosed for one or another public use, the cramped dwellings with their tiny gardens spilling over the weakly accommodating fences in profusion of brilliant color—he passed them all by, scarcely raising his eyes from the ground which he was covering with easy stride on his way to the old fort. When he reached it, with its barely to be distinguished bastions and intervallations, he sought a sunny corner out of the wind, stretched himself on the turf, and lighted his cigar. The water rippled in shaded moire antique under the strong blaze of the morning sun. The buildings on Wreck Island stood out with the pitiless accuracy of a parallelogram against the sky—the sky which was blue overhead but faded into a paler warmth upon the horizon. The island itself curved in gray barrenness above the blue of the sea with only a trifling verdancy of color clothing its slight elevation. To the left a smaller island, sparsely settled, blocked the view of the distant shore, its two lighthouses lifting themselves like the loftier monuments of an unpopulous graveyard. The old fort itself stretched its stiff bones basking in the sun, its grassy ramparts showing themselves

much less adequately defensive than the rocks piled in such unyielding jagged masses beyond them—masses which were warmed this morning into a flush that was almost pink. There was always more or less coming and going about the fort. Inactive seamen sauntered down there for a glance out to sea; lovers trysted there in solemn fashion, wandering about in the gleaming sunshine, in the aimlessness of absorption; fishermen came there to cast tentative lines off the rocks, and visitors, in pursuit of the picturesque. Carwood bestowed on none of them the heed even of transient observation. When, however, the slight buoyant figure of Araby Kellaway came around the rampart and paused before him a moment looking out to sea, although she did not perceive him, he was roused from his apathy.

"Why Araby!" he exclaimed, rising. "You here in the morning?" The girl started and turned toward him, disregarding the traces of tears on her flushed cheeks.

"I've been saying good-by to Steve," she said.

"Oh yes, Steve has gone to the war," he answered with a flash of recollection. "Lucky fellow!" he added, with a sigh.

"Why?" asked Araby.

If it had been Agatha Deering who asked, he would have offered the conventional explanation, more or less decked with novelty of phrase, that it was because she wept for his departure. As it was Araby, he answered as a man answers who is thinking his own variable thoughts.

"Because he is free to go."

"And are n't you?" inquired Araby, staying, with admirable composure, the course of a rolling tear that had not had time to dry.

"No, Araby, I am not," he replied with directness like her own. "I'm one of those who have to stay at home."

"It's mighty lucky some of you have got to stay at home," she said promptly.

It was homely consolation, but its genuineness made it grateful, and Carwood laughed.

"Thank you, Araby," he said. Araby looked at him in surprise.

"Well, I'm sure you're welcome," she said. Then she went back and seated herself on some heaped-up timber that had been left there, and had taken upon itself that weatherbeaten gray that is the gift of wind and storm.

"Steve did n't say much," she volunteered. Carwood taking his former seat on the ground felt that frankness of reference would not be amiss.

"Well, he's said it to you a good many times already, I suppose," he hazarded. Araby laughed.

"You don't know Steve," she declared. "He never says anything a good many times."

"Oh," said Carwood. He was regarding her with attention and thinking that, as Agatha had said, she was very pretty. How rapidly from a tousled child she had become a piquant young woman! He smoked dreamily as he fancied the pretty idyl — the boy, his eyes and ears filled with the panoply of war, not "saying much" but expressive notwithstanding; his sweetheart, with eyes full of the tragedy of parting, the waiting boat rocking on the sunlit waves.

"She was very pretty, was n't she?" said Araby suddenly.

Carwood opened his eyes in astonishment.

"She?" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes, the one on your boat when you were here last," explained Araby, with what might have been an elaborate carelessness, and might not.

"Oh, Miss Deering," he said, for he had remembered before she had spoken the second time. "Yes, she is very beautiful." Araby gazed at him with that undisguised keenness which gave her glance something of the curiosity of the child mingled with the shrewdness of a woman.

"I wondered," she went on with somewhat astonishing simplicity, "how much you liked her." Carwood laughed a little in spite of himself. It was impossible to resent anything from Araby's lips.

"I'm afraid she does n't, Araby," he said lightly. "I don't think she has any curiosity about it at all."

"Oh yes, she has," said Araby sagely. "That's just what she has got. Those are the things she likes to know." Carwood threw away his half-smoked cigar.

"Araby the Blest!" he ejaculated. "How do you know?"

"Oh, I know," she assured him. "I see a lot of people first and last."

"That's true," he assented. "But," he concluded half to himself, "certainly you have intuitions." Then he mused a few moments on that which defies analysis.

"But," resumed Araby ingenuously, "I was n't wondering about her."

"But I was," interpolated Carwood. "I beg your pardon — go on."

"I was wondering about you."

Something in the frankness of her eyes brought Carwood to a mental standstill, like the jerk of a rein. A single sailboat swooped down within the charmed limits of the stretch of sea between the islands and the fort. An old man, — Captain Apelby, — active if heavy, pulled his dory sturdily by, close to the rocks, with short, strong strokes, effective if not spectacular. It was a world of clearness, the patent and the undisguised — the mystery and the ambiguity were waiting for the sea when the sun should set. Before Captain Apelby had pulled four strokes, Carwood told himself he was a fool — whatever was in Araby's eyes, it was not confession. He wondered vaguely what had become of Steve — he seemed to have dropped out of the conversation rather unaccountably.

"She is much the more interesting

of the two, Araby," he said, not without an effort, "because she is hard to understand."

Araby had employed the pause in making a spyglass out of her two hands, and observing through it the manœuvres of the sailboat.

"You're not so awful easy," she said. For the life of him, he could not make out if she were simply following the dictates of her ample curiosity, to which nothing human was foreign, or if there were a persistent personal emotion driving her on.

"Nor you," he said impulsively.

"Oh, me!" she replied indifferently. "But I think you would like me better if I were." From piquant, her frankness had become tantalizing, and Carwood forgot to speculate about Miss Deering. "That is one thing about you I've noticed," she went on, "you and a lot of other people that come to the harbor—you like best what you don't quite understand. Now I like what I can see right through."

"You like fresh water better than salt?" he queried half absently, half laughing.

"Well," she assented seriously, "I don't know but what I do." It was odd how near it came to what Agatha Deering had said about her. The fact that education has not much to do with the apprehension of cause and effect struck Carwood like an illumination. With it came another thing that was in part the result of his dissatisfaction in a subtler experience, in part the effect of the brilliant day and the girl's vivid beauty and a simplicity which was crystalline but not insipid. He dropped his head in his hands a moment. Oh, the refreshment of a cup of cold water! When he raised his head again Araby was observing him with something approaching anxiety.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"No, Araby the Blest," he laughed, half at himself, half at life, "nothing is

the matter except that I seem to be falling in love with you."

"Oh, my!" said Araby the Blest.

IV.

"Oh, my!" was practically what she continued to say, since Carwood found what might have been the caprice of a summer morning developing into a persistent purpose. It was not difficult for him to perceive in the swift appeal of the clear and the primitive a settled reaction toward all that was finest and most satisfying. If Araby's simplicity had been stupidity, none would have wearied of it more readily than he. But she was wonderfully quick and perceptive, and the habit of her life, so distinctly social, had given her an unaffected ease of manner which lightly adjusted itself to circumstances, and in which many of more conventional but less varied opportunities are often noticeably deficient. And why, in short, should he not marry her? She was beautiful, charming, and adaptable, and, as he told himself more than once, he had no one he must please but himself in this matter of marrying.

"The Mildew sets in the harbor most all of the time now, don't she?" remarked Mr. Tippet one morning when the gray of the water was slashed with white and the boats rocked ominously.

"Yes, she'll be getting barnacles on her keel if her skipper don't look out," jested Captain Apelby somewhat heavily.

"He's lookin' out," said Hanson briefly.

"It's a kind of pity Steve is busy bayoneting them Dagos," ruminated Tippet.

"He is n't bayoneting any Dagos," said Apelby scornfully. "He's lyin' in a camp ten feet of mud by sixteen of chills and fever, while his officers are singin' 'Old Glory.'" Captain Apelby

was chronically opposed to the administration of public affairs, and occasionally sacrificed precision to picturesqueness.

"He'll get fever himself," said Hanson gloomily, while his keen, aged eyes watched the curtsying masts and the tossing waves upon which blew the free winds of heaven.

"He wants to get it quick," said Captain Apelby, epigrammatic still, "unless he wants somebody else to get Araby."

"I don't know as that would help," said Mr. Tippet, blinking slowly his milder orbs.

"It'd bring him home," rejoined Hanson.

"There's Kellaway now!" exclaimed Captain Apelby, as the water boat with its clumsy lines and blue sail, careening riskily, went out toward the mouth of the harbor.

"The Irma's layin' way out, is n't she?" commented Tippet. "I guess she's short of water. There's Araby in the bow."

"And Cap'n Carwood," added Hanson, while all the grizzled heads turned in the same direction. "Gosh!" he concluded definitely, after due meditation, "I don't believe he can tell the water boat from the Mildew these days." A dry restricted smile went about the circle—a smile neither anxious nor satirical. Affairs of sentiment held their true place in the alembic of these minds, that of the temporary, fleeting, and not infrequent.

Carwood was himself not insensible to the amusement of the situation, when as now he carried on his wooing under the eyes of Captain Kellaway. It was, it must be admitted, a desultory wooing, rendered so as much by the insouciance of the lady as by the holiday humor of the knight. "You know I really am very much in love with you, Araby," he said now and then, "and you really have got to take it seriously some time." And Araby would respond, "Yes, I

guess you are," with a nod of perfect apprehension, and an absence of deduction which was disconcerting. As for Captain Kellaway, he had grown old with an entire indifference to so-called social distinctions, and he was not going to trouble himself because Araby had another admirer. She had already shown herself capable of all necessary finesse in similar relations. Once in a while Araby gave the matter her attention. Then Carwood would find her looking at him with meditative speculation.

"What is it, Araby?" he would ask.

"I was thinking," she would reply with readiness.

"Yes, but about what?" he persisted, this morning.

"I was wondering if you ever knew what you wanted," she said. "It's going to be a blow, father," she called out, almost in the same breath, to the old man at the tiller. He glanced at the sullen aspect of the heavens and the sea.

"It's blowing now somewhere not far off," he assented.

"What I want?" exclaimed Carwood. "The question is what you want or do not want."

"That isn't so mighty important," she answered imperturbably. Carwood turned up the collar of the cape she wore to protect her against the flying spray. His touch was a caress, but she did not flush under it; instead, she looked up into his face and laughed.

"Araby," he said, "I wish I could tell whether you are very simple or only awesomely complex."

"I'm simple enough for two," she replied. "There's the Nellie M., father," she called out again to the skipper, whose machinery responded to the little twist and caused him to look off to the right.

"True's you live," he answered with all the mildness compatible with the wind in his teeth. The Nellie M. was an awkward freight steamer, which went

up and down on errands between Boston and the harbor, with appearances and disappearances unfixed by any schedule.

"She'll get in just in time to avoid the blow, won't she, captain?" said Carwood absently.

"If she wants to," said the captain. "She's goin' to come atween us and the Irma as it is," he added, as he moved the tiller.

"Why she's signaling to us," said Araby; "she must want water. Put about, father."

"A pretty time to be wantin' water," muttered the sailor. "She's goin' right into harbor. I never had any use for victualin' in the open." But accustomed to the heed of such signals, he made ready to alter the boat's course.

"You'll tip us over, father," warned Araby suddenly.

Carwood had time to glance at her in surprise — she was usually so free from apprehensiveness! — while her father spoke.

"Can't tip over this old flat-bottomed man-of-war" — There was a swift rattle, a dizzying lurch, and the captain interrupted himself with an exclamation not strictly nautical in its character, as the flat-bottomed man-of-war tipped over.

Fortunately none of them were injured or involved in the timber or cordage of the upset, and a ducking more or less meant little to any one of them. But even for expert swimmers, clinging to an upturned boat is susceptible of ennui, and it was with a distinct sensation of relief that Carwood saw a boat put off at once from the *Nellie M.* to their assistance.

"It ain't the first time there's been an upset because folks was too plumb sartain," was the only comment Kellaway permitted himself in return for the chaff which assailed him on his seaman-ship from the crew of the relief boat, all acquaintances, if not friends, of Kellaway and his daughter.

"What made you so anxious all at

once for a drink of water?" demanded Araby, with some irritation, of her rescuers. "Could n't you have waited till you got in? 'Twas all your fault." She expected a reply in kind, but instead, the men at the oars grew sober, and glanced at one another uneasily, and then at her, where she sat wrapped in a reefer sent by friendly hands. It was not cold, and her hair was already beginning to dry in the wind. It was as if she had shaken herself like a water spaniel and were none the worse. Carwood, who was dripping but not dismayed, saw her quick eyes searching the men's countenances, and he scanned them too.

"Well, we've got a sick man on board," said one of them, as he drew breath after a sturdy stroke.

"And have n't you any water at all?" asked Carwood.

"Yes," answered the other oarsman, shamefacedly, "we've got water enough."

There was a pause in which the men again glanced sidewise at one another.

"Well?" said Araby imperiously.

"Well — you see he's been askin' for a drink of water right along now for a spell," replied the man obediently, though with hesitation, "but he would have it — well, he wanted it, right — out of the water boat — nothin' else would do, — he's kinder out of his head, you see, — and seein' you so near, and him wantin' it so powerful bad, the doctor he allowed that" — The speaker's eloquence broke down finally, and he turned appealingly to his mate. But Araby was the first to speak.

"You've got Steve aboard," she said calmly.

"That's it," said the man with the joy of a lifted responsibility.

"Steve!" exclaimed Carwood. "And ill!"

"Well," said their informant cautiously, "the doctor allowed he would n't get any better unless they got him where he was bound to go, so we fetched him

along of us;" and they shipped oars by the side of the Nellie M.

It scarcely needed the helping hands to swing the girl to the low deck of the freight boat.

"Give me the cup, father," she called down. For once Captain Kellaway found his daughter quite impracticable. The mild eyes shone with a brief vexation.

"The cup!" he exclaimed; and then not trusting himself to anything but unadorned statement, "The codfish has got it," he affirmed. It was Carwood who found a cup and filled it for her with the fresh water some one offered him. Kellaway's indignation lapsed at once, and, temporarily subdued into a rare self-distrust, he looked dumbly on. Then they watched her go forward to where, on a mattress, lay the wreck of the handsome boy who had gone forth with the glorious dreams of youth into a conflict other than that which they had portrayed, and whose return was so close to the weariness of defeat. Hollow-eyed, pitifully weak, feverishly restless, he barely lifted his eyelids as the girl knelt beside him, and slipped her arm under his head.

"Here I am, Steve," said Araby, "let me give you a drink of water."

The boy's eyes opened wider with something like a flash of gratitude, and fixed themselves on her smiling face, with a shadow of the old, dumb look of devotion, and, silent still, he drank eagerly.

V.

A week later, Carwood stood alone on the deck of his yacht. Every now and then, through the stillness of the dusk, drifted words of greeting or farewell, called out into the night from the doorways of club or cottage across the harbor, and bursts of laughter from the cabin close at hand, in which a party of his guests were sitting about a card table, and from which he had escaped a few

moments ago into this silence of undulating waters, ghostly forms of scattered boats, and undeviating starlight. Leaning on the rail he looked over to the grass-grown heights where he had met Araby that morning.

"Araby," he had said, "you are going to marry Steve, are you not?"

Araby shook her hair out of her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose I am. Though," and she paused to laugh, "Steve has n't said much about it yet."

Carwood had been conscious of a pettish rebellion against a fate which seemed determined to be weakly injurious, but it did not pass into an outbreak.

"And what about me?" he demanded, not unreasonably. "Don't you know I'm in love with you too?"

Araby regarded him with frank readiness.

"Well," she said, "you see Steve — Steve wants just what I can give. And you — well, you want a good deal more." There was neither reserve nor bitterness in her explanation.

"And you — what about you?" He could not help the question, though he might not have defended its taste.

"Oh, I? — if I know what folks want, I'm glad to give it to them," and her eyes gleamed with laughter as she waved her hand to him and went on. For the hundredth time he was trying to-night to decide if it were by her very simplicity that she puzzled him so. One of his men came forward and gave him the mail just brought over from the mainland. He took it nearer the light and saw that one of the letters was from Agatha Deering, and bore the New York postmark. She had returned, then, from England, and had written to him almost at once. He thought he knew about what she would say and how she would say it, this enigmatic young woman. She was more compelling than Araby, but, after all, she puzzled him less. He could at least understand that she was by no means always sure that she understood herself.

Her elusivenesses were more intelligible than Araby's franknesses. Have we lost our grasp of the simple in our efforts to realize the complex, he asked himself, as he glanced again at the smooth characteristic handwriting on the envelope. He was conscious of a sense of pleasure so keen that it was excitement as he noted its well-known delicate angles. As he was about to break the seal, one of his guests, young Morrow, came to the door and sang out:—

"Where are you, Carwood?"

"Here," answered his host, putting the letter in his pocket.

"Come in and attend to your guests," commanded Morrow. "Would you buy us off with meat and drink, while you consort with our betters? Come in and change the luck!"

"I am *winning*," laughed Carwood, lighting a fresh cigar, and together they entered the bright cabin.

"Oh, here you are at last, Carwood," said an older man, glancing up at him with some attention, as with a glass of wine at his elbow he dealt the cards. "Chilly outside, eh? Sensible boy, to come in. What is cold water to champagne!"

Annie Eliot Trumbull.

TWO SCHOLARS.

MAGICAL powers like those imputed to the flesh of mummies abide in the languages we call dead. They have the mystery of death,—of resurrection, too,—of a perpetual life in death, not due to the disentombing of antiquaries, but to the loyalty of one distinguished class. This class of scholars truly is magnificently repaid. "*Vitæ lampada tradunt.*" Without them the lamp would have fallen and expired. They, like vestals, dwell apart, keep ever burning the holy fire, and claim their immunities. The glories of the languages haunt also their husbandmen.

Nothing so troubled the old Roman, troubled him even in his grave, as a thought that the rites of the hearth might be neglected, and offerings to dead ancestors left unbrought. Therefore a sanctity awaited the heir that fulfilled these duties; and even such a sanctity clothes the scholar that cherishes their ancient speech. Yet the glory about him is like the glory of fire in a lampless room,—that "counterfeits a shade." For it is pathetic that the language in which "Saintly Camillus lived and firm Atilius died,"

that the language of those who fought at Marathon, should, if they have not perished, no longer be transmitted with the mother's milk to her son. Their posterity, it may be, cannot read their epitaphs. Montaigne was nursed by one who spoke Latin, and he heard nothing save that tongue around his cradle; but it was not in his blood; he records, in fact, that his Latin gradually degenerated, until he lost the use of it. In this way, the handling of Greek and Latin gives a solemnity, a touch of pathos, to the scholar. But he is often poor. The words that would lay open the gates of heaven are impotent at the tradesman's door. The world calls Greek,—

"Greek in a hut, with water and a crust,
— Learning, forgive us! — cinders, ashes,
dust."

Still, learning is not ill paid. If it were, so also would the martyr be, and mighty poets that have died before their fame was born. He that soweth roses must not look for apples, or even poppies. "Aristotle is more known than Alexander," says Democritus Junior, "yet I stand not upon this; the delight is what

I aim at ; so great pleasure, such sweet content, there is in study." It is much to speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, but more perhaps to speak the tongue of Greece that gave light, and Rome that gave fire, to the world. The scholar has upon his lips imperial accents. When I speak a line of Greek I seem to taste nectar and ambrosia. As in Heine's fable the eagle of Jupiter was with him, antiquated and mournful though it might be, in his exile on a northern island ; so the eagle accompanies the scholar.

There is ever something ideal in the "dead languages." They cannot be invaded, but remain crystallized immortally. *Cæsar semper Augustus* were words of incantatory effect on mediæval ears ; and the sound of Greek falls freshly upon the mind, with a surprise, still as great as to the scholars of the Renaissance when Learning returned from her Babylonish captivity. So much so that we often praise the classic for a thought which in a modern would perhaps draw little attention. For the medium is as divine as marble ; and we might say with Michelangelo, of certain modern works, "If this were to become marble, alas for the antiques." De Quincey forgets his assumed contempt for the classical world when he remembers the sound of *ἑπομπεύς*, or *Consul Romanus*. . . .

I remember once, traveling in a southern county of England, coming across a servant who, even without his melancholy, seemed no ordinary man, and spoke with a kind of splendor that was new to me. He was tall, and had been straight, but now walked with a majestic stoop, though like Vulcan he limped. He was past middle age, his woes were of the kind that invite expressions of sympathy. On my inquiring what might be his misfortune, he answered in tones so carefully modulated as to appear half satiric, "Eheu ! mater mea obiit hodie. O causa meæ vivendi sola senectæ." The words, however, seemed to carry their own balm ; his face glowed continually, as we talked

for several minutes together, without a word that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. His thoughts moved gracefully in a pomp of altisonant syllables. Sometimes he spoke English, but returned happily to Latin in the flashes of humor with which he referred to the university,—when, for example, he spoke of a languishing literary society (that had expelled him for a freak of classicism) as equaling the number of the good, and no more, —

"vix numero sunt totidem, quot
Thebæ portarum vel divitis Ostia Nili."

He felt like a swallow kept among the starlings of a cold clime, while his fellows had flown eastward. . . . When I last heard of him, he was earning his bread by the composition of advertisements for a firm of merchants, and thus at last he found a subject matter adaptable to his peculiarly florid but melodious eloquence. I recognized with a sigh more than one of his favorite mighty words thus fallen.

In C—shire, I know a hamlet (a mere capful of houses) that lies, dimly seen below the high-perched road, like a cluster of straw beehives, under a great wood. Even these few houses are divided from one another by several tiny streams, that run in and out like gay, live things. Thither I descended one twilight from the hills, to buy honey from a cottager. It was August. Across the road went a stream, a tinkling chain of silver beads, presently buried in trees, on which the uncertain light was mixed with shade. Here and there were sombre alders, noisy still with the delicate southern voices of invisible birds. Here and there were poplars with a sound, not of running water, but of rain (the shower apparently dying away now and then as the wind fluctuated). And in the sunset among those enormous hills a bell was ringing out a melancholy sweet *sic transit*. . . . There was some light outside, but none in the low room, where the beekeeper was writing. He rose

and greeted us with a bow. Then he left us, after lighting a candle for our good, and one for his own use in a loft where the honey was stored. The wooden frame, gray from the touch of his hands, was contrasted with the dewy, amber cells. While we were completing the purchase, and talking, he surprised us by answering in Latin, *Omnibus una quies*, etc., which Dryden has rendered thus : —

" Their toil is common, common is their sleep ;
They shake their wings when morn begins
to peep ;
Rush thro' the city gates without delay ;
Nor ends their work but with declining day."

Pronounced by a mellow elegiac voice, this speech interested us profoundly.

Next day we went again with a freshened memory of the Georgics. He was never once at a loss, though we seldom spoke except in hexameters of Virgil. He had lived a large, roaming life, full of outward adventure, chiefly on the plains of America. Thither he had gone in his youth, accomplished in nothing but books, and those Latin and Greek. Notwithstanding, he had amassed great wealth. Of this a mighty accident — a prairie fire, or some such insurrection of the elements — had all but despoiled him, and he came home at the end of middle life to Wales. There he took to bee farming. Economy and hard work had made his life comfortable, and might have made it luxurious, for he was held rich. He remained unmarried. He had no kinsmen. He made no friends : two aged women of the hamlet were accustomed to tend him in occasional sicknesses. For the rest, he was contented, if not happy, with his bees and a few books, mainly Delphin classics. The bees would answer his call as they answered the smitten brass ; and only when thus engaged on a tranquil summer evening did he betray a mellow complacency, except when with his books. He took pleasure in Claudian's verses on the sirens ; Virgil, however, was his dearest author.

Virgil was his oracle in all matters ; he practiced *sortes Virgilianæ* : to him, rhyme was reason. His life was almost perfectly that of a scholar. After adventure, after witnessing the downfall of kings, and great peoples embattled one against another, after shipwreck and scenes of violent death, he concluded that

" the tears of Imogen
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-days of Empires."

He finds a refuge from the shadows of the world among the realities of books.

But, says one, your knowledge is nothing until another has acknowledged it. He contradicts that entirely. He knows that at least intellectual pleasure and the dulcitudes of a sane self-approval are by no means like snowflakes in the river, and that real joy holds within itself the germs of an endless self-reproduction. Electra, Aspasia, Lesbia, are sweet friends to him, when Orestes and Pericles and Catullus have been many centuries underground. Cæsar is nearer to him than Napoleon, and Thyrsis nearer than either. Experience has not impaired or clogged his imagination. If it has taught him anything, it has taught him the worth of silence. We often found him by the river, "dazed," in Virgilian phrase, "by the mighty motion of the tide." He told us himself that he was often "drunk with silence." In such moments, as we afterwards learned, he had monitions of an after life, — monitions arising merely, it may be, from a thought that from things with which he was in completest sympathy no separation was possible. He was to become part of the viewless winds. No writing of his remains ; and it is improbable that he was ever satisfied with his attempts. But, with what is perhaps the true spirit of the scholar, he laughs at the notion that to expect the approbation of posterity is unconsoling and vain. With a touch of pleasantry, he said, on one of my visits : "My door is not strong enough to keep out the feeblest person in the hamlet ;

yet when I close it, I effectually shut out the whole world; like Heinsius, I bolt the door, excluding ambition, passion, desire, the children of ignorance and nurslings of sloth, and in the very bosom of eternity I sit down with a supreme content in the company of so many famous minds, that I compassionate the

mighty who know naught of this my felicity." Yes! "in the bosom of eternity," anticipating and making little of death. When we last parted, "Death," he said, "always brings into my mind those closing verses of the last Eclogue, 'Ite domum saturæ — venit Hesperus — ite capellæ!'"

Edward Thomas.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN.

II.

It is a fatal thing for happiness if the garden is too small for constant and free bestowal of flowers; therefore, one must plant liberally and widely; for as neighborhood knowledge of the garden increases, it imposes upon the owner and planter all the duties of wealth. He or she must give with liberal hand, and find in giving, the joy which belongs to kindness, or sympathy, or pure neighborly sharing of life's alleviations. A well-used garden is a successful flower mission, making of its owner a true philanthropist; and surely that is as near being a contented soul as can be found in the world of souls. There are some flowers whose manifest destiny it is to be given away. Those which reproduce themselves quickly, like roses, honeysuckle, sweet peas, pansies, or nasturtiums, seem to grow for the giving; but when it comes to breaking the one supreme effort of a plant, like a stalk of ascension lilies, — with the concentrated sweetness of its whole summer put into its cluster of flowers, — I confess I feel like taking the bulb into conference. I want it to consider that to stand in a room preoccupied by pain or bereavement or disappointment is to go out of its own land upon a foreign mission, and I would like to be sure that my lily is capable of the true mission spirit.

One of the dearest privileges of a garden is the power of bestowal, and the lord of the garden can use it royally, without fear or danger of his own pleasure being thereby stinted. The true gardener knows the unfailing nature of his income, and that it yields all the more for being constantly dispersed; therefore he can give and continue to give without touching the limit set by thrift in every careful mind. Looking in the face of one of his own tall white lilies, and realizing the splendor of this miracle of creation; when he bestows it, the sense of its rarity and preciousness lifts him into the scale of world benefactors. Emerson says: "Flowers and fruits are always fit presents. Flowers because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world." To give these "proud assertions" — to give them freely, as an expression of human kindness, or human sympathy, or human love — is a privilege which a man, poor in all else but his garden, can share with the richest; with the princes of the earth, or even with the beneficence of the great giver, — whom we call Providence.

Again, the ministry of the garden to the lord and owner of it, as well as to those upon whom he bestows its treasures, is something which can hardly be reckoned. For as truly as it is the crowning luxury of the rich, it is also the solace of the poor, and brings its healing to

all temperaments and circumstances. There are certain self-conscious, or sensitive souls, so unsteadily poised upon happiness, that a breath of criticism will tip the balance and drop them into melancholy. An adverse thought, a word of censure, and the poor insecure being collapses, and sinks into deeps of unhappiness. To such a temperament no human love can minister savingly or make it secure upon its pedestal; it must fall back upon nature; upon the universally benevolent; upon the forces which are no respecters of persons, but which give according to impartial unconscious law, and not by selection. It is good to realize that one need be neither rich, nor young, nor beautiful, who appeals to nature in a garden. If he is halt or maimed or deaf, it takes no note of these deficiencies, but will make the subject of them forget in its spontaneous kindness all the rudenesses he has found in the world; and when the world is forgotten, truly the land of content is near.

The dear land of content! Many of us never reach it, and fewer still have learned to live in it. The world preaches continually that it is only to be found at the end of a long road of ambition and accumulation; that content means success, and success means content; but certainly something of content can be found in untrammelled *doing*; in getting above the barriers which block the ordinary course of energy, and becoming a law unto one's self. This, which is the cheerful privilege of the rich, becomes also the privilege of the happy man whose life is in his garden. There he evades the rule of the powerful. He may move his paths hither and yon, and he breaks no law and invades no man's inherited or purchased privileges. He can make and unmake, according to his instinct of improvement, with a free hand and no accountability. Within these limits he possesses the independence, the actual omnipotence, which only the largest success in the world may

give. His roses and lilies will answer joyfully to his wishes. If he says, "Stand there in the sun," there they will stand. If he chooses to transplant them, they do not resist or murmur, but go cheerfully to the place where he would have them, rendering him his due of spreading leaves and odorous blossoms. If he says, "Stand here in the shadow," they will do their best to make sunshine in a shady place. In short, if power to carry out what one wisely wishes makes for content, it is surely to be found in a man's own cultivated acre.

But there are things besides beauty or the power of beneficence, or the friendship of plants, or their cheerful obedience, which make for content in a garden. To one who lives with them and has perfect commerce with nature, the characters of the things which live in the garden, or come or go in it by chance, are a source of delight. And these characteristics are not only or entirely vegetable, but often very human. I am tempted to ascribe far more individual action to flowers than is generally conceded. We know, for instance, that voluntary growth belongs to all plant life. People say, "You cannot make such or such a plant grow here!" or, "I have planted this or that here or there many times, but have never succeeded in making it live!" And that means that the creature absolutely refused to accept conditions ignorantly offered; conditions which a true gardener, or plant-lover, would have avoided by instinct, and not put the kindly thing to the pain of refusal. There might have been an individual or family prejudice which had not been consulted, and if it were a family prejudice the gardener should have been aware of it. It is certain that whole species will refuse to be colonized, although, in the spot of their choice, — which, by the way, may differ very little, so far as our coarser senses are aware, from that which they refuse, — they will put an energy into their de-

velopment which makes one envious for humanity; yet in that other which has been selected for them they prefer to die rather than live, choosing suicide before uncongenial surroundings.

Plant preferences are things we may recognize without understanding, since the causes are closely hidden. They are shrouded in the stem and folded in the bud, but they guide the plant unerringly to the thing it needs. The places in which they will grow, or not grow, cannot be named unless the plants are taken into council.

In the course of many years lived on Long Island, where the lives and habits of different natural growths are in the open, and their large and small prejudices patent to all men, I have found it curious to note how plant or kind will choose its particular locality, ignoring all the wide stretch of uncultivated acres within their sight. On the hill-ridge east of, and really in the village of Jamaica, I have been acquainted for many years with a patch of pink azalea which blossoms rosily against the clustering catbriers on the return of every spring; and yet I may search up and down for miles of just such formation and exposure and not find another vestige of azalea root, or stem, or flower. Also, all through this space there is not a trace of trailing arbutus, although arbutus is a Long Island flower. It has apparently set Hempstead as its western limit, but it wanders east of that through woods and sheltered ground for miles.

In May you easily know, as you cross on the ferryboats to the city, in what part of the island the crowds of well-gowned and well-bred-looking women have been staying, by the bunches of flowers they wear or bring. If in the neighborhood of Hempstead, they have not only hunted the fox but arbutus as well. If at Cold Spring Harbor, they will wear beautiful waxlike buds of laurel; if at Wave Crest or Rockaway, the flat, pinkish-blue crow-foot violet. We say such and such a

thing grows in such and such a place, which means—that unconscious as we think it—it has considered and selected a place to live and grow in, which it prefers above all others. It is no haphazard selection, but founded upon something which is beyond us. Perhaps tradition and sentiment have to do with it, as well as warmth or shadow or exposure.

In one of the Long Island ponds known in Jamaica as “the one-mile mill pond” grew a gigantic white water lily, the peer of which I have not found elsewhere, and which, as far as I know, grew in no other water spot on the island. There are hundreds of north-side ponds where lilies grow, but they are of another kind; unacknowledged kindred which these particular ones royally ignored. The moderately sized flexible-stemmed variety grows in still and shallow water nearly everywhere. This one grew upon a stem the size of a woman’s finger, and held its head as proudly as a queen. The buds were from three to four inches in length, and the flowers often eight inches across. As the pond was the southern boundary of our homestead, the long tangle of woods between was traversed as often as once a week in the lily season to bring home these wonders of blossoms; and a shallow tub of them made a small lily pond on the north piazza of “Nestledown.” In those days the Bryant homestead at Roslyn was the living habitation of the living poet, and the drive across the Island, nearly from shore to shore, was an ideal summer afternoon performance. Always when the lilies blossomed we carried a basket of them to Mr. Bryant, knowing right well that they would please a man who had given pleasure to the world. His love for flowers was a very lively sentiment, and few things grew on Long Island of which he was not aware. He inquired after these particular lilies like friends, and his acquaintance with and recognition of them was a source of added appreciation. To know that they

commended themselves to one of the finer and higher intelligences of the world gave a crown to their beauty. There is now only a bed of white sand where they grew in the black ooze of the mill pond, all the water of it running in a narrow channel into the Brooklyn waterworks; but the lilies which were planted in the minds of the children of the family in those days are living yet in the remembrance of the mature men and women they have become.

It was from those wonderful blossoms that I learned to know and value the *individuality of flowers*. Of course every one knows that one rose will differ from another in size and color, and one lily from another in fidelity to the type, but I painted the portraits of some of these Egyptian queens before I learned that one flower differed from another in expression. Studying them hour after hour with a painter's eye, copying the features in shape and shadow, from the golden central crown to the pink-tinted curve of the outer leaf, I learned that they differed as one human face differs from another. When I placed myself and my canvas before the crowding mass of bloom each morning, no matter how the individuals had shifted their places overnight, those which I had painted the day before were unmistakable. No individual face in a crowd could detach itself more perfectly from the mass than did these lily-faced creatures. I am glad I have the portraits of some of them still, and that the children who knew them then yet recognize them, and that their children are learning to know them, as members of one of the lost tribes of Long Island, whose place of sepulchre is unknown.

But there are flowers with even more individual expression than water lilies. Individual roses may be pensive or perky, dignified or hoidenish; and as for pansies, every one you pick shall have a different character. Some are perverse, like bashful babies, and will not look you

in the face. Some are confiding; and some are even bold. Go and study them if you are an unbeliever, and you shall find that many things which we call human traits belong in almost equal proportion to plants and animals.

The *friendships of plants* are as positive and unmistakable as their preferences. They may like only their own kind, or they may prefer the companionship of certain kinds of trees, or they may even prefer to live in the neighborhood of man. The white clover and the dandelion are as much domestic plants as the cat and the dog are domestic animals. They choose always to live in the vicinity of human beings, while it must be confessed that many of the vegetable tribes shrink from voluntary association with us. We can make friends with most of them, and they will reward us constantly and royally if we give them the guest chamber and observe the fine conditions of hospitality; but if we forget to make their beds or arrange their baths, they have too much self-respect to remain. We may ignore all observances with the clover and the grass, for they will blossom almost under the tread of our careless feet.

The whole tribe of ferns have tree affinities, choosing each its own variety of tree friends. There is a beautiful family of semi-evergreen fern which will grow a crown and spread a radius of two-foot length of leaf, on even a rock foundation, as long as it is under balsamic shadows. Whether the exposure is north or south, or east or west, it makes no difference, so long as it can stand and sleep, and grow under its beloved evergreens. In fact, on the north side of Onteora Mountain where juniper, "The sharpe sweete Juniper," King James of Scotland calls it, adds its almost solid shelter to that of the hemlock, it will send out long delicate semi-transparent leaves in sheaves which are almost tropical in their luxuriance. Occasionally you may find a root of this

variety in the sugar camps where the lady-fern grows, but, as a rule, it will disappear when the woods are open to the sunlight, scorning all but its own chosen companionship.

But the lady-fern will not grow at all in the fir woods; it prefers the sugar-maple camps on the southern and eastern slopes, and will send forth stately leaves of finest substance there, and unroll its disks with a glad alacrity. If the woodcutters come in winter and cut away the maples, the lady-fern will not die or migrate as the maidenhair fern makes haste to do; it simply dwindles and deteriorates until it becomes almost another species, a sister race dwarfed and hardened instead of encouraged and blessed by the blessed sunshine. Finally the grass comes creeping closer and closer about it, until it shows only as patches of vivid green where spreading baby fronds struggle through tangling grass roots. The ferns are truly a loyal race. Strong in their attachments and friendships, yet more varied in their tastes than most of the vegetable tribes, — since we find their species as widely divided in choice of habitat as swamp, brookside, roadside, banks, bare rocks, and maple and hemlock forests can part them. We might say that these instances show preferences only, and not friendships; but the ferns certainly make choice between tree species, and adhere to their choice.

Nothing is more flattering than to find one's self a favorite in the garden, to half fancy that the flowers do not mind being plucked and carried inside the house because it is you who plucked them, and not another; and we do often find that a familiar acquaintance with garden things gives a sort of mysterious freedom of meddling with their lives and habits. It is not hard to believe that there are individual likings between man and plant; that plants will respond more promptly and grow more gladly for one person than for another; and this

belief (or shall we call it a fancy?) tends to great content in our intercourse with them.

It is not only our own personal associations with the garden which give happiness, but there are memories of friends and people which grow to belong with certain things that flourish year by year in one's own little acre, and these suggestions are not the least of garden joys.

When my plate-shaped yellow marigold blooms cover their allotted garden space, spanning the days from July to late October, I look at them and remember walking in an English garden with its appreciative owner. It was Miss Muloch, who gathered the seeds and gave them to me with the same hands which had written John Halifax and many another worthy piece of literature, and when I returned, as an offset, a small sod of pinks from my Long Island garden, she wrote that "a little American worm" had come over with it.

There is a row of fragrant, hardy, double violets, which send out blossoms every spring under the windows of our Long Island homestead, the pioneer plants of which were carefully dug from his own garden bed, and wrapped in paper, and given into my hands, by William Cullen Bryant; and every spring the thought of him "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust" where they grow.

The widespread lemon lilies, which burn so yellow over every inch of my garden in June, are sprung from a single five-fingered root brought from one of the old manor houses on the Hudson forty years ago. Its progeny has peopled the grounds of the family homestead on Long Island, spreading from thence into innumerable farm gardens, and now, after distinguishing my own garden with its beauty, is silently making its way into the rocky garden spaces of all Ontario.

The radiant fleur-de-lis, which radiates from the garden centre, came through friendly hands in a little box of selected

roots from a garden in Cambridge. Some one had told the original possessor of my kindred passion for the iris; and the impulse of satisfaction at finding a fellow appreciator of what was at that time an almost unappreciated flower culminated in the gift. This varied, orchid-like collection was preceded and welcomed by the ordinary deep purple and blue fleur-de-lis, the roots of which I had picked from the old post road of Long Island, where they had been thrown from an overstocked lawn or garden border.

It seems to me an ungrateful, almost a wanton act, to throw surplus flower roots out to a lingering death in the road track. There are so many waste corners within the limits of a country home where they might be allowed to live and bloom, and give thankful and abundant account of themselves! If there could be foundling asylums in every neighborhood for rejected or surplus garden growths, — little flowery places which might be made garden schools for children, — happiness and goodness would grow in them as well as flowers.

It is strange how precious growths will come of themselves to a true garden lover! Every one has experienced these mysterious acquisitions. Things come from no one knows where, and make themselves at home, and grow into important members of the garden family, self-introduced at the first, but apparently sure of their welcome. It was so that my Colorado columbine appeared in my garden world. One morning in early June I found its budded stalk standing in the strip of gravel, under the drip of the house eaves. I had no columbine; I had planted none. Indeed, it is out of my policy to plant seeds, unless they speedily make roots and take care of themselves; and although the columbine will do this, it is at best an evanescent flower, and a little too giddy for my requirements. But here it was! and I treated it as a lady should treat

an unexpected visitor: I waited for developments. After a morning or two they came. A very hearty, healthy, dragon-fly-looking blossom, in white and violet-blue with a three-inch spread of wings; altogether aristocratic looking, — like a lady of fashion in her newest Easter bonnet, — and totally unconscious of and indifferent to the hard gravelly furrow under her feet. She was admirable, but where did she come from? I had never seen a columbine of the same freedom and largeness of growth, or the same freshness and purity of color.

A few days after this I started on a journey to Denver. At certain Springs in Colorado the train suddenly emptied itself of people who rushed out into the blue freshness of Colorado air to look at the great spring lake and the circle of faintly drawn snow-tipped ghostly mountains of its environment. "Good mountains, dead and gone to heaven," I quoted, as I stepped from the car, and there stood a boy in front of me offering a great bunch of violet-blue and white columbine. They seemed so a part of the blue air and the blue spring lake water that I hardly recognized them at first; but when I did, and questioned the boy, lo and behold they were wild flowers, growing in the mountain pastures — the chosen and representative Colorado state flower. My mind went back to the single stately stalk in my far-off Onteora garden, and at once I grasped the meaning of its stateliness of mien. It was a representative flower; the chosen blossom of the golden state, and by some miracle of aerial transportation it had anticipated and flattered me with an acquaintance. Now, every June when it appears and unfolds its wings they will unfold to my sight a vision of the snow mountains and violet-blue distances of Colorado.

I wish I knew how it was that the poppy tribe decided upon coming to me, for it is certain I never planted them; and yet only last summer they appeared

in battalions, flaunting their silken banners over every foot of the garden. Of course I saw them as they grew, and said to myself, "Here is a poppy," and a few feet away, "There is a poppy," and in a week or two the indescribably graceful arch of stem, holding a folded bud, was everywhere to be seen; and then how they blossomed! It was a veil, a flame-colored silken veil, spread over the midsummer scarcity of bloom. But where did they come from? If my gar-

den were an old one, instinct with seed, like the acres of the Long Island home-
stead, I should understand that the tiny infinitesimal thing might have been sleeping in the ground for ages, still holding within its atom of matter the principle of life, like Egyptian wheat in mummy cases. But my garden was a wild pasture just a few years since, with no garden history, no buried forbears, no traditions, — and from where and from whence came the poppies?

Candace Wheeler.

THE MACHINE OF MOSES.

I.

HE had spent the fullness of his years, to speak figuratively, in squaring the ever widening circle of the impossible; to speak literally, not a few of his days had been wasted on the impossibility of squaring the circle mathematically. He had tried sundry methods of producing gold alchemically, and the philosopher's stone had been for three long decades the fond reality which was to crown his labor and his age; but old age found him still, white-bearded, stooping, wrinkled, uncrowned, and poor to pauperism.

"Moses," some friend would ask, "and if thou squarest the circle, what then? Canst thou buy aught with it?"

He would shake his head solemnly in reply. "Nay, but thou knowest not the pleasure of the dream," — a reply that was poetical and ideal enough, but which, like Moses himself, lacked all practicality; so he passed in the Ghetto under the nickname of Moses the Schlemihl, the luckless ne'er-do-well, the unfortunate wight; and every child in the Chicago Ghetto knew that Moses the Schlemihl was Moses Berkovitz.

He had tried the practical on and off, — the peddling of shoestrings, matches,

cigars, and collar buttons, the buying of old clothes, window-mending, — almost everything that he was not fitted to do; and the result was, of course, that he proved less successful in the realities than in the impracticabilities themselves. He discarded commerce altogether, and lived, Heaven knows how — he never knew himself, and rarely took time to consider the problem.

Fortunately he was childless, — an odd bird and a rare one in the Judaic flock, take him straight through, — and no offspring of his starved on the barren harvest of his copious sowing of visionary ideas; and more luckily still, — a fool for luck, inside of the Ghetto and outside of it, — his wife could sew, and did; not so well, perhaps, as when the Shatchen had saddled her on an unsubstantial dream, when she was thirty and slender, and possibly not the worst-looking woman in the Ghetto of Cracow; but still she managed to keep Moses and herself alive on the bitter bread of the sweatshop.

Nevertheless, she revered her husband; he was pious in the extreme; he never missed one of the long list of diurnal prayers, never slighted the most insignificant of the interminable roll of

religious observances, and he let no day pass without the reading of a passage of the Talmud, and a long one. But I am inclined to think that her reverence arose more from the fact that she did not understand Moses, his dreams and his experiments and his "beautiful language," hence she considered him her superior, and thought, what is still more, that everybody else ought to regard him in the same light, — which they did n't; and that was one reason the more why she should and did; otherwise her respect might not have been perennial, and Moses might not have dreamed and dreamed and dreamed in such undisturbed quiescence.

"Thou hast a good wife, Moses," remarked Isaac Goldzier, in the Beth Hamedrisch, as the visionary was swaying back and forth like a mechanical toy over the outspread pages of the ponderous Talmud.

Absently Moses shook his head, and went on and on with the syllogistic unraveling of the Mishna, "What shall be used for lighting Sabbath lights, and what shall not be used," and his thoughts thriddled the intertwining mazes of the Gemara, "Now Rabbi Huna and Beruna say, and therefore" —

"Thou hast a good wife," repeated Isaac.

"Yea," answered Moses, "she sews well, and she performs the Mitzvahs;" and he pondered with absorbing interest what the ancient Rabbin had said on the hundred and one things that were allowed for Sabbath lights, and the hundred and one things that were interdicted, and the thousand reasons for each single approval and disapproval.

He had no fault to find with his wife: she was there, and he took her as she was; if she had been different it would undoubtedly have escaped his attention. Thus Moses went on with his dreams and his Talmudical studies, his wife "sweated" and moiled, and they managed to enjoy life very well, save that

Moses, not troubling himself with the means of support, enjoyed it the better.

Years ago he had shambled into Rosenzweig's sweatshop and told her, with a triumphant smile on his strongly but not strong Semitic face, that he was on the eve of discovering the philosopher's stone, and she might quit work at once, for fortune was at last in their grasp. His wife left her machine, noising her good fortune throughout the place, and declaring that she would be a woman of importance now, but that she would not be proud; they might come to visit her in her new mansion on Michigan Avenue. Before her hearers could realize what had happened, she and her husband had vanished, arm in arm. Two days thereafter she returned to her position at the machine, affecting nonchalance at the jeers and fleers of her fellow workers.

On another occasion Moses wended his way into the sweatshop to announce that she might cease her labor that minute, — she might have the pleasure of snapping her fingers in Rosenzweig's face, if she liked; he had discovered a method of manufacturing gold. She did not leave her machine this time; she was not exactly skeptical nor exactly credulous; she resolved to wait until the gold should materialize, meanwhile not losing the pittance to be gained by stitching six pairs of trousers. A smirk followed Moses out of the room, a mingled cry of "dreamer" and "Schlemihl;" but they might as well have shouted at a stone. Moses saw the walls of Jerusalem glitter auriferously, and he was millions of miles removed from that dark sweatshop, the hum of its roaring atoms, the foulness of its stifling atmosphere, and its sneering occupants.

He came thither again and again to declare the unquestionable success of new projects; but his wife merely nodded her head, without looking aside from her work. The others ceased to ridicule her, for the keen edge of the

ludicrous had worn off, leaving a dull pity for the witless Schlemihl and his woe-laden wife. But all this was years and years ago, before Moses' black beard had turned to gray, and before stray wisps of white hair had poked their stealthy way through his wife's scheitel.

Moses never grew discouraged. Discouragement is not one of the serious obstacles of the dreamer's business; it is so easy to try another dream if one fails; for to dreaming, like the making of books, there can be no end.

He gave up the squaring of the circle, the philosopher's stone, the scheme for utilizing the earth's electricity, and another for harnessing the sun's heat; and at sixty-five he was ready to solve the insoluble problem of perpetual motion. It was the most barren, the most absurd, the most fantastic scheme of any; but the very chances of unsuccess appealed mightily to Moses. He waxed enthusiastic as a boy, and he set his peculiar mental machinery to work in a manner and with a vehemence that were bound to produce bizarre results.

II.

The kindly director of the Jewish Manual Training School had a strange caller one fine morning, and the strange caller had a still stranger proposition. He wished to use a room in the basement; some tools; materials of wood, wire, and steel, — a key of the room was a *sine qua non* of the bargain, — and if the director would but consent he should have an interest — one per cent, say — in the invention that the tools and the materials and the caller would turn out in the workshop. What was the invention? Moses refused to answer the director's question; that was a secret between him and his inspiration. It would revolutionize the world, though: throw steam into the air, toss electricity to the skies, and bury all existing machinery fathoms

deep under the earth. Now Moses had not the air of that dangerous species of insanity which makes infernal machines, — which might toss things where Moses wished to send them, — and the director, abnegating his right to the one per cent, charitably allowed Moses to go ahead with his machine, whilst he mentally labeled him "harmless, but active."

Early in the morning and late at night Moses was toiling in that workshop, so engrossed in his work that he almost laid eternal sin on his soul and a curse on his handiwork by laboring after sundown on Friday, the hour which heralds the advent of Princess Sabbath.

"Well, and how does the invention progress?" the director would ask, as Moses emerged from the basement at nightfall, weary, covered with grime, his clothes spotted with rust, but the eternal light of hope sparkling unspent in his dreamy eyes.

"Finely, finely," he would answer, tugging at his white beard and looking abstractedly into space; "it will be done soon. We shall buy back the Holy Land, you and I."

There were obstacles to be overcome, difficulties to be mastered, and Moses lay awake night after night, racking his poor brain and goading his tired thought, until the pallor of his cheeks matched the whiteness of his beard. The Harvest Festival, with its adornment of green boughs, was followed by the winter Feast of Lights and its burning candles; and the spring sallied forth gayly to meet the Passover; and the unleavened bread in turn made its exit before the merry peal of the New Year's trumpet; and ere the sacred music had died away on the chilly air of non-sacerdotal days, the machine of Moses was done, — perpetual motion was solved. The notes of the Shofar in the synagogue had set the mechanism to whirling madly in his head, despite his frantic efforts to stop the wheels; and now, in that dusty, cobwebbed basement, the very angels

were blowing the priestly trumpet even more jocosely, to usher in Peace and Perpetual Motion on earth.

If Moses was enthusiastic about his other dreams and schemes, he was intoxicated by this; and his intoxication climbed the dizzy height of delirium. His faith was somewhat contagious; he cajoled his wife into visiting the machine at the Training School. She came, she saw, and Moses conquered; nor was it to be wondered at, since this was the first visible embodiment of any of his innumerable vagaries, the first one localized and habited in stern substance. Besides, it went, — went like the dreams of Moses, perpetually.

The contrivance was an ingenious affair, — a deplorable waste of mechanical ability, untutored and untrained though it was, that might better have been applied in other directions. A wheel placed between two upright axles, its circumference looped with a series of pockets, spaced regularly, into which fitted square pieces of lead that popped out and fell back into their places as one half of the wheel went down and the other half went up, — this, in the rough, was Moses' way of sneering at the little force which men call gravity.

A lead might get out of order once in a while, break from its string, destroy the balance, and stop the wheel; sometimes it refused to flop out and in at the required time, colleaguely with the enemy; but such accidents were rare, and Moses had long ago cultivated the habit of telling himself that the fault lay with the mechanism, and not with the principle.

His wife was so carried away by what lay absolutely beyond the range of her ken that, with a little more persuasion from her husband, she would have let the sweatshop go, and have fed herself on dainty dishes cooked in the marble kitchen of her air castle; but Moses was too preoccupied to think of even arguing such an unmomentous question.

At dusk one night he covered the machine with a black cloth, and slipped it out of the Training School and into the bare and denuded room that made his home, turning around every now and then to make sure that the demons of jealousy, dishonesty, and inquisitiveness were not at his heels.

Two whole days of fasting and prayer followed for Moses; he had been so lost in his machine that he had forgotten the minutiae of his religious duties, and had run close to that dangerous boundary within which he who steps throws himself open to the charge of being an Epikuros, — a sacrilegious wretch; and Moses strove to atone for his worldliness by beseeching the God of Israel to make his machine prosper, trying to interest the Almighty, as it were, by binding himself to send the chosen people back to Jerusalem should the perpetual-motion machine succeed.

III.

Samuel Witkowsky, capitalist, banker, steamship agent, insurance and real-estate man, as the host of Yiddish signs over his shop on Jefferson Street proclaimed to a populace never tired of estimating his wealth, was told by his clerk that Moses the Schlemihl was in the outer office, craving an audience.

Witkowsky shrugged his shoulders until they reached his protruding ears. Moses was evidently not a stranger; in fact, the banker had heard him expatiate at length in that very office on the fortunes that were in the heat of the sun, in the centre of the earth, — at such distances that the capitalist was certain he could never reach them in his lifetime, much to the disgust of Moses, who felt sure he could.

"Meschugener," leered the banker.

"He cannot see you," is the way the kinder clerk translated the message to Moses. Yiddish is a language capable of infinite variation.

Unable to interview the banker in his office, Moses sought him out in his home; and failing there, he sought the office again, trotting that vicious circle until his legs ached; but his spirit never quailed. There were twenty-four hours to every day, and three hundred and sixty-five days to every year, and on one of the hours of one of the days, Sabbath excluded, the wily moneyed man must capitulate.

The hour of the day came, and it came sooner than Moses expected (he had calculated on at least another month of visits); Witkowsky clearly perceiving that if he did not see Moses he could not rid himself of him, and the sooner he saw Moses, the quicker would he be rid of the incubus, other things being equal.

But other things were not equal, — they never are. Moses came to stay. When the banker shrugged his thick shoulders and smiled skeptically, Moses kept shouting, with a wave of his long, thin arms: "But it runs, I tell you, — I have the machine! It is wasting a million every minute it runs for nothing! Don't be a fool; listen! We shall lend money to the Rothschilds, you and I."

Then, for the twentieth time, he launched into an extravagant eulogium of his invention, proclaiming what it could do (and there was nothing that it could not do), demonstrating the uselessness of everything when that wonderful wheel ran. You could tie a rope to one end of it, the earth to the other; the sun and the moon might disappear, and the earth would revolve just the same.

The banker shook his head less and less disbelievingly. He began to push his heavy spectacles on his high forehead and to rub his eyes. That was a good sign, and Moses bobbed up and down, as if he had been suspended to the ceiling by a rubber band. Rapturously did he expand on the demerits of electricity and steam as compared with the merits of perpetual motion, and Witkowsky, who understood none of them, found himself

agreeing with Moses against his will; for he had firmly made up his mind in the beginning to disbelieve any statement the Schlemihl should make, — even if what he said should chance to be true. They were such dangerous business propositions, these Schlemihls; all the gold they ever touched turned to brass. Moreover, Moses and his grandiloquence had all but drawn Witkowsky into one crazy scheme, and for that escape he had offered up prayer ever afterwards.

The black-rimmed spectacles pushed farther and farther toward the bald crown of Witkowsky. Moses had left his chair, and began to thump the banker's desk, knocking over the ink well, heedless of the black stream that was flowing in dangerous proximity to the trousers of his auditor.

"The machine has lost twenty millions whilst I have been explaining its mechanism. I can prove it on paper. Give me a pencil."

The spectacles were perched on the highest point of the bald crown; the psychological moment had come. Moses seized Witkowsky by the arm, and the money-lender and the poverty-stricken Schlemihl moved together toward the latter's room in silence; the banker half wanting to turn back, the exultant dreamer urging him forward with the shibboleth, "A million a minute," — increasing the number of millions as the minutes toward their goal decreased.

When they reached Moses' dwelling, Witkowsky was appalled by the insignificance of the size of the wheel and the simplicity of its mechanism. He had expected something that reached from floor to ceiling, at least, and so complicated that he could not grasp the wondrous working; and he turned to leave the room, disilluminated.

But Moses held him tightly by the arm, shouting vociferously that the principle was there, — this was only the model; they could build one big as the earth; and straightway he poured forth such a

mixture of facts, figures, and fancies, proving what he said by actual reckoning on actual paper, unrolling wonderful prints with fantastic designs to substantiate figures and fancies, that the banker's head swirled and reeled. He became mystified, and he believed.

IV.

A week after this visit, a great Yiddish sign, made of canvas and painted in red letters, was swung over Witkovsky's windows: —

THE HEBREW-AMERICAN PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINERY CO.

Mechanics revolutionized by Moses Berkovitz, inventor.

Patents applied for.

Capital \$5,000,000. Divided into 500,000 shares.

Par value \$10 a share, non-assessable and full paid.

The first 100,000 shares now on sale at \$1.00 a share.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO GET RICH!
Second 100,000 shares to be sold at \$2.00 a share.

The Third 100,000 shares to be sold at \$3.00 a share.

Subject to change! announcements later!

President, SAMUEL WITKOWSKY, Banker.

Vice President, MOSES BERKOVITZ, INVENTOR.

Secretary, AARON ROSENZWEIG, Merchant.
Full particulars inside!

In the window was the machine of Moses, clacking away as the strips of metal fell in and out of the pockets, and the little wheel turned on in endless revolution; under it was a Yiddish placard, composed by Moses, which explained the possibilities and advantages of the device in the culled and luring phrases of the visionary.

It was a proud hour for Moses on the morning when that sign saw the light of day over the banker's windows. He walked by it again and again, and read it over and over, until the arabesque Hebrew letters danced and ran into one another. He had not dreamed in vain,

God be praised; he had lived to see his dreams realized, to reap the substantial harvest of his airy visions at last. There were tears in the old fellow's eyes, due half to superexcitability, due half to gratitude and deferred hope fulfilled and thankfulness, and he would dart around the corner to dry his eyes with his rag of a bandanna handkerchief, and then run back again and stand with eyes uplifted to the sign, as he raised them to the Scroll of the Pentateuch borne from the sacred ark of the synagogue each Saturday.

The flaring letters of the canvas attracted attention before the hanger had driven the last tack into the wood, and black-shawled women and ill-clad children and long-bearded Russian Jews were gathering in knots and clusters, struck almost breathless by the magnitude of the figures, the majestic sound of words like "par value," "non-assessable," "full paid," which had for them all the fascination of the unknown, the unheard; struck almost dumb by the transformation of Moses the Schlemihl into "Moses Berkovitz, inventor and vice president."

It was Friday morning, — market morning in the Ghetto, — but the display of eatables became of subsidiary importance. The long lines of vegetable wagons, the fish tanks, the chicken and geese coops, the little Lithuanian woman with her round table of sweetmeats, the peddlers of wax tapers, — all were deserted for the doors of the banker; and the surplus in the market led to a savage cut in prices.

The excitement waxed as the crowd grew; the men cackled louder than the geese under the arms of the housewives, and the women cackled louder than either. Such wonderful chances, such fabulous opportunities of acquiring a fortune on next to nothing, were enough to bewilder the poor folk whose standard of value in the monetary system was a penny, who were paid in pennies, and who rarely handled dollars.

Even Witkowsky's clerk, who had been presented with ten shares to advertise the scheme, was wildly sanguine over the utopian dream of Moses, and when the wheel slowed up, he would give it a surreptitious twirl and set it going again; he believed in it so thoroughly that he was quite willing to deceive himself, that his faith might not suffer.

Abraham Cohen who ran the Peddlers' Supply House Company, and who was known far and wide for his business astuteness and his conservatism, was the first to issue from the bank with the brightly lithographed paper proclaiming his right to twenty shares, full paid and non-assessable. His example was contagious; every possessor of a dollar made a rush for the door, fearful lest the first one hundred shares disappear before his entrance, and the El Dorado vanish like a mirage before his eager, hungry glances.

It was a stampede. Market baskets were broken to bits, their contents scattered to the mercy of trampling feet, and the yolks of crushed eggs dripped unheeded on shabby garments. Several geese, taking advantage of relaxed grasps, fluttered and flew away, while the perplexed owners, knowing not whether to lose the goose in the hand or the golden egg in the stock company, stood still and blocked the progress of the strugglers.

Witkowsky shut the doors, and another Yiddish sign was plastered on the window; lines must be formed; only ten were to be allowed inside of the bank at one time. The advantages were being held back, favoritism was being shown, and each resolved to gain the favor or lose his life in the attempt. Stampede turned into panic, and panic into hand-to-hand encounter, in the evolution of which coats were torn, bodies bruised, and scheitels lost. A policeman was summoned to the scene, and his blue coat was strongly in evidence

in that drab sea of gray shawls and dun frock coats.

At noon the crowd broke, but all day long a steady stream of investors poured into Witkowsky's, and drew their petty savings from the bank to turn them into the coffers of the stock company. Sweaters, peddlers, shoemakers, glaziers, impoverished clerks, came forth nervously fingering their certificates and dreaming of the day when they should live in ease and luxury on the invested capital of a dollar or two.

Moses, resplendent in shiny frock coat, stained white vest, frilled gray trousers, glossy silk hat, and metal-handled cane (supplied from the discarded wardrobe of Witkowsky; for the vice president must dress in a style commensurate with his importance), stepped into Rosenzweig's sweatshop briskly, with head erect, with features struggling in vain to suppress a smirk and maintain a dignified balance, jingling three silver dollars loudly,—the salary of vice president, partly drawn in advance. A few minutes later, amid the envious and admiring glances of the poor sweaters, he left with his wife. Her toil was over at last, her rest was to begin; the days of starvation had ceased, and days of luxurious plenty were at hand; but, better than all, events justified her faith in this dreamer of beautiful dreams, for whom she had moiled and slaved and never doubted, even when repeated failure made temptation strong.

The pair stopped in front of the bank whilst Moses read the signs aloud, and his wife ejaculated every expression of astonishment in her vocabulary, and pinched her husband's arm to make sure that this too was not a phantom that had arisen from the misty realm of his illusions. Then they stepped inside.

Witkowsky was nearly bereft of reason, so beside himself that he was unable to figure, so perturbed that he could neither concentrate his thoughts nor marshal his words into coherent sen-

tences. He had done nothing all that long morning but pay bills incurred by the erection of a monstrous perpetual-motion wheel: bills for patent lawyers, bills for model-makers, bills for draughtsmen, bills for machinists, bills for experts, bills for factory rent, and bills for the machinery to make machinery. The world seemed sicklied o'er with one large bill, and he pictured his Satanic Majesty in waiting, with doffed hat, for a receipt. He feared that the money was flowing out of his coffers swifter than it was flowing back into them by way of the stock company, and that a disastrous end to the bank was inevitable. The clerk ran back and forth from his iron cage to assure him to the contrary, even going so far as to count the money in his presence, and to give him ocular proof that the funds available were eight hundred dollars to the good. Nevertheless, Witkowsky worried and fretted and stewed, in a cold sweat lest that point arrive where some poor depositor demand his paltry savings and a blank deficit necessitate a refusal. He shuffled his feet under his desk and murmured, "If the bank goes down, if the bank goes down!" His anxiety only diminished when another placard announced, "No more shares sold to-day. First 100,000 gone." He wished time to compose his thoughts, and find out just where he and the bank and the new company stood.

Moses and his wife sat there stiff and dignified, not understanding the reason for the banker's uneasiness, and not in the least regretting their lack of comprehension in financial matters. Finally Moses, securing three dollars more in advance, left with his wife to invest the wages of dreaming in an alarm clock and a looking-glass, and to purchase on credit a stuffed sofa, and a host of other second-hand and totally unnecessary articles, which he bought because they were cheap, and because his wife thought it wise to seize bargains by the forelock

and to buy furniture for their new home by degrees.

And whilst Moses was throwing his money to the four ends of the Ghetto stocks took another rise; for as soon as the information spread that no more stocks were to be sold that day, and hence not until Monday, the solidity of the new company was established in the minds of the people; shares were so valuable that the directors would not even sell them. From Friday until Monday the first purchasers were offered a small but constantly growing premium on their holdings. Witkowsky's error proved a stroke of wisdom.

V.

It was no longer Moses the Schleimhl, but Moses the Zaddik, the wise man, the inventor, the vice president. His importance changed with his name; he became a greater man in the Ghetto than Simeon Rheinstein, who was alderman in the ward, and who owned a buggy. Simeon himself had requested the honor of driving Moses about in becoming style, which Moses promptly refused as he had received a thousand other invitations, and to accept one were to offend the nine hundred and ninety-nine refused. Yes, everybody had predicted well of Moses; and those few who were honest enough to admit that they had not were quick to slip in a saving and compromising clause.

Men asked his advice on all things which Moses never knew, on matters secular, religious, and on all subjects which wavered between the two. The hearing alone of the questions was a liberal education. All sought secret "tips" on stock. Moses was as well versed in the arcana of finance as a newborn babe; it was all hopelessly intricate to him; and he wisely remarked, "Go to Witkowsky; he's the business man of the company; I'm the invent-

or," — which was the best possible thing he could have said under the circumstances.

Then they plotted to bribe his wife : a stream of callers, voluminous as the number of investors who had fought for entrance to the bank on the day previous, flowed into Moses' squalid room, leaving behind it a variety of presents that ranged all the way from cooked goose to framed lithographs, and from lithographs to prayer books ; and the bare room became as cluttered as a storehouse. Moses sat like a graven image, inscrutable, apparently impassive ; but happy as a lark lifting a dewy wing to the warmth of the rising sun.

On Saturday night, when the wax light was dipped in the wine and the saying of the Haddalah dismissed the Sabbath, he sought Witkowsky, and boldly demanded that the plutocrat rent him the attractive apartment over his bank, which the capitalist had left vacant since his widowhood.

"Don't you want a half interest in my bank too?" sneered the man of money.

"No," retorted Moses, serious as the other had been sarcastic, "there is too much worry connected with banking, otherwise I might."

"But how in the world can you pay me eighteen dollars a month rent? You are mad ; you are riding your high horse too quickly, before you have struck the right road."

"My credit is as good as ready cash now," retorted Moses.

"Not with me ; I know all you have n't got."

"Very well ; I will let the people know that you don't trust your own vice president ; that you refused to give me credit for a bagatelle of eighteen dollars. If my credit is damaged, so is that of the Hebrew-American Perpetual Motion Machinery Company, and that of Samuel Witkowsky likewise."

"In the name of God (blessed be He),
VOL. LXXXVI. — NO. 513.

Moses, rest satisfied with your old home ; it is plenty good enough."

"No more. A vice president should live in a flat. Then I have not room enough to arrange all the fine presents given me, and the new furniture ; and, moreover, I am having a life-size portrait of myself made, — I always wanted one, — and where shall I put it ? On the floor, perhaps ?"

The banker protested and cajoled, the dreamer insisted and threatened ; and the former was forced to grant the demand of the latter, in dread lest his declension be trumpeted through the Ghetto, and his credit be dragged into the mire with that of Moses. Witkowsky regretted his share in the bargain more and more every minute ; he had not expected such a series of complications.

That same night discovered the inventor and his wife in the Yiddish theatre, witnessing the performance of *The Apostate*. They were the cynosure, — an attraction greater than the play itself ; all strained their eyes to see what change fortune had wrought in the physiognomy of the *Schlemihl*. One super, in the midst of the most thrilling situation, cried out aloud to another, "That's Moses, — there !" and the prompter poked his red head out of his cramped box, lifted his candle aloft, and gazed around ; the audience cried, "Speech !" and Moses arose and bowed with a benevolent grin ; and amid the ravings of *Mansheffesky*, the manager, the curtain went down.

On Sunday evening Witkowsky, vaguely apprehensive that Moses might be engaged in some violently uncommercial transaction, visited the vice president. His fears were realized ; they were more than realized. Moses, careless of magnificent surroundings, was busily engaged over his drawing board, in a recrudescence of his old scheme for utilizing the heat of the sun.

"In the name of God (blessed be He), desist from your wild-cat ventures,

Moses ! Do you wish to ruin us both ? Are you mad ? If people discover that you are going to work over that insane project, they will think both companies are will-o'-the-wisps, dancing about in a lunatic's brain. They will sell their stocks for next to nothing, there will be a slump, and a panic, and " — He mopped his brow and his head with his handkerchief, wiping away the cold sweat. He could feel his bank totter, and he heard the ominous crash of the fall.

"Nothing of the kind," answered Moses, undisturbed ; "they know that I am a wonderful man, who can accomplish anything. They will leave the old company, and rush for the new one. You should see the beautiful prospectus I am writing, — such fine language !"

Witkowsky rubbed his chubby hands, shuffled his feet, stormed, raved, and even swore at the top of his voice ; and at last, by the promise of a new suit and a month's rent free for Moses, and a marble-top table and a dress for his wife, won the dreamer over to a two weeks' postponement of his ideas for promoting the Hebrew-American Sun Heat and Illuminating Power Company.

The financier wondered how he had let himself be inveigled into the chimera of a fool. He prayed the consequences might be light.

VI.

The fall and the day of judgment of the Perpetual Motion Company might have been delayed for a week or two, at least, had it not been for the conduct of Aaron Rosenzweig, the secretary. Moses had demonstrated to the boss sweater how easily the principle of his invention might be applied to the sewing machine, and how expenses would be cut in two by the application ; on the strength of this explanation, Rosenzweig announced that wages would be cut down, five cents the garment. The poor sweaters, already ground to the barest margin of a

meagre subsistence, heard the news with horror. They held a meeting, and they struck. The other bosses followed the example of Rosenzweig, and their laborers emulated his sweaters. By the middle of that week there was not a single sweatshop running in the entire Ghetto.

It was a different crowd that assembled around Witkowsky's now to watch the running of the machine, read the Yiddish signs, and see the fortunate purchasers display their certificates ostentatiously, — a poor, hungry, dissatisfied, angry mob ; shivering with cold, tortured by jealousy, starving for a morsel of food, cursing the invention that was snatching the crumbs from their yawning, aching stomachs.

The bosses remained stubborn, and the sweaters resolved to starve without work, rather than work and receive starvation for wages. The cold weather was at its height, the mercury dropped below the zero point on its downward course ; and freezing was added to the misery of the wretched malcontents. The suffering was superhuman ; action was necessary, and the love of life commanded that it be quick.

At a public session, one of the women suggested that a committee be appointed to wait upon Moses' wife, and request her to intercede in their behalf with her husband about the dreadful machine that threatened to destroy their means of livelihood. What was to be gained by this move no one knew ; but the disease was desperate ; any remedy was worth a trial. Five haggard Polish sweaters, who had worked side by side with Mrs. Berkovitz in Rosenzweig's shop, were appointed to wait upon the vice president's wife.

The prosperity built on the misfortune of her comrades had already become a thorn in the fleshy side of that tender and sensitive woman. She had enjoyed nothing since the inception of the trouble. This too sudden rise boded evil ; it was the false dawn that must pulse away into night thrice gloomy. She

wished herself back into that one bare cheerless room where she had been so discontentedly happy. Fain would she have hid from her five old friends the garish symbols of her newly acquired wealth. When the lean spokesman of the five retailed the pain and the wretchedness they had endured with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, she burst into sobs and cried like a beaten child. It needed no stretch of her dull imagination to put herself in their place, — half of her life had been squeezed into its narrow, racking confines. Their desperate plea fell not on ears of stone.

All that night she lay awake and prodded her slow, inactive intellect, to evolve some thought that would give her the power to wrest those poor slaves of the machine from dolorous want and famine. Her conscience pricked sharper and sharper as the hours dragged their weary length in unending procession, and sleep outtimed its sluggish advance. She prayed deeply and earnestly and longingly for an inspiration that would aid her to aid them; and when the stars shone pale in that murky Ghetto sky, and the morning flushed on the horizon, the inspiration was sent, and her troubled conscience found rest.

"Moses," she said on arising, "I had a dream last night."

"Nu," he remarked, greatly startled, "has the Bal-Cholem visited thee too?" He wished to have a monopoly of dreams; it augured failure when a woman embarked in the business.

"Yes. Thou must take the machine home from the bank, or else evil will happen it. Last night I saw two angels pound it to pieces with heavy hammers in Witkowsky's window!"

Moses grumbled and protested and argued; he had such faith in dreams in general that he durst disregard no dream in particular, — not even his wife's; and he stalked into Witkowsky's office and demanded the model.

Witkowsky struck the sides of his

head with his clenched fist, then he bent his neck and dug his finger tips into his ears; ostrich-like not daring to look ahead or behind, trembling lest Moses have some other fatal desire to communicate.

"The devil stirs inside of your head," he cried, jumping to his feet, after the first minutes of quickened agony. "You will ruin us. I will not consent. People will be suspicious, and stocks will tumble. What do you want with the machine, anyway?"

"I have an improvement in my mind, — my wife dreamed something."

"Must your wife put her finger in this broth too? Is not one fool enough? Make the improvement on paper, and we will put the paper in the window."

Blandly Moses threatened to promote the Sun Illuminating Company, and the banker choosing between two evils, although the choice seemed small enough, let the "madman" depart with his model. He would gladly have disposed of his prospective millions for a song, if he had but the assurance that his bank would stay out of the raging waters into which the Schlemihl was exerting himself to push it.

Again a placard was pasted in the window, proclaiming to all whom it concerned that Moses Berkovitz, inventor, was adding another improvement to the machine. Stocks flurried awhile, and ended by going down a point or two, and Witkowsky's heart fell toward his shoes. They advanced to par again, and he recovered his breath, — sufficient breath to heap that day which had introduced him to Moses with opprobrious names.

VII.

"God of Israel, thou who lovest the poor and the humble and the downtrodden, give me courage to do that which I wish to do. May my action be good, and find favor in thy sight." It was

the fourth time that Moses' wife had fervidly repeated the long prayer of which these few lines are the end. She arose from her bed, and moved through the darkness of the room to the corner where the machine stood.

The fierce light of her inspiration had beaten over a pathway of destruction, pointing to the demolition of the contrivance as the only salvation of the sweat-ers; and for this task had she sought spiritual guidance and assistance. The work of annihilation once completed, ran the feeble logic of her intuition, her husband would be too discouraged to re-assume his labors along the lines of perpetual motion, and the banker would abandon the enterprise in dismay, discouraged by unending obstacles. Moreover, Moses dropped one idea to pick up another with such juvenile elasticity that he might just as well, and just as profitably, employ himself over a discovery the results of which would be less noxious to the under half.

She was tranquil and serene enough; for the nobility of her purpose had armed her with resolution and courage that were in striking disproportion to her usual amount of those qualities; but the moment her hand touched the wheel, calmness retreated before an increasing and conquering wrath. The model took on tremendous proportions to her now excited imagination. She was struggling with a wild beast that had its jaws fastened on the throat, and its sharp claws dug into the shoulders of a defenseless and victimized people. To the rescue then; let no moment be lost in the battle of deliverance! On bended knee, and with strained tendons, she combated the beast with all the fury of a divine despair.

She seized the cutting wires with firm grasp, and tugged and twisted and pulled till her hands bled. She jerked the leads from their place, and threw them on the floor. She hammered with might and main at the rim of the wheel until what was left of it suggested a square

rather than a circle. The avenging fury won swift victory: the beast was dead; the people were wounded, but free. It was a bacchanalia of humanitarianism; she stamped with bare feet on the scattered ruins, screaming aloud in the excitement of her frenzied worship of righteousness triumphant.

Moses awoke with a start, thrown to an upright position in his bed by the shock that vibrated on his high-strung nerves. The noise ceased. He missed his wife, and called to her with the vigor of fright. No answer. He stepped on the floor, and lighting a candle, caught sight of a white-robed figure crouching on the floor over a tangle of bits of iron, wire, wood, and steel.

"What doest thou? Have thy senses left thee?" he cried, springing forward.

The first all-including glance told him that the machine was broken beyond the hope of repair. His body turned to lead from his heart to the soles of his feet; his brain swirled with a multitude of intangible thoughts, formless as wind. He raised a violent hand to smite her. The candle fell from his clasp, emitting the faint blue of an expiring flame; the current of his blood ceased to flow, — he fell fainting to the floor.

The family who occupied the flat above responded to Mrs. Berkovitz's piercing shrieks for aid.

VIII.

The Ghetto is one large family, and before the hovering dawn broke over that bleak wintry day it was known that the machine of Moses had been destroyed. No one stopped to consider that it might be rebuilt any more than had its inventor; but everybody who held one share of stock, or who had a penny in the bank, rushed to Witkovsky's, and stood there shivering in the biting air of the early morn, chilled to the marrow of their poorly nourished

bones by the cold blood that sinking hearts sent through wasted systems.

The eagerness to purchase stock paled to indifference when compared to the frantic efforts to dispose of them; and yet some few clutched those oblong papers as if they had been pure gold, refusing to disbelieve that the plutocratic banker would not refund their money on presentation of the gilt-lettered certificates. The fretting throng murmured and muttered as their endeavors to sell became more and more hopeless, and their holdings sunk to nothing on that open, turbulent market. Imprecations against Witkowsky and Moses grew louder and bolder; and this people, ordinarily so peaceful and meek, threatened violence.

At eight Witkowsky appeared, smiling, suave, outwardly serene; but within him burned the live fires of a consuming dread, kept glowing by the anger he felt for the dreamer and the vengeance he was promising himself to wreak upon him. He pushed his way to the doorstep, and started to deliver his prepared speech; but he was hissed down; a stone, thrown from the back line of the crowd, barely missed his head.

"Open the bank! Open the bank! Open the bank!" yelled the mob with full-throated vehemence; and menacing looks and uplifted hands, holding sticks and stones aloft, showed in a manner not to be mistaken what the punishment of delay would mean.

Witkowsky unlocked the doors, and the mob crushed forward like infuriated cattle, all warring for first place at the clerk's window. Let the devil take the hindmost was the uppermost doctrine of the moment. The run on the bank began in grim earnest; and Witkowsky cowered in the back room, wringing his hands, pressing his head, and shuffling his feet.

When the stockholders were met with a blank refusal for the reimburse-

ment on their shares, the battle and the mutiny began: the brass railing was hurled to the ground, the rioters crushed toward the back room, and Witkowsky fled for his life through the alley door, leaving the clerk and the depleted cash boxes to the mercy of the unsatisfied.

Despair followed in the wake of the devastating storm; and the deluded ones who had put their great faith and their small toil-won savings in the bank and the machine company were weeping and wailing piteously, — asking one another what they should do now that the winter was at its full, and the children would beg for bread and sicken from the cold.

A half hour after the banker's sudden and unpremeditated flight, Moses, still weak from the mental and physical pangs of the night before, walked toward the wrecked bank with measured step to hold a consultation with the financier. He was as jubilant and sanguine as ever; his blood flowed again; and the freighted ship of his dreams moved gracefully on the ebb.

"May your neck grow as thin as my finger and your head large as a bushel basket, and may your head wag up and down until your neck breaks!" raved the old woman who caught sight of Moses first. A volley of horrible curses followed her malediction, — "Thief! Rascal! Swindler! Villain!"

They forgot his age, his white hair, his frail limbs, his defenselessness; and the signal for a general attack was opened by the throwing of a stick straight at his white head. A cloud of frozen mud, stones, refuse, followed — anything that had weight enough to carry and hurt went whistling through the air at the poor old man's body. He dodged as quickly as his stiff limbs would let him; then he started to run, but he staggered to the sidewalk before his awkward movements had gained ten feet. There was an ugly wound in the back of his

head, and scarlet blood poured out on the wooden walk profusely.

The very ones who had been most implacable in their thirst for vengeance, whose missiles had been thrown with the most savage aim, were the most sympathetic and sorrowful now; the old woman who had cursed him so picturesquely wept convulsively, and stanching his blood with her brown shawl, baring her scantily protected shoulders to the nipping air.

IX.

Moses never entirely recovered from the effects of that deep gash, from the brutal attack of the mob, the sudden rupture of his dream, the cruel jerk from the sun-kissed hill of fortune to the depths of failure; and his eccentric brain never resumed its normal function — what was normal for Moses, at least.

You may see him pass through the Ghetto, tossing tin washers from the capacious depths of his worn-out pocket on the sidewalks and the streets, right and left, in an argent shower. They are the silver dollars poured into his

Fortunatus' purse by each revolution of a single perpetual-motion machine.

His insane phantasy is made pathetically real by the kindly connivance of the poor Ghetto folk who believed in the falling of such an unrelenting argentine shower in stern truth once; and the more compassionate of them are never too weary to stoop to pick the round tins from the gutter, blessing the donor for his Cræsus-like generosity, that he in turn may have the blissful satisfaction and the joy of smiling benignantly upon them.

His wife has returned to her place in the sweatshop, where she is regarded as a kind of patron saint; for did she not save her famished fellow toilers from the rapacity of the boss and the ravages of her husband's monster of a machine?

Her inflexible fingers move slower and slower as the wisps of hair protrude from her scheitel whiter and whiter; but gentle hands are ever at her beck and call to aid and assist, and many work overtime, far into the night if need be, that the "good soul" may have bread to eat and time wherein to rest.

I. K. Friedman.

THE CRY OF THE YOUNG WOMEN.

GIVE us a little joy, O World,
We are so young and strong,
So fit for love's sweet usages,
For laughter and for song;
O World, our joy is in thy hand,
Withholden long and long.

*Or if youth's rapture be not thine to give,
A little rest, — or leave to cease to live!*

Life called us, not desire for life,
And we obedient came;
Were blindfold set, nor knowing why,
To play Fate's losing game

For foolish stakes, a crust of bread,
Or still retreating fame.

*Daily we play, from dawn to set of sun,
Nightly we cry, Oh that the play were done!*

Each holds a dream within her heart
Of future or of past,
A dream of mother, lover, child,
Too poignant-sweet to last,
A mirage dim in dimming eyes,
We know, — but hold it fast.

*Let outlawed Esau take his mess and roam ;
Give us our birthright, World, — love, peace, and home !*

Helen M. Bullis.

THE INVASION OF JOURNALISM.

THE significance of certain facts as distinguishing marks of a new paper-reading age is generally lost sight of, though the facts themselves may attract attention. In popular comment their possible bearing on the much discussed newspaper problem is often completely ignored. Take, for example, a familiar fact, the passing of old-fashioned sonorous eloquence. Walter Bagehot, with his illuminating acuteness, put it in this way in the essay on Lord Brougham: —

“ We are apt to forget that oratory is an imaginative art. From our habits of business, the name of rhetoric has fallen into disrepute; our greatest artists strive anxiously to conceal their perfection in it; they wish their address in statement to be such that the effect seems to be produced by that which is stated, and not by the manner in which it is stated.”

This is true to a word, but it is not exhaustive. Directness being the dominant note of a business age, the newspaper, the reflection of the age, has been a contributory force in displacing rhetoric by directness, perhaps simplicity, of statement. The newspaper directness

has popularized its own peculiar colloquial form of expression and method of treatment far beyond the limits where “habits of business” influence and control. Thus it has come about that we have seen the last of “the eloquent lawyer” of tradition, and almost the last of his once twin brother, “the eloquent preacher;” that as Senator Depew remarked at a Harvard-Yale debate, “twenty years of college history have not produced a single famous orator;” that on increasingly few commencement platforms does the commencement orator still lag superfluous; that the formidable word “oration” is going out, the usual formula being, where an audience is expected, that “Mr. So-and-So will make the address;” that, in short, as a distinguished professor of literature put it in an informal talk, if Daniel Webster were to rise from his grave to deliver some of his most impressive periods to a modern audience, they would strike not a few in that audience as a case of “the big bow-wows.” In a final illustration, one has but to cite so-called “after-dinner oratory,” which in its

salad-like mixture of half-seriousness with "good stories," of applause with laughter, or of vinegar with oil, so closely suggests the sort of intellectual mixture one finds in the most popularly spiced newspaper.

The comparison points the fact that the chief emphasis should be put on its entertaining quality when the modern newspaper is differentiated. Max O'Rell has described the typical American newspaper as a "huge collection of short stories." The late James Gordon Bennett, the father of modern journalism, once broke in somewhat roughly upon a young man who was enlarging, in an old-fashioned way, on the "mission" of the newspaper. Said Mr. Bennett: "Young man, 'to instruct the people,' as you say, is not the mission of journalism. That mission, if journalism has any, is to startle or amuse." So conservative an authority on journalism as the London Spectator not long ago made this similar public confession: —

"Even those of us who feel that 'personal journalism' is carried to absurd lengths are not indifferent to information about people. We prefer (accuracy apart) the 'picturesque' historians to the 'dry' men. We like the gossip of Pepys and Saint-Simon. We like to hear of Milton's light supper of water and olives, of Johnson's toast and unsweetened tea on Good Fridays. The average man only carries that fondness for personal details to a higher power."

The secret of the modern newspaper's universality of appeal lies in its miscellaneousness, which provides almost everybody with something that interests or entertains. Interest in significant news is sometimes solemnly invoked as a basis for "higher journalism," as if there existed among newspaper readers a class of people of superior intelligence who were interested in what is significant news as distinguished from what is sensational or trivial. In point of

fact, there are individuals here and there answering to this description, but they are far too few to be counted as a class for purposes of a newspaper constituency. Even those of us who think we take our news most seriously will be caught — by ourselves if we are honest with ourselves — in turning first, on opening the paper, to some interesting "story," perhaps a curious bicycle adventure, perhaps the capture of a clever burglar (not to say a bit of salient gossip), and in turning second to the news of Washington or Europe. The amusing experiment of a Kansas city paper is an excellent illustration in point. For some weeks it printed on Saturday a résumé of the week's religious news. Noting no voluntary evidence that the experiment had hit those for whom it was purposed, the editor sent his reporters out to interview fifty young men, prominent in Y. M. C. A. and Y. P. S. C. E. circles, that he might discover what they thought of the experiment as a journalistic departure rightwards. Out of the fifty interviewed, forty-four — if memory serves — confessed frankly that they had not read the résumé at all, having found the "sporting news" more interesting.

It is the old case of Thackeray's favorite quotation from Horace, *De te fabula docet*. It is not the things that ought to interest us which oftenest do interest us in the newspaper. We would not go to it half as often as we think we would for light and leading, if the newspaper approximated those higher ideals for which we sigh in vain. Thus it comes about, because the newspaper caters to what most of us really like, and not to what we think we should like, that, reading it constantly and not critically (except at intervals), but as a matter of course, we unconsciously assimilate its point of view, method of treatment, and form of expression. The subtle encroachment of journalism — the "journalization" or "newspapering,"

as Charles Dudley Warner has called it, of our ways of speaking, writing, and even thinking — is one of the most serious of the unchallenged changes of modern American life. For example, without attempting to discuss the philological value of slang in keeping a language fresh and vital, its popular excess is calling out numerous protests as constant as vain, chiefly for what reason? The answer is not doubtful. The newspaper has seized upon slang as peculiarly adapted to the purpose of effective popular expression. Accustomed thus to recognize slang as the most effective way of saying a thing forcibly, of making an impression, we have acquired the habit of dropping into slang as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry. One can find evidence of this, if one is looking for it, where it is to be expected the least, in the lecture on literature. Not a few of our University Extension lecturers make use, on the platform, of an English that is supposedly confined to the degenerate "editorial sanctum." They are so much afraid of being thought conventional and formal, they seek so far afield to find the smart or clever thing to say, they are so well aware that the strong or daring phrase will "stick," that they resort to the same tricks of slang familiar in the newspaper. A personal experience may not be out of place. The subject was John Ruskin, and the lecturer was a Johns Hopkins Ph. D., a poet of acknowledged standing, and a professor of English in a leading university. This student, poet, and professor felt himself under a deep debt to Ruskin for a determining influence at a critical time in his personal development. In simple, natural phrases, whose force all felt, he paid a very appreciative tribute to what Ruskin's influence had meant to him. Then becoming more and more impassioned he fell into the vicious habit he had adopted for effectiveness, and closed with this remarkable exhortation: "Young man, tie up

to 'John'! tie up to 'John'!" This illustration may be extreme, but it does not stand alone.

Another illustration of the unnoted invasion of journalism is to be found in the increasing number of reportorial or journalistic books — so far as style is concerned — which are crowding to the front in the issues of current literature. It is not proposed to raise here the mooted question of literature versus journalism. It suffices for the present purpose to call attention to journalism's literary output, as by the best authority it may be fairly described as literary in certain cases. The names of Richard Harding Davis and Julian Ralph in this country, or of the late George W. Steevens and Andrew Lang (press writer no less than Greek scholar) in England, suggest themselves at once as striking examples.

The growing tendency toward "journalization" involves far more than a matter of colloquialism and style. It concerns as well point of view and method of treatment. This is seen conspicuously in the changed relations of the popular magazine and the newspaper. Once it was the ambition of the newspaper to be rated as high as the magazine. Now it often seems to be the ambition of the magazine to be ranked as a monthly newspaper. Minor indications of this abound. Take for one example a mechanical device. What newspaper men call "sub-heads" — short descriptive headlines placed at regular intervals over sections of a long article to catch the eye and keep the attention — are to be seen more and more frequently in leading magazines. Take for another example the growing habit of using the text to illustrate the illustrations, — a habit which, while not borrowed from newspapers, since magazines were illustrated first, has yet been greatly stimulated by the competition. But to come to things more serious. Literature once quoted with approval the ideal of an early magazine "as set forth in its prospectus," "A Re-

pository for the Occasional Productions of Men of Genius." The ideal, somewhat fantastic, touches grotesque absurdity when contrasted with the standard of the modern magazine, seeking far afield the occasional production — "for this appearance only" — of the unlittered notability or notoriety. It is of course unfair to charge all the changes in "up-to-date" magazine editing to the journalistic tendency. In the evolution of the book, the magazine, and the newspaper under modern conditions of production and distribution a process of delimitation is to be traced, defining more exactly the proper sphere of each. The "gettableness" of the modern book has had as much to do with the differentiation as the universality of the newspaper. "The book will find its own constituency," said Mr. Henry M. Alden, author of *God in His World*, in discussing the displacement of a certain class of magazine articles by the book. In illustration Mr. Alden instanced the fact that a noticeably large proportion of the first purchasers of *God in His World* hailed from "beyond the Rockies," although the book was published in New York. To-day's extended market for books, practically coextensive with the mails, and the great increase of libraries and library facilities, the traveling library in some sections reaching the smallest village within the radius of the city, have made book readers out of thousands who in the past were of necessity magazine readers. What is more properly of permanent than of contemporaneous interest thus naturally finds in the book a first form of publication, the call for an earlier magazine publication no longer existing. The magazine has also, in the process of delimitation, surrendered to the newspaper certain classes of articles which in the development of the newspaper fall to it naturally, for example, the article simply descriptive, the old "travel" article, so familiar in magazine pages twenty-five years ago.

But while triteness and universality of travel have contributed to making the travel article hardly worth while for the magazine, it remains that many interesting things of the sort may still be found to write, only the natural place in which to print them is the newspaper. There they still appear, reaching a newspaper, instead of a magazine, constituency. Not to particularize further, but to venture a generalization, one may say that it is the office of the magazine to interpret the significance of life as it is being lived, after it is mirrored, *en passant*, in the press, but before its perpetuation in the book.

This attempt to define the natural spheres of the magazine and the newspaper is interesting not only for what it explains in the changes which have taken place in both, but even more for what it ought to explain and does not, — that is, the successive encroachment of the magazine and newspaper each upon the other's sphere. These encroachments began about twenty-five years ago with the Sunday editions of the more conservative newspapers, which justified themselves under the charge of Sabbath-breaking by "pointing with pride" to a literary excellence equal to that of the magazine. The argument was: Would you deprive the people, on a day of leisure for reading, of such excellent literature to be obtained for so small a price? That argument has to-day only an academic interest, but is still worth noting for two reasons: that it was justified in large measure by the facts; and that the departure called out futile protests from newspaper men themselves, on the ground that it was bad journalism to go outside the newspaper's legitimate sphere. The best Sunday newspaper of that time was in many respects a first-class magazine. Its literary articles, often signed by men of letters of acknowledged authority, its European correspondence dealing with matters of significance, its cable letters of comment (not gossip) by

trained observers, among whom Mr. George W. Smalley set the standard, and its other generally attractive features, went far to justify the claims of its promoters. In this connection it is interesting to note that the recent attempt to introduce similar Sunday journalism in London failed, despite a like appeal on the literary side. A strong journalistic protest against this departure, although probably made without the Sunday newspaper specially in mind, is to be found in Mr. Whitelaw Reid's address on Newspaper Tendencies, delivered in 1879 before the editorial associations of New York and Ohio. In that address Mr. Reid said:—

"I do not believe that the daily newspaper of 1890 will give many more pages than that of 1880. Book-making is not journalism. Even magazine-making is not journalism. The business of a daily newspaper is to print the news of the day in such compass that the average reader may fairly expect to master it during the day without interfering with his regular business. When it passes beyond these limits it ceases to be a newspaper; and it ceases to command the wide support which is essential to its success. . . . The great revolution in newspapers is not, therefore, to be in doubling their size, in doubling the quantity of matter they give, or in doubling the multitude of subjects they already treat."

Almost from the time that Mr. Reid entered this futile protest dates the beginning of the policy of magazine reprisals upon the sphere of the newspaper. For in 1878 the late Allen Thorndike Rice became the owner of the *North American Review*, and applied to it those methods of journalistic editing which have contributed so much toward changing the character of the periodical press. Two innovations in particular will catch the eye of the future historian,—the resort to a prominent name, regardless of any literary reputation attaching to the name, the device being often

worked out in the form of a symposium or debate, and being often no more than an adaptation of the newspaper interview; and resort to what Mr. Howells has called the article "contemporanic," which in newspaper parlance is known as the "timely" article, the subject being one that attracts to-day as it did not yesterday and will not to-morrow, having been chosen for its immediate contemporaneous interest and not for any intrinsic value. Out of an embarrassing riches of illustration, perhaps no more amusing case is offered of resort to a name than the *North American Review* debate on the truth of Christianity, in which the late Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania was chosen to answer the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Judge Black will be recalled as the able lawyer who was President Buchanan's Attorney General; but his claim to be counted an authority on theology must rest on his selection for this brief only. The innovation of resort to a name is obviously open to the possibility that one person contributes the name and quite another the article. Whether this familiar device of the schoolboy composition writer and the "orator" in Congress has ever found a place in magazine editing must in the nature of the case remain a secret of the "sanctum," being one of those things, as Lord Dundreary used to say, that "no fellah can ever find out."

Passing from resort to the name to resort to the contemporanic article, we all remember the overwhelming invasion of our magazines by the Spanish war, an invasion which more than held its own long after it seemed that popular interest in it must have died of surfeit, if of nothing else. Mr. Howells has described this invasion in his characteristic way. Writing in *Literature* (issue of May 16, 1899), he observes that "the spirit of war seems to have obsessed our periodical literature, and there seems at present no hope of release from it. The hostilities began just one year ago. In two

months they subsided, and peace was practically made between the nations. And still, in this month of May, troops of horrors of all shapes and sizes are writing themselves up, or are being written up, with tireless activity in the magazines. I have had the curiosity to look over the periodicals for the month to the number of eighteen or twenty, and I have found only four or five which apparently made no mention of the war; but no doubt, if I had looked more carefully, I should have found some shade of battle in these. In thirteen issues an inexhaustive search developed thirty-three papers relating to the recent hostilities, of a variety ranging from sober history and criticism, through the personal narratives of the combatants, high and low, down to the biographies of witnesses of the fighting." A magazine editor with a sense of humor in those days must have often indulged a quiet smile at himself over the absurdity of so hopeless a stern chase.

On looking at this journalistic invasion broadly, and taking as an index of its extent the popular high-class magazine, one finds one's surface impressions confirmed. This is true not only of a time when some subject of special interest, like the Spanish war, centres general attention, but also of an average time, when there is on the editor no special pressure of temptation to choose journalistic articles to the exclusion of others. The writer has made a somewhat careful examination of the changes of twenty-five years in the character of the articles printed by two representative magazines. The volume of Harper's Magazine for 1872 was compared with the volume for 1897, both being years fairly free from special "journalistic" interests. The principal articles in the two volumes were classified, and the per cents of change were worked out (the curious can find the figures in the Journal of the American Science Association for 1899).

A like comparison was made of the volume of Scribner's Magazine for 1872 with the volumes of Scribner's and the Century for 1897, — as both, in a sense, represent descent from the first Scribner's. In a general way, the results of the comparison were curiously similar in the three cases. These results justify the general statement that the representative popular magazine of to-day as compared with the representative popular magazine of twenty-five years ago is marked by the disappearance of the old-fashioned travel article, — as Mr. Alden pointed out, — by a noticeable gain in the number of short stories, and by a gain of about ten per cent in the number of journalistic or contemporanic articles. The proportion of scientific, literary, and artistic articles to the whole number of articles may be called a constant, — that is, the proportion was found about the same in 1872 as in 1897.

The significance of the journalistic invasion of the magazine, taken as an index, does not lie so much in its present actual extent as in the extent of a near future to which it points. No receding wave from some contemporanic subject of dominating interest goes back to the starting point; while the next wave, rising out of a fresh contemporanic impulse, carries the invasion to a new mark of permanency. The newspaper is the expression of the mood of the age. Its sensationalism is an incident; while its subtle substitution of standards and points of view denotes a radical departure. The newspaper may perhaps represent an inevitable tendency, opposition to which is merely a case of what Gladstone called "fighting against the future." Even so, nothing is gained by putting the emphasis in the wrong place. To lay exclusive stress on the demoralization of what is sensational is to overlook a more serious condition, the quiet journalistic invasion of so much of the intercourse and thinking of life.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

DR. FURNESS'S VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the regular lapses of time, The Winter's Tale and Much Ado About Nothing have appeared in Dr. Furness's New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare,¹ exhibiting the same correctness and elegance of workmanship that have characterized their predecessors. These volumes are, respectively, the eleventh and twelfth of the series, which now includes eleven plays, — to wit, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet (occupying two whole books), King Lear, Othello, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, and the dramas which are the subject of this review. The touching legend "In Memoriam" is set upon the portals, as for many years it has been set, and there are no other words of dedication. At the close of the Preface to Much Ado About Nothing, Dr. Furness, in a gracefully humorous phrase, thanks his sister, Mrs. Annis Lee Wister, for translating the extracts from German critics, and thus reminds the public — though there was no such stuff in his thoughts — to congratulate itself that all of his father's stock were born to the Shakespearean royal purple.

A careful perusal of these last two volumes again permits — or rather, compels — the strong word of admiration, appreciation, gratitude, to be uttered. To that large portion of the world of readers for whom Shakespeare is only the name of a dead classic; to the smaller, yet very numerous portion of that world for whom he is one of many authors, to be read, seen, and enjoyed like the rest, Dr. Furness's work makes no special appeal. But to the earnest students of the Master Poet, to the sincere amateurs, professional and lay, of the incomparable dramas, the great American editor

is safe guide, wise counselor, intimate friend, and, in a high sense of the words of attribution, interpreter and illuminator. The reward of such work as that which has produced these books must be chiefly in the workman's own delight, — in the *gaudium certaminis* which has sustained him during his extreme toil, and, after its surcease, has comforted him with the splendor of the achievement; but not the less — perhaps all the more — are they who reap the harvest of such travail bound to pay their tribute to the man who has wrought for their joy and edification.

The labor involved in sorting and collecting the various texts — because of which the edition assumes in its title the genitive plural Variorum — is herculean in its severity, and in its minute delicacy is like that of the artist who reconstructed the Portland Vase out of the myriad fragments to which a madman had reduced it. When a half dozen variants upon a difficult passage are presented, — every difference, even in spelling and punctuation, to be plainly indicated, — the task, which would be hopeless for most of us, must sometimes seem, even to experienced fingers, like working in grains of dry sand. The eyesight of the editor needs to be of the quality of a lynx's and of the quantity of an Argus's. In handling Much Ado About Nothing, for example, the editor reproduces, as the body of the play, the print of the First Folio in every particular: he repeats the blunders of the original compositors, even when a single Italic type has erred in among its Roman relatives, or a workman, mind-weary perhaps at the close of the day, has twice gone wrong on a terminal and transsexed Leonato into Leonata. Below this chief text are lucidly exhibited and contrasted all the differ-

¹ Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

ent readings, not only those which are found in the other three Folios, and in the famous Quarto of the comedy, that was published in Shakespeare's lifetime and used as the basis of the First Folio, but all, conjectural or other, derived from every important edition printed from that day to this, — from Rowe in 1709 to W. A. Wright in the Cambridge series of 1891, — without the elimination, even, of all the demonstrated *bêtises* of Collier's notorious manuscript.

In what will be regarded by most students as the more important matter of notes, the editor is required to clear up every difficulty in the understanding of the text, either by excerpts from approved commentators or by elucidations of his own; being careful, also, not to miss any of the signally grotesque or inane reflections in which famous critics, such as Bishop Warburton and Dr. Johnson, occasionally indulged. No allusion to manners and customs, local, provincial, or national, is to be missed, in the interest of the student of history or archæology; the utmost erudition is to be used in the discussion of the forms of words and phrases, of whatsoever may throw light either upon the language of the time of Elizabeth and James I., or upon Shakespeare's methods in the handling of our tongue, or, in general, upon the linguistic history of the English people as it is illustrated by the Shakespearian dialogue. At proper intervals the notes are to be enlivened with intuitive observations upon situations and speeches which demonstrate the nature of the *dramatis personarum*; and obscurities in this kind are to be explained away, if possible. In short, the light of the editor's lanthorn is to shed its ray upon every dark nook and corner of the text; his hand is to be always ready to guide the footsteps of the reader, be the said reader "general" or be he very particular. And when some passage is reached the form or sense of which has been much in controversy, all the opinions of

the chief critics must be cited, and the editor is expected to present his own verdict either by the confirmation of a predecessor or by the pronouncing of an original judgment. Finally, within the last quarter or third of the volume are to be included separate chapters upon the text, the date of composition of the play, the duration of the action, and the scenery and costumes appropriate to or formerly used in performance; also, reprints of the original romances from which the plot was derived, of important "versions" through which Shakespeare has been misrepresented, of criticisms — English, German, and French — upon the literary and dramatic features of the drama, and of notices of the impersonations of leading parts by distinguished actors, past and contemporaneous.

In fulfilling these severe duties, Dr. Furness, here twice again, redemonstrates his extraordinary ability, and reconfirms our country in her honorable satisfaction with possessing the greatest living Shakespearean. An emphasis which Dr. Furness would appreciate must be laid upon the adjective "living." It can rarely be right to dogmatize on the comparative powers of late and early critics in the realm of the Shakespeare literature. It is the toil of the pioneer which is almost always the hardest; the share of obligation due to the pioneer from his successor can seldom be determined. Yet it would not be extravagant for an American to guess — packing into the good old verb all its Chaucerian meatiness — that if our editor had flourished with all his native mental equipment in the middle of the eighteenth century, he would have anticipated Theobald in inspired conjectural emendations of blundered texts, and Capell in shrewd unravelings of tangled phrases. At the close of the nineteenth century Dr. Furness gives to the world the word which will for a long time be the last, as to the form and substance of the plays, enriching his gift with the pro-

ducts of tireless industry, abundant learning, delicate taste, acute intuition, sound judgment, and, best of all, of a full and fervid sympathy with the Dramatist. Moreover, our editor often shows, in dealing with the text of Shakespeare, that clairvoyance which seems to be a separate, unanalyzable power of the spirit, a gift like that of divination. Great lawyers sometimes display a similar gift when, in the midst of a hopeless labyrinth of details, they suddenly see the clue of plain direction; great physicians exhibit a like faculty when, out of a maze of ambiguous symptoms, their minds rush to a sure diagnosis. Over and over again in these volumes Dr. Furness, with a dozen pen strokes, quietly overthrows some old accepted blunder, and substitutes an explanation of his own which carries complete conviction. On the other hand, when, as occasionally happens, he finds a passage hopeless, he is neither afraid nor ashamed to say so, and to leave the student wandering in a bog, with eyes confused by twenty will-o'-the-wisp lights from the pens of as many commentators. The readers of *The Atlantic* scarcely need to be reminded of Dr. Furness's quaint humor, which not only coöperates charmingly with his fine faculty in the discussion of nice points of taste, but often serves as a watering cart when the editor is involved in the dust of textual and verbal criticism.

The Preface to *The Winter's Tale* abounds in interesting matter. Very valuable is the comment upon the careful typing of the play in the First Folio, the frequent use of "the suggestive apostrophe" to indicate the absorption of sounds in pronunciation, and the help which the recent discovery of misprints dependent upon that "absorption" has been in clearing up obscure texts. It seems almost certain that compositors in Shakespeare's day set up types solely by ear from sentences which were read aloud to them, and that, when two similar sounds came together at the end of

one word and the beginning of the next, one of the two would often be lost to the ear of the artisan. The few additions in the Second Folio to the text of the First Folio are noted as invariably the result of attempts to improve the rhythm, some of them being so deliberate and authoritative as to have led Tieck to surmise that Milton edited the Second Folio.

Of course our old geographic boggy, the coast of Bohemia, looms up again here. It was a subject of joke for generations, Ben Jonson perpetrating the first recorded sneer at Shakespeare because of it, in a conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619. But neither rare Ben nor any other critic for more than a century noted the fact that Shakespeare borrowed this detail, as he borrowed the substance of his plot, from the *Dorastus and Fawnia* of Robert Greene, who, with all his glaring faults, was accounted a learned man, and subscribed himself "Maister of Arts." And after all the attacks upon the Dramatist and all the ingenious apologies for the passage, it now appears — the suggestion having been made first in a "little obscure corner of *The Monthly Magazine*, in 1811" — that Greene knew what he was writing about. At all events, there is much reason to believe, though some of the modern textbooks on Bohemia seem to be written for the purpose of concealing the truth, that about 1270 A. D., Ottakar II., as king of the country, claimed to hold all, except the Tyrol, of what is now Western Austria, including Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, the last of these districts reaching down to the Adriatic at the point where the town of Fiume is placed.

The reviewer is inclined to charge Dr. Furness with an excess of good nature when, in his Preface, he deprecates harsh criticism upon Garrick for a tasteless adaptation of *The Winter's Tale*, and upon other stage managers for the production of like enormities. The citing of Dr. Johnson's monstrous assertion

that there was nothing in Shakespeare equal to certain lines in Congreve's *Mourning Bride* does not help the deprecation. Let every critic and every age be sharply brought to book for stupidities and vulgarities, by the application, as far as possible, of absolute standards of taste! That is the best course to be pursued, and is open to no worthy objection, except when made the means of fostering self-conceit in the generation which comments upon its predecessors. Nor will it do to assume that Garrick or any other manager had or has an infallible knowledge, through the "pocket nerve," of the temper of the public. The vanity of managers and adapters and their desire for self-display constantly mislead them and confuse their judgments in such matters. For forty years the Viscount of Lansdowne's inane version of *The Merchant of Venice* possessed the stage. Who doubts that there was a public waiting for the glorious original long before Macklin restored it to the stage, with himself as "the Jew, that Shakespeare drew"?

In the Preface, and afterward in the Appendix, when "the date of composition" is considered, Dr. Furness, with much good nature and stringent self-control, tries, as in earlier volumes he has tried, to conceal his contempt for what he regards as a mere exercise of ingenuity, and with dry faithfulness catalogues the opinions of a score of leading critics. His mental attitude in the matter probably accounts for what many will regard as an important omission. Doubtless a majority of the attempts to affect the text of Shakespeare with historical references have been fantastic and misleading. But inasmuch as an almost unanimous consensus of the commentators makes the date of the production of *The Winter's Tale* 1611, it seems necessary to note that the splendid words of Camillo (Act I. Sc. ii.), in which he refuses to assassinate the King of Bohemia,

"If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares
not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear 't,"

may not improbably have been uttered within a few months after the assassination, May 14, 1610, of King Henry of Navarre, by Ravallac, and the horrible death of the murderer a fortnight later. If this assumption be reasonable, it follows that Shakespeare's audience, at least, would have found in the lines a stirring reminder of an event by which England had been deeply moved.

Among Shakespeare's plays *The Winter's Tale* stands first in the number of very obscure passages. The poet's style is more abrupt and elliptical in this drama than it is even in *Macbeth* or *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the display of his power of condensation surpasses that of any other writer who has used our tongue. Dr. Furness has commented upon the extraordinary solution of Leontes' passion in his language. Much of the difficulty of his text springs from his maniacal rage, which at its highest points sometimes chokes, sometimes breaks, sometimes furiously propels his speech. Here Leontes tries to say three things at once; anon his words come with separated gasps and spasms. The effect of these different mental conditions appears even in the rhythm of some of the king's diatribes, as Dr. Furness shows in interesting footnotes. Leontes' fury utters itself in drawling, snarling sneers, and Shakespeare makes one syllable do for two syllables in the blank verse; again, the king's passion runs with breakneck speed, and words of six syllables are reduced to four. The poet's opinion as to his right to subordinate language to the needs of emotion underwent an amazing change between 1594 and 1611. After printing three pages of opinions, Dr. Furness practically gives up, as im-

possible of clear solution, the famous passage (Act I. Sc. ii.) beginning,

"Affection thy intention stabs the Center."

Another noted crux of critics — the speech of Polixenes just before his flight (Act I. Sc. ii.) which begins,

"Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The Gracious Queene" —

does not embarrass Dr. Furness; but his exposition much embarrasses the reviewer. The editor's paraphrase of the lines is, "May my hasty departure prove my best course and bring what comfort it may to the gracious queen, whose name cannot but be linked with mine in the king's thoughts, but who is not yet the fatal object of his ill-founded suspicion." Leontes has charged Polixenes and Hermione with adultery. Camillo's phrase, "touched his Queen forbiddenly," can have no other supposable meaning. And inasmuch as it takes two persons to commit the crime, it is hard to conceive how the "ill-founded suspicion" even of a semi-lunatic could fall upon one without squarely hitting the other.

The rule, however, to which there are but few exceptions, is, as has been said, that Dr. Furness's word is conclusive in all questions of poise and difficulty. Some brief examples may be cited. In Act I. Sc. ii. Polixenes says that he and Leontes were in their youthful innocence "as twyn'd lambs that did frisk i' the Sun," and that if they had always lived as then they lived, they could have pleaded boldly "not guilty" to Heaven,

"the Imposition clear'd
Hereditarie ours."

Theobald's accepted interpretation of the last lines was, "Setting aside original sin, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven." Dr. Furness says, No; the meaning is that the boys were so innocent that they were cleared even of hereditary sin. It is plain, on a moment's reflection, that our

editor is right. His use of "cleared" is precise, even to the point of theology; Theobald's paraphrase of "cleared" by "excepted" is absolutely un-English. Again, it is pleasant to note Dr. Furness's delicate appreciation of the verb, when Polixenes says he sees that his favor with Leontes begins to "warpe." Dr. Schmidt has employed the passage as an authority for a definition of "warp," which the Century Dictionary has followed, namely, "to change for the worse." The American editor says that "warp" means "to be shrunk or distorted by the coldness of Leontes," and citing, "Though thou the waters warp," from *As You Like It*, has made out a perfect case via the freezing, "bitter sky" of the song. Once again, when the boy Mamillius, speaking into his mother's ear, says he will tell her his little story "softly; yond crickets shall not hear it," the "yond," as Dr. Furness shrewdly observes, fastens the reference to the "tittering and chirping of the ladies in waiting." The child is indeed precocious; but this expression of irritation, it may be added, is peculiarly boyish, not girlish.

The mention of Mamillius recalls an excerpt from Swinburne, printed in the notes, in which that eccentric poet discusses the dear little fellow in a strain of touching eloquence. Finally, Mr. Swinburne is so carried away by his theme that, emphasizing the pathos of the boy's death, he proceeds even to asperse Hermione as "the mother who would seem to have forgotten the little brave sweet spirit" that died for love of her. When one is handling Shakespeare, it is well to have the text under one's nose as well as hypothetically before the eyes of one's mind. Just fifty lines earlier, the queen's moan had gone up in the court of justice (Act III. Sc. ii.): —

"My second Joy
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred like one infectious."

And, apropos of the danger of inexact quotation, it may be mentioned, quite out of connection with the last theme, that no American editor, not even Dr. Furness, seems to have observed that in Greene's romance the King of Bohemia, not of Sicilia, was said to have married the daughter of a Czar. It was quite characteristic of Shakespeare to preserve this detail, but to transfer it for high dramatic purposes to Hermione, who, at the darkest moment of her trial, cries out (Act III. Sc. ii.): —

"The Emperor of Russia was my father.
Oh that he were alivè and here beholding
His Daughter's Tryall; that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Revenge."

An exceedingly interesting trio of lines (Act IV. Sc. iii.) in a speech of the delicious Autolycus — who deserved to be brought as near to Ulysses as to be named for that much-contriving gentleman's tricky, prevaricating maternal grandfather — requires particular mention here. In his opening soliloquy, wherein the fine rogue is autobiographic, occurs the passage upon which Coleridge made his celebrated stricture. "My revenue," says Autolycus, "is the silly cheat;" that is, thieving or picking pockets. "Gallows and knock," he goes on, "are too powerful on the highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me. For the life to come I sleep out the thought of it." This last touch Coleridge declared to be a "note out of tune," "too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'" Coleridge has been attacked and defended. Dr. Furness says that Coleridge would be right if the received interpretation of the passage were not quite wrong. "The life to come," according to our editor, means the near future on earth: "Autolycus will have no terrors of the gallows hanging over him," and the question where his next day's food and lodging are to come from shall be forgotten in sleep. It appears to the re-

viewer that Shakespeare was right, and not Coleridge; Shakespeare right again, and not Dr. Furness, who misinterprets him. It seems to have escaped the attention of all the critics that Autolycus *must* have lived in constant apprehension of the gallows. The picking of pockets, or "larceny from the person," whenever the sum stolen exceeded twelve pence, was made a capital crime "without benefit of clergy" in the eighth year of Elizabeth, and continued to be such until the forty-eighth year of George III., the penalty being constantly and publicly exacted. Neither Shakespeare nor the rudest yokel in his audience could have been ignorant that every professional pickpocket dwelt under the shade of the gallows-tree. There is no difficulty with what precedes, if the "and" be made emphatic; and with such an emphasis the passage will become very piquant. Autolycus was confessedly "no fighter;" a coward, indeed, and, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "religious in it." "Beating *and* hanging," he says, "are terrors to me;" I do not care to chance "gallows *and* knock" on the highway. In other words: "I prefer not to attempt highway robbery, in which I run the risk not only of the gallows, but of being soundly thrashed by a stout traveler. In practicing the gentle art of larceny from the person, I run only one of these risks." If this explanation is correct, "the life to come" means what Coleridge and everybody else supposed it to mean, yet the psychic logic of the passage cannot be resisted: "I shall take care to keep a whole skin in the pursuit of my trade, though the gallows I must daily chance, and death by the noose is always near me; as for 'the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.'" Even a vagabond with a spirit as gay as that of Autolycus is not "Macbeth-like" if, with death ever staring him in the face, he deliberately schemes to suppress the thought of eternity.

In passing from *The Winter's Tale* to *Much Ado About Nothing* the reader will find himself strongly reimpresed by Shakespeare's marvelous variety, a sense of which is brought home to him through the sharp contrasts between the two dramas. They are both comedies: but the atmosphere of one is thick with thunderclouds and torn with lightning during more than a half of the progress of the action; the sky of the other is pure azure, checkered with light clouds, except for a single sudden tornado, of whose harmlessness the reader is comfortably assured in advance. The solemnity of *The Winter's Tale* is unbroken, save by the gayety of Autolycus and a quarter of an hour of the shearing feast; *Much Ado About Nothing* takes its tone from Beatrice, and, when it has "dreamt of unhappiness," wakes itself "with laughing." The poetic elevation of the older play seldom sustains a cadence; but the mirth of the merry drama — as near superficiality as Shakespeare permits any of his work to be, after he has passed from his first youth — is expressed in a dialogue more than three quarters of which is in prose, so that the proportion of verse to prose is smaller than is discoverable in any other of Shakespeare's comedies except *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Upon two much-mooted questions, mentioned in the Preface to *Much Ado About Nothing*, Dr. Furness does not express a decided opinion. Whether the play is that referred to by Meres, in his often-quoted enumeration, in 1598, of Shakespeare's dramas, as *Love's Labours Won*, has been greatly debated; and though the difficulty about dates is very serious, Brae's argument for the affirmative has some strength, especially because of the suggestion that the phrase "*Love's Labour*" would be likely to be used in Shakespeare's age in a mythologic sense, *Love* meaning *Cupid*. But the general verdict of critics has identified *All's Well That Ends Well* as the

missing work; Hunter thought he had found it in *The Tempest*; and Craik and Hertzberg urge the claims of *The Taming of the Shrew*. "It is all guess-work, from which the guessers alone retire with intellectual benefit," is our editor's last word on the point. As to Richard Grant White's contention that the "Nothing" of the title was pronounced indifferently "noting" or "nothing," and that the resulting pun was of prime significance because the comedy abounds in "notings" of sundry things by divers personages, Dr. Furness neither affirms nor denies, but, inclining on the whole against Mr. White's judgment, assigns a moderate value to his orthoepic investigations.

Our editor favors the opinion that the comedy was built upon the substructure of an old lost play, of which there is a seemingly important trace in the appearance, with Leontes, of "Innogen his wife," in the list of characters who enter at the opening of the first scene, no line of dialogue being ever assigned to her. This hypothetic old play may have had the name "*Benedicte and Betteris*," or, perhaps, the quoted words may have been used at one time as a second or subtitle of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Also, in some of Beatrice's speeches, wherein reference is made to former passages between her and Benedick, Dr. Furness thinks he sees possible fragments of the same old play.

Shakespeareans who are taken to task by their friends for supersentiment as to the poet himself may draw no little comfort from two succulent paragraphs of the Preface. In one of these, the editor, by logic of elimination and negation, arrives at the happy result that Shakespeare's "life was so gentle and clear in the sight of Heaven that no record of it has come down to us;" in the other, he says that the poet could not have been guilty of any unrighteous sale of his plays for publication, because "not thus dishonestly would the sturdy Eng-

lish soul of Shakespeare act." An Amen to that strong declaration will not stick in the throat of any honest lover of the poet.

Dr. Furness accepts the spelling "Shakespeare," for the simple reason that it was "adopted by the poet himself, and so printed by his fellow townsman, Richard Field, in both *Venus and Adonis* and in *Lucrece*;" and, after noting that the reading of the old chirography is quite uncertain, reduces to powder one of the silly argumentlets of "the Baconians," founded upon the crabbed script of the Shakespeare signatures, with the remark that the most difficult writing to decipher is the "Court-hand or Chancery-hand, which Shakespeare used when he subscribed to his will and to the Blackfriars deed, and in which like other laymen he was but little skilled."

The reviewer takes exception to that half page of the Preface in which Dr. Furness groups together "the absurdities" of *As You Like It*, for the purpose of asserting that, "in spite of them, the play has full power to charm." Of course the proposition contained in the last seven words is not controverted. But the collocation of the alleged blunders of *As You Like It* seems not to have been made with the editor's usual perfect felicity. These are the points: that two characters bear the same name, — Jaques; "that in one scene Celia is taller than Rosalind, and in another Rosalind is taller than Celia;" "that, though Touchstone has been about the old court all his days, neither Jaques nor the exiled Duke knows about him;" and that the instantaneous conversion of such a violent tyrant as the usurping Frederick by "an old religious man" is preposterous. These "blunders" seem to the reviewer either insignificant or no blunders at all. The double use of Jaques is of no consequence, especially in the early editions, which denominate Jaques de Bois "Second Bro-

ther," when he makes his one appearance. Rosalind is twice said to be above Celia in stature, and the comparative "taller," applied to Celia by Le Beau in Act I. Sc. ii., is, by an almost perfect consensus of the commentators, recognized either as a mere pen-slip, or, more probably, a misprint. What more likely than that a compositor, setting up his type by ear, as Dr. Furness has convinced us was the mode, should have misheard "smaller" and substituted "taller"? As to Touchstone, the dramatist has indicated, with clearness sufficient for the play, that the Clown's service had been wholly with the usurper, Frederick, and *not* in the "old court" of the elder Duke. Touchstone's word about a certain courtier (Act I. Sc. ii.), — "one that old Frederick your father loves;" the speech of the Second Lord (Act II. Sc. ii.), directed to Duke Frederick, describing the jester as "the roynish Clown at whom your grace was wont to laugh;" and Celia's remark (Act I. Sc. iii.) about the devotion of the Fool, who would "go along o'er the wide world with" her, with no inclusion of Rosalind, are small scraps of testimony, yet serve well enough for an acquittal of Shakespeare, especially as there is no evidence to the contrary. But, surely, these trifling details ought not to be classed with Frederick's change of heart and purpose, through which everything is brought out to be "*As You Like It*." The conversion of the usurper, like the conversion of the cruel Oliver, is exactly in line with that great scheme of poetical romance in which Shakespeare here and elsewhere deliberately disregards time as an element affecting motive.

Among the thousand and one matters of interest which appear in Dr. Furness's Preface and Notes it is bewilderingly embarrassing to select such as best deserve comment. On two important points in the development of our language the plays give frequent and valid testimony. The English tongue has lost something both in precision and power

by discarding particles and forms of declension; it has gained much in precision by determining with accuracy the shades of meaning of words once used indifferently as synonyms, and in assigning definite values to the terminals of adjectives. It seems, for example, nearly certain that in the old grammar the comparative of "much" was "more," and the comparative of "many" "mo;" that "yea" and "nay" were answers to questions framed in the affirmative, and "yes" and "no" to questions framed in the negative. In practically banishing "thou," "thy," and "thee" from our speech we have eliminated an element of force and beauty, which the Germans still possess. On the other hand, many an Elizabethan word had a vast variety of meanings, the distinguishing of which by context must have kept the hearer on a constant strain. What tricks, for one instance among hundreds, Shakespeare plays, or seems to us to play, with the great noun "affection"! As for the adjective terminals, -ive, -ible, -able, -ous, and -less, the Elizabethans knew, and apparently wished to know, no law; "contemptuous" appears, in 2 Henry VI., as a synonym for our contemptible; and next week's audiences in our theatres will ignorantly laugh when they hear Don Pedro charge Benedick with having a "contemptible" spirit, though the Prince means contemptuous.

In the discussion of the stories of Benedick and Beatrice and of Claudio and Hero, and in the analysis of their natures, the critics have contradicted one another with striking flatness, and have often made spectacles of themselves by their vehemence of partisanship, their passionateness of conviction, and their sentimentalism. With the tip of his magic staff Shakespeare touched clay and turned it into men and women; with the butt of the staff he sometimes touches the critics and fills them with fantastic upside-down opinions of those men and women. "Poor Claudio,"

a gentle-mannered, rather silent, somewhat unsophisticated, brave young soldier, — whom Shakespeare has used as a chief implement of the brutal but not surprising mediævalism of the scene of the denunciation and rejection of Hero, — has been treated by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke and Lady Martin as if he were a low-lived knave. Indeed, Mr. Clarke calls him "a scoundrel in grain," the particular text out of which that attribution grows being the meek and stammering question, "Hath Leonato any son, my Lord?" with which Claudio opens a dialogue, in order to lead up to the subject of his desire to marry Hero! That is the sneaking inquiry of a base fortune-hunter, say Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Clarke. To which, saving their reverences, Pooh! is the only reply. Lady Martin discovers at the very close of the play that Benedick is "cold and reserved" to Claudio in order to testify that his "disapproval" of Claudio still abides. Once again, and with all possible gentleness to a gentle lady, Pooh! Benedick's "disapproval" of his friend — to whose "bent of honor" he had testified at the height of the climax of pain — was never anything but an echo of Beatrice; and there is no place for any such coldness and reserve in a scene which concludes in a tempest of gayety and with the frivolity of a dance, after experiences which the dramatist chose to call *Much Ado About Nothing*.

With Benedick and Beatrice the queerest liberties are taken. That virtuous but lively girl of her own period, according to Lady Martin, was much moved and incensed by the sneer at her sex implied in the first speech put into Benedick's mouth in the opening scene of the comedy. It would be interesting to see Beatrice's expression, if Lady Martin should succeed in making the heroine understand her ladyship's vicarious delicacy: amazement and amusement would have a lively contention in

that glowing countenance. Even Dr. Furness goes far out of the record to discover that Beatrice "deeply resented" the imputation of indelicacy in Benedick's gibe that she "had" her "good wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales." Not a fraction of a syllable indicates her resentment, deep or other; she is simply overflowing with vivacious malice at the moment; and if the taunt moved her at all, one may hazard a safe guess that it was because of the attack upon her originality. That the lively pair, despite their squabbling, were strongly drawn together by unseen cords was long ago observed. But that is not enough for some of the moderns. Dr. Hiram Corson will not stop short of the proposition that, before the trick was played on them, they were already in love with each other; not merely willing to love or ready to love, but actually and completely ensnared and bound. And, in all the profusion of ingenious comment, there nowhere appears the obvious and important reflection that Beatrice's excessively irritated consciousness of her false relation with Benedick is demonstrated by the wild extravagance of her sneers at him, which have no sort of relation to truth; a corollary of that proposition being that, before they came together, her interest in him was more profound and of the heart than his in her.

Dr. Furness does not pretend to find a way through the famous obscurity in the speech of Leonato, Act V. Sc. i., in which the crying "hem" and the bidding sorrow to "wag" are probably vagaries of an absent-minded typesetter, who was, perhaps, in love or in liquor; the reader is furnished, however, with two pages and a half of critical opinions on the passage. But the editor, with characteristic good sense, brushes away anxieties which some fidgety commentators have afflicted themselves withal because old Antonio heard the confidential talk of Claudio and Don Pedro in the garden of Leonato's palace, and Don John's

servant, Borachio, overheard a continuation of the same talk in the palace, as the gentlemen walked to their rooms to dress for the "great supper." Again, in the same sensible fashion, Dr. Furness comprehends the kind of game which Borachio had taught Margaret to play, when, at her chamber window, the unhappy Claudio heard him "call Margaret Hero," heard "Margaret term" him "Claudio," not Borachio, the juggling with names being an element of peculiar offensiveness to Hero's affianced husband.

It is pleasant to see how highly Dr. Furness honors Mrs. Jameson, both in phrases of direct approval and in his large and frequent citation of her essays. It is a fashion at this particular moment with the younger Shakespeareans to sneer at Mrs. Jameson, because her zeal sometimes overloads and overheats her style with ardent adjectives. But her excess in this kind is merely the overflow of an enthusiasm as genuine and deep as was ever found in any student of any master. Her essays on Shakespeare's heroines abound in fine intuitions, in exact appreciations, in subtle justnesses of attribution, in close and delicate discriminations. The felicity of her diction is constantly remarkable, and her eloquence at its highest points is poetic in power and beauty. Strike her work out of the total comment made in the English language upon the women of Shakespeare, — her work, that is to say, and the enormous mass of critical matter which is little more than a repetition or extension of that work, — and the literature of the theme, which now blossoms as a rose garden, would be as barren as a sand-hill. If the catastrophe had occurred, it would be curiously interesting to see the men who disparage her — any or all of them — set themselves to the task of producing studies, worthy to be compared with hers, of Imogen, or Juliet, or Hermione, or Beatrice.

The last paragraph of this review can have no better subject than that portion

of Dr. Furness's Preface which discusses Dogberry and Verges and their relations to the action of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Coleridge, in one of his moments of expansive self-confidence, said, "Dogberry and his comrades are forced into the service when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." Not so, replies our editor. And in a page of commentary, irresistibly convincing, admirable in lucidity and grace, he demonstrates that Shakespeare, "who never loses sight of the trending of his story," was "forced to have characters like these, and none other." If they had been quick-witted enough at once to recognize the villainy of Don John's plot, the play would have ended at once. Yet they must be faithful to hold their prisoners and make their return to the Governor of Messina, and to let the audience see that of which they themselves have no vision. "These infinitely stu-

pid watchmen appear at the very point of time to assure us that the play is a comedy." "Had Dogberry been one whit less conceited, one whit less pompous, one whit less tedious, he could not have failed to drop one syllable that would have arrested Leonato's attention and have brought the drama to a conclusion then and there." "Dogberry *had* to be introduced just then, to give us assurance that Don John's villainy would come to light eventually, and enable us to bear Hero's sad fate with such equanimity that we can listen immediately after with delighted hearts to the wooing of Benedick and Beatrice." In such commentary as this — a nugget of gold being taken for exhibition from the treasure-house where ingots are heaped — one recognizes the hand and the brain of a true guide in this greatest of all the realms of literature. Fortunate is the world to be blessed at this late day with a new Master Critic, worthy to be the Editor of the ever new Master Poet!

Henry Austin Clapp.

THE RASCAL AS HERO.

EVER since those far-off days when pious Greeks sang praise to Hermes, godly cattle-thief, and the beautiful Shahryar bought her life night by night with judiciously doled accounts of Ali Baba and his shrewd little accomplice, the adroit and interesting scoundrel has been adding his spice to literature. And if Mr. Fiske is right in his theory that human evolution differs from that of the lower orders merely in its multiplicity of means, — so that while an antelope must be swift, a man may be many things and still live long in the land, — if this is true, then the resourceful rogue certainly has *a priori* proof of existence. Or shall we rather say that the con-

sideration paid him furnishes a remarkable instance of Mr. Fiske's principle?

To follow the heroic rascal through all the stages of his long and checkered career would be a task for the specialist accurately versed in literary genres and tendencies. But it will perhaps add interest to a cursory survey of the characteristic marks of the fraternity if we stop to notice the novel suggestion regarding its development, offered by Mr. Frank W. Chandler in his *Romances of Roguery*,¹ Part I. of which has recently been published. This detailed study of the Spanish

¹ *Romances of Roguery*. By Frank W. Chandler. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

picaro shows him rascal to the core. He is hard of heart, light of hand, and glib of tongue, and "in his time plays many parts," with one intent — to dupe a foolish world. And yet he is, as Mr. Chandler aptly names him, the "anti-hero." In roguery as a high art he has no interest; his ruling motive is avarice, wit is his sharpest weapon, and his daily bread and servant's livery his highest aims. But as he is rascal *par excellence*, so he throws the light of a logical contrary upon the term hero, and thus, "an episode in the history of the novel," the rogue romance marks, so Mr. Chandler would have us believe, a distinct and necessary step in the forward progress of the heroic type it was created to satirize. Just how explicit Part II. of the Romances will render this obvious implication of Part I., it is of course impossible to say. For our present purpose it is interesting to notice that, theoretically at least, a knowledge of the depths of rascality is bound to add reality to the scaling of its heights, and then to see how, on broad lines, Mr. Chandler's theory is borne out by the obvious distinctions between the ancient and the modern rascal.

In any case, whatever the generating principle or exact process of the heroic rascal's evolution, he certainly "arrived" early. In primitive literature he is generally a thief, because thieving is at once the most obvious and most lucrative form of miscreancy. In this guise he travels from country to country, as Master-Thief, Little Fairly, or the Shifty Lad, robbing a long-suffering king's treasure-house, stealing an ox from under the driver's nose, or a sheep from off his back, and occasionally carrying away a beautiful princess for variety. He is always phenomenally cunning and charmingly reckless of all lives but his own; and he takes an æsthetic pleasure in his own performances that lifts him far above the level of the merely mercenary robber.

At first his presentation is naive and without question. No stern regard for the ethics of *meum* and *tuum* blinds the author to the fact that craft and cunning, as well as steadfast constancy or blunt, honest courage, may be on a truly heroic scale. So the wily Odysseus is as wholly a hero to his Homer as the warlike Achilles; and why should he not be, when double-dealing and diplomacy were unquestioned laws in the Olympus all three prayed to?

Guileless Phæacians were born to be deceived, so ran the primitive philosophy; golden fleece was hung up to be stolen; why, then, turn one's enjoyment of so pretty a feat to sympathy for a wicked and outwitted dragon or a foolish king? Nobody is perfect, and simple stupidity is as likely as anything else to cover a multitude of sins.

So it was seldom indeed in those days that the rascal got his deserts. Brer Rabbit, having connived at the destruction and death of two of his friends and basely betrayed the third, lives on, a loved and respected citizen; and if the Shifty Lad is accidentally hanged on the bridge of Baile Cliabh, this sad fate overtakes him rather because he has been a bad son and has neglected his old mother's warnings than because he stole much fine gold and treacherously murdered the Black Rogue, his master.

Poetic justice, in short, was not yet recognized as an æsthetic criterion. On the other hand it is noticeable that the villain as such, deep-dyed and evil to the core, is likewise unknown in primitive literature. Like the minor character and the soliloquy, the villain is after all more or less of a stage convention. He is not often met with in real life, and the abstraction necessary to create him is far beyond the naïveté of folk lore or national epic. Yet the general tendency to specialization was bound to produce him — bound to exalt the hero, and to substitute for the Homeric conflict between two great per-

sonalities an opposition of conscious, if intermittent, virtue against consistent vice.

So it is necessary, in any consideration of the modern rascal, to make certain careful distinctions. First is he a hero at all, or is he rather offered like the rollicking devils and merry little vices of the *Miracle Plays*, merely as a foil for his more worthy compeers? Then is he a hero because, or in despite of his rascality? Satan, for example, in the Puritan Milton's presentation of him, is great not as devil but as archangel ruined; when the mantle of his whilom glory has wholly fallen from him he cowers, a craven and unlovely serpent, at his Creator's feet. Shakespeare, on the other hand, with larger heart and serener spirit, dares to let Richard III. die fighting bravely, conquered only by his own bitter judgment on himself, and sends a country lout to foil great Cæsar's triumph and enable Cleopatra to die in majesty as she had lived in power.

Yet the monster Richard is not offered as normal, nor does one feel in Cleopatra's story any lack of the deepest poetic justice. Rascality has been presented in all its beauty and in all its power, and as truly as in the *Paradise Lost*, only more subtly, has it been condemned.

It is for this same reason — the inability of the avowed rascal to stand for any finality in a rational world — that most of Shakespeare's scoundrels are presented as minor characters. It is because of the subtlety of his method that he is willing to make them heroes — at least to themselves — as charming as Autolycus or Falstaff, as incomparably graceful as Iago.

To the average reader the most interesting, because most familiar, presentation of the heroic rascal is undoubtedly that to be found in the modern novel. Here as elsewhere he is omnipresent. He came on as Rochester, black-browed, eccentric, mysterious, and

supremely fascinating, — at least to Charlotte Brontë and Jane Eyre; and during the present year he has delighted us as David Harum, and made us shiver as the Gaddfly.

In contrast with his primitive prototype, the modern rascal is noticeable first of all for his versatility. He is no longer merely a reckless thief, a dexterous liar, or a coarse practical joker. With the increasing complexity of life his sphere has widened immeasurably, and his motives and ambitions have been stretched to cover everything in the material and moral universe. So we have Baldassare cultivating cunning that he may take his vengeance on Tito Melema, and Tito too indolently fond of his own sweet will, and too ambitious for the favor of the Medicis, to seek power or pleasure by the straight and narrow way. We have Becky Sharp tricking matchlessly for a title, and Leicester scheming less adroitly if more recklessly for a throne. And as curiously modern variants, we have the philanthropic rascal in Roden's Corner, and the rascal on principle in *Beggars All*. Some play for the prize, and some, like Rupert of Hentzau, love best the hazards of the game; some, like Becky, tread hard on human hearts, and others, like Gilbert Parker's *Pretty Pierre*, can be very tender when there is need; some, as Rochester, stand proudly self-justified in a condemning world; others, undecieved, drink the bitter draught their own hearts pour for them to its dregs.

It should be needless to say that in this ethical and scientific nineteenth century the making of a hero has long since ceased to be the simple thing it was in the days of the wily Odysseus. This is partly, no doubt, because all the stories have meanwhile been told; but another and better reason for it is the fact that the standard for the heroic has been rising steadily ever since the Renaissance. Once we were satisfied that our hero should be great; now he

must also be good, — or we would know the reason why.

So the novelist who attempts to deal in rascality is confronted at once by the necessity for justifying his miscreants. The methods of apology are various. One, the favorite with the romancers, is to label the rascal villain and kill him off ignominiously in the last chapter, taking care, however, to make him so artistic and debonair a sinner that he can run hard by the real hero for first place in the reader's sympathy. This method, practiced at present by Anthony Hope and his allies, is really a reversion to the Homeric principle.

But while it satisfies the requirements of our enlightened morality, it offers no grist for our scientific mill. It is therefore far less popular than the second method of justification; namely, the "accounting for" the rascal by virtue of his environment. Except for such isolated instances as the Soldiers Three and the bad little boy of the Sunday-school book, the rascal of to-day is not born but made. And so, as the inevitable product of his circumstances, he is at worst unmoral, — a butterfly on a pin, pitiful, more sinned against than sinning.

This method of presentation involves certain rather obvious disadvantages. First, it generally entails an appalling amount of philosophy and psychology per rascal; but that we are getting to enjoy. Then the rascal is frequently made known to us from his youth up, a process strongly reminiscent of the expe-

rience of the German professor who began the study of chemistry in order to clean his coat. Most of us feel that the direct road to the rascal's heart does not lie through Part I. of the *Gadfly*; and while that is undoubtedly an extreme case of indirection, it is typical in kind if not in degree.

A third method of justification has lately come to the notice of the long-suffering public. Its perpetrator is Mr. Henry James, in the *Awkward Age*, where the reader's pleased expectancy is excited by the entrance of the charming Mr. Longdon, only to be turned to a haunting doubt that the well-intentioned old gentleman cannot conceivably be as sweet and simple as he seems. But this casting a cloud of mystery over the whole situation accomplishes directly — if with slight confusion of spirit to the uninitiated — just what all the methods of apology are aiming at, namely, the reconciliation of what, in modern ethics, are contradictory terms.

These are some modern tendencies, but they have not downed the rascal. Twice at least the *Gadfly* is clothed with majesty; Mr. Carter and Dolly Mickleham, both rascals born, smile serenely from the pages of the *Dialogues*; and David Harum, hard-hearted and keen at a horse trade, triumphs over his detractors with each new edition. So here's to the Rascal as Hero! Long may he live in the land! May he always fight featly and fair, as befits a good rascal and a true hero!

Edith Kellogg Dunton.

THE SONG OF THE CANOE.

TO H. R. C.

DIP! Dip!

And I thrill with the start —
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the Song the paddle sings.

Drip! Drip!

And lo, it brings
The word of a sweet command to me,
And leaping to answer it—I am free!

Water-weeds weaving in vain to stay me.
Fain, fain
Are the reeds arrayed at my prow to delay me—
Vain, vain,
They cast their lure and they bid me bide,
For the paddle swinging along my side—
Dip! Dip!
Hath a dearer bribe than the still things know,
And I go. I go!

Lo, I am come of a wilding birth—
The Brown God's cunning my mother made,
In the days of the younger earth.
He wrought her stanch in sinew and thong,
Making her slender and supple and strong
And lithe as his knife's own blade.
He garnished her bravely, without and within,
Breathed into her being the soul of desire,
To follow the wake of the mad marsh-fire,
Thistle-drift's sister and Will-o'-the-wisp's kin.

Out on the trail that the free things know,
I go! I go!
On the airy quest that is never won;
And tempting me, daring me, luring me on,
The iris wings of the dragon fly—
Till the day is done and the last lights die.

Glide! Glide!

Across the calm of the evening tide
When the first white stars begin.

Creep! Creep!

Where the lilies sleep—
Stars in a sky as soft, as deep—
The paddle singing me in.

Hush! Hush!

For the tall reeds brush
My side as though they love me.

Rest! Rest!

On the inlet's breast
With the roof of the leaves above me.

Arthur Ketchum.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Now that pestilence walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noonday, this little world of taro patches seems indeed a very place of refuge. Here one can revel, undisturbed, in the crinkled velvet of the taro leaves, and the misty lavender of the Waianae Hills. Plague means so little here that Honolulu might well be a thousand miles away instead of only two, — so far away in time and space that somehow one is reminded of that Italian garden whither the light-hearted people of Boccaccio's Decameron betook themselves centuries ago. Their old-time gayety and indifference one can fully appreciate only now when the town is filled with portentous beings, wearing continually a funereal expression. For in Honolulu itself a monstrous cloud of smoke is rolling up from Chinatown, and dazed Celestials are being hurried away to quarantine camps, or huddled together in Kawaiahao, the old stone church. A sanitary committee has suddenly sprung into life, all armed like Minerva; has divided the town into *apana*, or districts; and has sent trotting round twice a day a volunteer army of inspectors and sub-inspectors. Transports and liners appear only for a moment beyond Diamond Head, which stands like a crouching lion at the entrance to the harbor. They toss their mail onto a pilot boat, and are off and away with never a glance at the city beyond. For Honolulu is an infected port, and is grimly settling down for a stubborn fight with bubonic plague.

In taro-patch land, with its joyous green, all is different, — smiling Hawaiians sitting pleasantly about under monkey-pod trees, eternally idle! Here and there one can see or hear a *pake* (Chinaman) pounding and slapping the baked taro root and making it into *poi*, — but

never a Hawaiian at work. "How do they live?" Ask the Sphinx. Some, perhaps, have leased their taro patches to Chinamen, and buy from them the *poi* they need. Some live, rent free, on the land owned by American *kamaeinas* (old residents) who have regard for the natives. Others, perhaps, are partly supported by descendants of royal houses. By working a little — a very little — each week, on the wharves for instance, the average Hawaiian can make enough to buy fish and *poi*. And he is never so poor but that he can drive about luxuriously in a hired hack. "But where does the money come from?" "How about clothing?" As well ask the hibiscus blossoms for an annual budget, or for details of wardrobe. Cease questioning, and take life as you find it in taro-patch land, — one long, easy loll. And everywhere such charming generosity, such readiness to help, that even "Wrinkled Care" loses her identity, and becomes instead a fat-smiling goddess in a flowing *holoku*.

"Questions of the day" float lazily overhead, and are rarefied almost beyond recognition. In this pleasant atmosphere, even the burning of Chinatown excites but little interest, and that purely æsthetic. One regrets a little the loss of the only picturesque part of Honolulu, — dusty and rusty perhaps, but with the glamour of the Orient, — a quarter of overhanging balconies and "Mikado galleries," of deep stores where, by searching, one could find out glimmering grass-cloth, camphor trunks, and dragon china. There, too, was that snare and joy, — the *lei* corner, where chattering Hawaiians, of all degrees of corpulency, twisted into wreaths the charming laurel-like leaves of the *maile*, or strung on grass threads fluffy carnations and yellow ilimas (the royalist leis). There they sat, these lei

women, in bunches on the sidewalk ; and there they stayed all day long, until evening shades prevailed and Phœbus' car, in the shape of a rickety 'bus, gathered them up and swept them off, disgracefully merry, to some Arcadia in "the valley."

Flowers and flower wreaths ! A lei about your hat, or round your neck, — you must learn to love these things before ever you can hope to understand the little subtleties of Hawaiian character. The melody of life is in them, and everywhere you hear the overtones. Walk by the taro patches or down Liliha Street, and you will find the children stringing oleander blossoms. Look from your window early in the morning, and see the native girl standing on tiptoe, looking into the bougainvillea flowers. See yesterday's flowers, the pinks on your table, all glistening with dewdrops when they have been carefully sprinkled by the little girl who sweeps your room. And everywhere leis ! leis ! brilliant or fragrant, or graceful, — on the jolly Hawaiian whose horse is zigzagging across the street ; on the defiant boy lounging near Palama Chapel ; on the baby wondering over her first birthday. It is good to be in Hawaii even in plague time.

LET your stylists and your dovetailers of plots fret their art to its **Accidental Literature.** uttermost limits, they will never compile anything more fascinating than the fortuitous charm of dictionaries, directories, concordances, gazetteers, and such lore. It is true, these suffer the stigma of being only "words, words, words," and they are indictable of the old charge of changing the subject over often. But for all their monotony of variety, who ever picked up any of these works to hunt down one word that he did not read a dozen more ? Directories I find particularly irresistible ; if they are too far out of date to serve your immediate purpose, there is still more hypnotism about them, especially if a line of impatient is waiting

for you to have done with your search. There is then added to the delightful egotism of keeping people champing for your whim the further sweetness of stolen perusal — such a fearful pleasure as the foolhardy used to take when they peeked into the chained Bibles.

A somewhat similar and equally fruitful field of chance literature is the belles-lettres of signboards, romances set up so that he who runs may read, and stop running. This compilation and collaboration of accident and unintention makes what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading." Every city has its literature of this engaging sort, but it seems as if the cosmopolitanism of America gave its nomenclature a special breadth and piquancy. Every American city has its curiosities, and its whole districts of foreign and native oddities of namery. But the fact that New York is the funnel of the country's immigration, and that a modicum of everything that starts through lingers behind, gives the signs of the city an infinite variety.

There are of course the regions and wards where one seems to have stepped into a foreign land *instantly* : the streets where one sees nothing but Hebrew letters on the walls and the outswung shingles ; and streets where Italian is the only wear, or French, or Chinese. But the expected happens here, and that is death to literary charm. The great arteries of the city offer a more poignant entertainment. It is true, as somebody has remarked, that the lower part of Broadway reads like a list of Rhine wines ; but even at the worst of this obsession, there is a sprinkling of names that are *recherchés* from all corners of the world.

It looks sometimes as if these tall buildings were so many Towers of Babel, with the confusion of tongues finding its wildest climax in the streets, rioting in the unassimilated jargon of the names, names, names.

To run the eye up the front of certain of these structures pied with signs is like reading a geological table of strata and epochs. In one Broadway block I noted these names in this order: Bernheim, Carroll, Lin Fong, Lester, Lissa, Pulaski. Other oddities, a few out of a myriad, range from Moje to Hiltpolstein, from Semel and Propos to Boos and Doob, Ping and Pinner, Krüsi and Kiffé, Livor, Jellif, Goldflam, Massoth, Schnatz, Jaulus, Gussaro, Teese, Radt, and Mihalik. And yet there are strange, inconsistent beings who assert that we Americans are Anglo-Saxon in speech, tradition, and sympathy! In the agricultural regions the un-English name is not in such majority, but there are whole states where some foreign colony makes a little Sweden, or Finland, Mexico, or Cuba.

When the weather is not encouraging to conning the signs of the times, the partisan of accidental literature can always read the advertisements. The lists of real estate transfers and recorded mortgages are a very anthology of poesy. Of course there is the eternal speculation as to the causes for the transfer, and the very word "mortgage" is as redolent of romance as an Italian salad is of garlic. There is the banality of such records as the mortgaging of O'Beirne's property to Ehret, and of Finnerty's to Weinstein; but the unexpected enthralls you now and then with such a reversion of the natural order of things as a transfer from Goldberg to Dooley (*sic!*). It is picturesque, too, just to know that such people exist, even in the relation of mortgagor and mortgagee, as Flank and Marinus, Panish and McCauslan, Miss Moth and Mr. Weeks, Lang and Langbein, Feletti and Kehoe, Mordecai and Dramien.

Aside from the absolute interest of the names themselves, which the initiate will enjoy without extraneous matters (as the learned musician finds his highest pleasure in pure music without re-

lying on that charm of association which chiefly occupies the layman), there is the occasional dissipation of imagining romance, or at least characterization, around certain suggestive names which inevitably fume up pictures of their owners as Arabian bottles distil genii, once you uncork them. Of course your fancy is a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp, but it leads you into no bogs or fens, moors or wolds, or any of those literary places of gloom, and you have at least the benefit of the exercise, and your fiction for your pains. Some of the names you meet send through you a pang of regret that the patient Balzac or the studious Dickens, ransacking the streets of Paris or London for fit handles for their creatures, should have missed the boon and stimulation of these New York or Chicago signboards.

Then your sympathies are often called into play as acutely as at any tragedy by pity for the wretches that are given certain names for crosses to bear. You think of the miserales who must always be met with the same old puns every time they are introduced to anybody, and you writhe with them in anguish over the necessity of greeting the odious quotidian with a sickly smile of courtesy. Then you read names that are hard to live up to — feudal and literary names, that consort ill with a lowly trade for the men folk, and with freckles and fat for the women. You encounter names that must be hard to live down to — shocking names, belittling names, that handicap a pretty face or a lofty mind irrevocably. How can people with the tag of — or — be said to be created free and equal with wearers of such altisonance as — or — ?

The literature of the subject is too large even to hint; but enough has surely been said to prove that the adventures of a whole Dumas school cannot vie in fascination or variety with the adventition of proper (and improper) names.

THE Woman of Forty was sitting alone in her apartment when Fame and the Woman of Forty came knocking at the door. His appearance was nothing to boast of, but she recognized him by his brazen trumpet.

"Good-morning," he said. "I understand that you desire my acquaintance. I am a little late in returning your call, but I suppose you are still expecting me?"

"To be frank with you, I was not," said the Woman of Forty. "You see, that was twenty years ago, and since then I have found other acquaintances who are much more cordial and congenial."

"That is just it," said Fame. "They recommended you so highly that I thought I would look you up."

"I fear I'm rather too old to care about you now," said the Woman. "I have n't thought of you for years. I have been too busy with other things."

"Well, it is high time you were recognized," said Fame; "so you may take all the old rejected manuscripts out of your trunk,—you know you've kept them,—and find all the periodicals clamoring for them. You see, you are very much in the public eye since that eccentric individual left you his money."

"But I don't wish to be famous," said the Woman. "I was cured of that folly years ago. I have lived my life for myself and my family, and I hate the idea of reporters and literary rag-pickers prying into my private affairs."

"What do you suppose I care about that?" asked Fame. "I can't take the trouble to consult peoples' preferences. You bespoke me in advance, you know, and you can't in common decency send me away. Besides, the Public is at your door."

"I won't admit it."

"I really don't see how you can help yourself," said Fame. "When the first one gets his foot in the door, it will stay open, and you can never shut it again."

"I won't be famous," said the Wo-

man. "I won't have people coming to rake up my past. My life is my own, and you have no right to it. Take my work, if you must, though there is too much of my heart in it, but leave my life alone."

"Of course I shall take your work, and people will read your books and forget them; but I shall also take your life, and the Public will gloat over it and remember it," said Fame. "So I'll trouble you for the details of that early love affair."

"No, no! Leave me as I am!" cried the Woman.

"But you sent for me when you were twenty," said Fame, "and I have come to stay. I am going out for a few minutes now, but I shall be back shortly, and in the meantime I shall leave the door open." And he went away blowing his trumpet.

OUR literary tradition is not a long one; the history of our fiction is shorter still. Brief as that history is, however, to the student who is willing to read not only novels but volumes of periodicals old and new, it reveals points of difference that mean change, if not growth. Prominent among the developments of the last few years is the marked importance given, not to study of mind nor to study of emotion, but to study of clothes.

In earlier days the clothing of the people in a book was not considered their chief characteristic. Charles Brockden Brown, Cooper, Mrs. Stowe, Hawthorne, each emphasized that phase of human life that appealed most strongly to the author's heart. In no case did the emphasis fall on costume. The writers of fiction in the better magazines and reviews followed suit, and only the stories in fashion magazines presented dress as the chief end of man and of woman. Romantic and highly flavored much of this early fiction was, but at least it appealed to true feeling, and probed human life below the surface of the looking-glass.

Clothes in
Recent
American
Fiction.

In the last few years a subtle change has come over the work of all our story-writers, with a few notable exceptions. The literary tradition of the fashion magazine has triumphed, and man, in a novel, is preëminently a "clothes-wearing animal." Our new hero must possess great knowingness in the matter of dress, and must bear the stamp of smart New York. He must be a judge of wine and of oysters; he must flick the ashes of an expensive cigar gracefully away with his finger; he must patronize European civilizations with an air of having outdone them all. Of course he is invincibly brave and very clever, but bravery and cleverness are trimmings for his dress suit, not *vice versa*. So with the heroine. Like the leading young lady in a clothing shop, she must have a good figure for the display of clothes. To her bootmaker, her tailor, her dress-maker, is given the sacred task of making her the fitting helpmate of the correctly dressed man. These young people are represented as being full of fresh and unspoiled feeling, but the emotion seems to be invariably the result of the fit of the glove and the cut of the boot.

Now fiction is sensitive, as is no other form of art, to the general currents of thought and of feeling in the world which produces it. If one stops to consider this most modern hero and heroine, with their background of English traps, expensively dressed elderly ladies, trunks with European labels, Dresden china, and boys in buttons, one is led to ponder on the wider significance of this new social ideal. The popularity of the type is shown not only by the extensive sales of books by masters in the art, but by the number of their imitators.

Nothing is more suggestive than the new college story, where the undergraduate boy, clad in imitation of the young man from New York, calls his father "the governor," and airs an accurate knowledge of actress life behind the scenes; or where the undergraduate girl poses with her Latin dictionary clasped to her Parisian gown. All this is certainly amusing, but it does not represent material out of which the stuff and sinews of strong nations are made. To quarrel with fiction is only to quarrel with the social state out of which it grows. We cannot gather figs of thistles, nor profound works of art from surface life. America of forty, thirty, twenty years ago had made a fair beginning in the art of novel-writing, picturing a life of marked simplicity. A few of our earlier novels, the *Scarlet Letter*, for instance, cut down, as it is seldom the fortune of art to do, into the very depths of human motive and human passion. America of to-day says through her fiction that it has been hers to touch Parisian clothes to a higher state of prettiness, and to borrow all that is best in England's tweeds and walking sticks. To object to this phase of our life and of art; to suggest that there is a certain vulgarity in following too closely the latest mode in anything, even clothes; to make a plea for an ideal of deeper hold and stronger grasp on both past and future, is perhaps only to roll a stone into the path of our triumphal progress. If the fiction of to-day tells the truth, a slight, concealed swagger in the wearing of good clothes represents the height of our ideal as well as the height of our achievement. For this state of civilization there is perhaps no cure save that of Babylon and Nineveh.